





Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

SHE HEARD THE SUMMONS—THE VOICELESS CALL OF THE GHOST
OF CHANCE WAITING ATTENDANCE.

—See "The Ghost of Chance."

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THE GHOST OF CHANCE

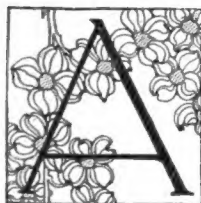
A Love Story

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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With Illustrations by

A. B. WENZELL



A young Leeds entered the imposing bronze and marble portico of the Algonquin Trust Building, where he had a studio on the top floor, the elevator boy handed him a telegram, which he opened with instinctive foreboding of trouble. Meanwhile, the Ghost of Chance, which had followed him into the building, looked over his shoulder at the telegram.

There was evidently trouble enough in it; he had turned rather white as he stood there, eyes riveted on the yellow paper. Minute after minute sped; the elevators whizzed up and down in their gilded cages; people passed and repassed; the ornamental marble pavement of the rotunda echoed the clatter of footsteps. Several people he knew nodded to him as they entered or left the elevators: an architect domiciled on the top floor in the east wing; McManus, of the Belden Building and Construction Company; young Farren, private secretary to De Peyster Thorn, president of the great Algonquin Trust Company, and director of about everything worth directing in the five boroughs.

"Mr. Farren!" called out Leeds; and as that suave man checked his speed, wheeled, and came back, "Mr. Farren, could I see Mr. Thorn for half a second?"

Farren's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "If

it's a favor you want to ask, don't ask it now——"

"It is, and I've got to——"

"Better not; he's in a devilish humor; he'd foreclose on his own grandmother to-day."

"But I can't wait! I'll use your telephone while you're taking my card."

Farren shrugged, turned, and led the way across the rotunda, ushered Leeds into the outer office, and took his card. Leeds went to a desk and used the telephone vigorously until Farren reappeared, nodding; and Leeds walked into the president's private room. De Peyster Thorn, handsome, rather too elaborately groomed, and ruddier of face and neck than usual, looked up to return the young man's greeting with an expressionless word and nod. He did not see the Ghost of Chance standing at Leeds's elbow.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Leeds, "but I don't see how I can finish the key panel on time, Mr. Thorn."

"Why not?" said Thorn, a darker flush mounting his heavy face and neck.

"I've a telegram this moment from my model; she's ill. I telephoned for another, but there's scarcely a chance I can get one I want. Something went wrong with the colors yesterday and I scraped out all I had done, expecting to finish to-day with a drier, dry to-morrow, and have Mr. McManus set the key panel in the ballroom Thursday morning. Now, I've probably got to spend to-day chas-

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THE GLORY OF HAIR, THE WONDER OF WIDE AZURE-TINTED EYES. . . .



ALL TOOK COLOR AND LOVELINESS AS HIS BRUSHES FLEW.

ing up a red-haired model; and if I do, I can not finish by Thursday. Couldn't you give me one day more?"

"Mr. Leeds," said Thorn, biting off his words unpleasantly, "a contract is a contract. Can you fulfil yours?"

"I've told you"—began Leeds, astonished, for never before had Thorn looked or spoken in that way—"I told you that my model—"

"Can you keep your contract?" repeated Thorn sharply.

"There's a ghost of a chance if I can get a proper model," replied Leeds, keeping his temper.

"Then you'd better take that ghost of a chance, Mr. Leeds. On reflection it will occur to you that my house-warming can scarcely be postponed to suit your rather erratic convenience. If the key panel is not in place, the room will be as attractive as a man in evening clothes without a collar. I'd rather tear out the entire frieze, and call the contract void!—and I'll do it, too, if the contract is not fulfilled."

"Is that the language you employ in all your commercial transactions?" asked Leeds, without a trace of the passion that clutched at him.

"It is. An artist is as amenable to the commercial code of responsibility as any man I deal with—I don't care a d—n who he is or how he likes it. . . . Is there anything more I can do for you, Mr. Leeds?"

"No," said Leeds, thoughtfully, "unless you choose to take a kindergarten course in the elements of decency."

Leaving the door ajar as he went out, and far too amazed and furious to notice Mr. Farren, the amused secretary, he crossed the corridor, followed by the Ghost of Chance, entered an elevator, and shot up to the top floor. Black rage and astonishment still possessed him when he met McManus in the hall, and he would have passed on with a nod and a scowl had that genial Irishman permitted.

"Phwat the divil's up now, Misther Leeds?" inquired the big contractor and builder. "I'll lay twinty to wan ye've joost come from Thorn."

Leeds laid his hand on the door-knob of his studio.

"I have; I—I'm not in very good humor, Mr. McManus—" He jerked open the door and started to enter.

"Hould on!—don't be runnin' away. Sure, haven't I come from him meself—an' kept me temper, too, Irish that I am! Phwat's wrong

betchune you an' Misther Thorn an' the hydrant?"

"Nothing much; my model is ill and I can't promise to give you that key panel to set. Thorn said—one or two things—oh, I can't talk about it; he said one or two things——"

"Bedad, then, he said a dozen things to me; an' me as cool as a Waldorf julep, an' he damnin' the gildin' whin I asked f'r the sivin' instalment due this day. 'It's an expert I'll have f'r to examine it,' sez he. 'Pro-jooce the wad,' sez I, 'an' afther that I'll talk talks to anny expert ye name.' An' he had to."

Leeds's heart turned heavy. "I don't know what Thorn means to do," he said. "I'm not much on contracts; I've done my best. I suppose he will rip it out if he wants to. If he does, and if he cancels the contract, it will about ruin me. I never had but four other commissions; it cost me more to execute them than I was paid."

The big Irishman studied the younger man with keen, kindly eyes. He knew what Leeds's frieze really was—a piece of work that for sheer inspired beauty had not its equal in modern mural art. He knew—even his artizans knew. And he knew, also, that in this fifth essay, a young man of whom the public had already heard was stepping half unconsciously into the highest place in the Western world of art. All this McManus was shrewdly aware of, and he was aware, too, that Leeds was more or less conscious of it, and that Thorn was utterly unconscious that in his new house the golden ballroom already contained the mural masterpiece of the twentieth century—an exquisite, gay riot of color and design, so lovely, so fresh, that, concealed under the miracle of its simplicity, the marvelous technical perfections of color, drawing, and composition were almost unnoticed in the brilliancy of the ensemble.

"Did that red-necked madman say he'd rip it out?" inquired McManus, his fiery blue eyes aglitter.

"That's what he said. I don't know whether the work is good or bad; I'm two years stale on it. I could paint a better one now. But if he holds me to the letter of the contract and throws back two years' work on my hands, what can I do? I—I never imagined he was that sort of a man; I knew he didn't care much for painting—his architects got him to give me the work—my first commission that promised any profit——"



"WHAT IS THE USE," SHE SAID, "OF KISSING A-GIRL WHO IS ENGAGED?"

Something tightened in his throat and he turned his head sharply to the window of the corridor.

"Arrah, thin," said McManus hastily, "don't be frettin'. G'wan, now, an' paint like the divil. Give him anny ould thing f'r to ploog the key. Sure, 'tis his fri'nds will tell him fasht enough the bargain he's got in a frieze—a frieze, begob! that no man 'twixt the two poles can paint like you!—an' that's the truth, Misther Leeds, though ye don't know it, bein' modest-like an' misthruistin' av the powers God sins ye. Ploog him up with a key panel—anny ould daub, I tell ye!—f'r to clinch the contract come pay-day! An' I'll set it accordin' to conthraht Thursday comin'; an' afther he's opened his big gilt house to the millionaires he consorts with, an' afther the bunch has christened their muddy wits with the j'yful juice, go to him quiet-like, ye're foot in ye're hand an' the tongue in the cheek o' ye, an' say modest-like: 'Wisha, sorr, me matherpiece is not quite to me likin'; an' I'm thinkin' to add a few millions to its value wid a stroke av a badger brush.'"

The big Irishman laughed heartily and laid an enormous paw on Leeds's shoulder—a gesture so kindly that the familiarity seemed without-offense.

"Phwat does the like o' youse care for Mr. Thorn an' his big red neck an' the pants o' him wid the creases, an' his collar buttoned by his valley? F'r all his scarf-pin an' his shiny shoes an' his Thrust Company an' his millions, I seen a bit of a lass give him the frozen face an hour ago."

Leeds looked up curiously.

"Arrah, thin, that's what crazed him. I was there in his office discoorsin' on conthrahts, pwhen the dure opened an' a young lady stepped in—not seein' me pwhere I sat behind the dure.

"Naida!" sez he, joompin' up, the Burr-gundy flush on the face an' neck av him.

"I came to tell you that I can't do it," sez she, her purty face like a rose in blush. 'I'm sorry,' she sez, 'but I thought you ought to be told, an' I drove down-town in a hurry,' sez she, 'f'r to tell you,' she sez, 'that I was not in me right mind when you asked me to marry you,' sez she. 'So I'm sorry—I'm so sorry,' she sez, 'an' good-by!' an' wid that the breath stopped in her an' she gulped, scairt-like.

"Ph-wat!" sez he, bitin' the worrud in two halves. An' she gulped an' shook her head.

"Wid that he began in a wild way, clane forgettin' me in the corner, me hat on me two knees; an' the young lady was a bit wild too, bein' very young an' excited; an' there they had it like the vill'in an' the leadin' lady—quiet-like an' soft-spoken, but turrible as a dress-shirt drama, till she said: 'No! No! No!' wid a little sob, an' out o' the dure an' off, he afther her. Sorra the sight av her he saw, with Farren hunting her, an' himself ridin' up an' down in the cages when the porther tould him she'd dodged an' gone up to the top floor."

"So that was why he was so ugly," said Leeds curiously.

"It was. He was smooth enough till the lass came in an' left him her sweet little mitten. But whin he came back, red as a bottle o' Frinch wine, an' the two eyes o' him like black holes burnt in a blanket, save us! All that was close an' hard an' mean an' sly an' bitter an' miserly came out in the man, an' the way he talked to me av honest work done wud stir the neck-hair on a fightin' pup. I was wild; but I sez to meself, lave him talk his talk; it's all wan on pay-day. An' so it is, Misther Leeds; it is so. G'wan into ye're workshop, an' shpit on ye're hands, an' we'll ploog that key space by five P. M., come Thursday, bad cess to the bad, an' luck to the likes of us, glory be!"

Leeds stood half inside his threshold, the edge of the open door grasped in his hand, gazing thoughtfully at the floor.

"All right, McManus," he said quietly; "I'll do what I can to save my bread—but," he looked straight at the Irishman, "it's bitter bread we learn to eat sometimes—we who are employed."

"Troth, I've swallyed worse nor that; I have so, Misther Leeds. Bide the time, sorr. An' phwin it comes!—paste him wan."

"Oh, I'll have forgotten him by that time," said Leeds, laughing, as McManus, with a significant gesture, turned on his broad heel and strode off toward his own rooms where Kenna, his partner, had been making frantic signals to him for the last five minutes.

Leeds entered his studio, the Ghost of Chance at his heels, closing the door behind him. Through the golden gloom of the room his huge picture loomed up, somber in the subdued light; an aromatic odor of wet colors and *siccatis* hung in the air.

First, he laid aside his overcoat and hat, unhooked from a door-peg a short painting-blouse and pulled it over his head; then he

moved about briskly, opening ventilators to air the place, manipulating the curtains for top and side lights, dragging the carved mahogany model-stand into the position marked by the chalk crosses on the polished floor. Presently he touched a spring; the top shade rolled up with a click; a flood of pure north light fell upon the gorgeous colors of the canvas. He began to adjust the delicate machinery of the complex easel, turning a silver screw to regulate the pitch of the heavy canvas, twisting a cog-wheel here, a lever there, until he had brought that part of the canvas within reach whereon he expected to work.

He was one of those modest, dissatisfied young men who can never be content with the work done, perfectly aware of possibilities not yet attained, willing to try for them, vaguely confident of attaining them; a young man who would go far—*had* gone far—farther than he realized. Yet, although the critics were joyously bellowing his praises as *the* coming man, his work so far had barely given him a living.

He required great surfaces to cover, and the beauty of the results was apparent in the new marble Library, the Hotel Oneida, the Theater Regent, and the new Brooklyn Academy of Music. Superb color, faultless taste, vigor, delicacy—all were his. The technique that sticks out like dry bones, the spineless lack of construction, fads, pitiful eccentricities to cover inability—nothing of these had ever, even in his student days, threatened him with the pitfall of common disaster. Nor was there in his work the faintest hint of physical weakness—nothing unwholesome, smug, suggestive—nothing sugary, nothing insincerely brutal; perhaps because he was a very normal young man, inclined to normal pleasures, and worldly enough to conform to the civilized code outside the barriers of which genius is popularly supposed to pasture.

And still, with all this, he had been paid so little for his work heretofore, and to produce his work had cost him so much in materials and in model and studio hire, that he scarcely knew how to make both ends meet in the most cruelly expensive metropolis of all the world.

For the first time, when approached by Thorn, he had dared name a price for his work which might give him a decent profit when the last brush-stroke was laid on; and, while Thorn's big new house slowly rose, stone on stone, overlooking the park, he had worked on the frieze of life-size figures—two

hundred in all—which was to complete the golden ballroom with an exquisite, spring-like garland of youth and loveliness.

He had accepted Thorn's cut-throat, cast-iron contract with the deadly time-clause; he had used up every second of time, shirking nothing, sparing no expense; making life-size study after study, scintillating with a cleverness that would not only have satisfied but turned the heads of ninety-nine painters in a hundred. But he was the hundredth.

He had given himself just time to complete his work and say: "I can do no better. I have done all that was in me." But though he had foreseen trouble and delay from models, and the dozens of vexations artists fall heir to, he could not have foreseen that a young girl he had never heard of should, at a critical moment, bring out a side of Thorne's character he did not suspect existed in him—the sharp, ugly brutality of wounded arrogance which vents itself where opportunity offers; the fiercely sullen desire to hurt—to stamp its power upon those who have no defense.

And now, with the entire frieze all but completed, the man had suddenly snarled at him—for no reason on earth save a willingness to crush and dominate. There was not a day of grace named in the contract; there was no grace to be expected from Thorn, who cared no more for the frieze that hid part of his golden-lacquered paneling than for the gilded sconces below. If one or the other did not suit him, he'd tear them out without a word and cover the raw space with ten thousand dollars' worth of hot-house roses for his housewarming. Leeds understood that. He was beginning to appreciate the man. He must try to beat him.

He stood there confronting his defaced picture, examining it as keenly as a physician might inspect an interesting phase of human misfortune, pondering the remedy. And, as he stood, silent, preoccupied, his telephone bell rang, and he stepped to the receiver.

"Hello! Is this the Model's League?"

"....."

"Yes, James Leeds. Yes, I wanted a model with red hair, if possible, and good limbs."

"....."

"Well, that can't be helped. Send any model as close to Miss Clancey's type as you can. Send her now. She's to take a cab. I'm in a desperate hurry."

"....."

"Yes, Miss Clancey is ill. I want a girl of

her type, but don't waste time hunting. Send me somebody at once."

"....."

"All right. . . . Good-by!"

He hung up the receiver, walked back to his canvas, and began to set a huge ivory-faced palette-table, squeezing out tube after tube of color, rainbow fashion, ending in a curly mass of silver white. Then he uncorked a jar of turpentine, filled a bowl with it, and began searching among twisted tubes and scrapers for an ivory palette-knife, whistling thoughtfully the while.

A slight sound behind one of the great screens attracted his attention, and he glanced up. Nothing stirred. He sorted some paint-rags, and picked up a bottle of drying medium. As he held it to the light, again a sudden sound came from the screen; he turned squarely, surprised, and the same instant a girl stepped out and raised a pair of very lovely and frightened eyes to his.

"Do you want a model?" she asked sweetly, but unsteadily. "Because, if you do——"

"Good heavens!" he said, exasperated. "Have you been behind that screen all this time while I've been telephoning for a model?"

"Ye—s. I—I came in. I heard you."

"But why didn't you come out? Why on earth——"

"I think I was a trifle frightened."

"Oh! . . . I see . . . you have never before posed?"

"Never. I—I really have not made up my mind to pose now. I suppose I had better do—do something. I've, the fact is, I've *got* to do something to earn my living."

She was red-haired, white-skinned, blue-eyed, shod and gloved to perfection, and plainly scared. He looked at her from head to foot.

"As a matter of fact," he said, delighted, "you are a sort of God-sent miracle. Whether you mean to pose or not for a living, I want you to pose for me to-day. Don't be frightened; sit down here in this chair. I'm in desperate need of somebody. Won't you help me?"

She looked at him in breathless silence.

"Won't you please sit here—just a moment?" he said.

She bent her head a trifle, and moved forward to the offered chair with a grace that claimed his instant and serious attention. But he had no time to wonder or speculate on the reasons for such a woman, with such a

presence, being in his studio to seek employment; he took a chair opposite, scrutinizing her fresh young beauty with frank approval. Indeed, he heartily approved of everything about her—the masses of red-gold hair, the lovely azure-tinted eyes, the wonderfully paintable white skin.

"Your coloring—your figure—your hands are beautiful," he said slowly. "I can give you all day to-day, and I'll take all the time you can give me to-morrow. You see, that canvas must be finished to-day, be dry by to-morrow, and be delivered Thursday. Tell me, is it only head and shoulders and costume, or will you pose without drapery for——"

A bright flush stained her face. "I—I am not a model!" she stammered.

"Not a model," he repeated blankly. "Oh, no, of course not—I forgot."

"Did you—do I look like——" Words failed her; she glanced appalled at the canvas, then straight at him, self-possessed again, but paler.

"I can't help what you think of me," she said. "I am perfectly aware of my indiscretion—but your door was open and this—this is my hour of need."

"Certainly," he said, soothingly, "I see——"

"No, you don't see! I came in here to—hide! By and by I shall go out." She sat up very straight. "I am determined," she said, "to remain concealed here until I can leave this building without annoyance. May I?" She ended so sweetly, so piteously, that Leeds caught his breath in astonishment.

"So—may I stay here for a while?"

"Well, there's a model coming to pose for that figure—if you refuse to pose——"

"Which figure?" demanded the girl.

"That one on the left—the one that is scraped down."

"You mean that I couldn't stay here while you painted?"

"I don't believe you would care to. You wouldn't bother me, but I don't think you'd care to."

"Why?" The blue eyes met his so purely, so fearlessly, that he gave her a frank and gentle answer.

"Oh! Then— then hadn't you better dismiss your model for the day?" she said, "because I've got to stay."

"But I can't. The paint on that canvas is exactly in the right condition, neither too wet nor too dry. I've simply got to use a drier, and paint on it now. That picture must be dry to-morrow."

"Must it—truly?"

"It certainly must!"

The girl rose, stood for a moment nervously twisting her veil up over her hat; then: "But I can't go! You don't understand. I've—I've run away!"

"Run away! From whom?"

"Somebody," she said vaguely, looking about the room. Suddenly he remembered the story McManus had told. And he spoke of it, watching her curiously.

"Exactly," she said, nodding her pretty head while the tint of excitement deepened on her cheeks, "I ran away from him! You know who I am, don't you? You know my sister, anyhow."

She hesitated, searching his face, then impulsively: "I usually decide all matters very quickly!" She made an impatient little gesture and seated herself, looking up at him with bright eyes and heightened color: "For three months I've stood it——"

"Stood what?"

"Being engaged. I had not really thought much about it—we're usually indifferent and obedient in my family—and no doubt I'd have gone on and married just as my sisters have—if something had not happened." She dropped her head, looking thoughtfully at the floor. Then: "I simply could not stand him, Mr. Leeds; I woke up this morning, understanding that I couldn't marry him. I was so excited—and dreadfully afraid of telling him—and I was so sorry for my mother, but I couldn't do it; I knew that, and it was time he knew, too."

"So I told my mother and there was trouble, and I went out and found a cab and drove here as fast as I could, and I said: 'Mr. Thorn, I cannot do it!' You know what I said. That Irishman told you!"

Leeds nodded.

"So that's all; I simply ran away from him; and I won't go home and live on my mother, because we are as poor as church mice, and if I don't marry Mr. Thorn my mother will probably expire of mortification, and if I don't marry *at all* by Monday next, I'll lose what my grandfather left me in a horrid will, which forces me to marry before I'm twenty-one—and *that's* next Monday. All my sisters did it—Mrs. Egerton, and Mrs. Clay-Dwyning, and another you don't know. But I won't, I won't, *I won't!* And my mother will probably starve unless I earn our living, so I'd better begin at once."

"I think you had, too," said Leeds gravely.

"Oh, I thought of that when I was running away from Mr. Thorn; and when he came up in one elevator I came down; and when he came down I went up, and I turned into the first corridor I saw, and entered somebody's office and shut the door."

"A man came to ask me what I wanted. And I asked him if he required a stenographer, and he said he did—very offensively—so I marched out and walked about the hallways trying to find my way out. Then I heard Mr. Thorn's voice on the stairs, and I opened your door and hid. And before I had courage to leave, you came and talked and talked with that Irishman. And now what am I to do? You know who I am, and you know my sisters—or you did once before you went abroad to study—for they've told me they knew you at Narragansett when you were a boy of twelve."

"Are *you* their little sister Naida?" he asked curiously, when she stopped, clean out of breath, flushed and fascinating in her consternation.

"Yes; I'm Naida. Do you really remember me? I wish I could be civil and say the same to you, but I don't, Mr. Leeds, though since everybody says you are a very great artist, I pretend I do know you; and I say: 'Oh, yes, James Leeds, he was such a jolly fellow when he was a boy at Narragansett!'"

"But I'm careful not to tell them that I was so little that you never even looked at me, nor that I was so young I couldn't remember you. Oh, dear, what frauds we all are! And here I am, compromising myself and not caring, after having driven my mother distracted, jilted my fiancé, and beggared myself. I think I'd better pose for you."

"Will you?"

"Why, coward that I am, I don't want to face the consequences of my own deeds. But I won't go back after smashing the finances so dreadfully."

"Suppose you help me a little, then. And while you're helping me to avert financial ruin we'll talk of your future," he said laughingly.

She looked up quickly. "I heard what you and that Irishman were saying. Are you truly in trouble about your picture?"

"All kinds of trouble," he assented.

"Could I really help you?"

"Indeed you could."

"Of course, I would compromise myself, wouldn't I?" she asked innocently. "I've been doing it all day, haven't I?"

He sat there perplexed, fascinated, watching her in silence.

She shrugged her pretty shoulders. A rather valuable fur stole slipped down to the floor, and he picked it up and sat smoothing it and watching the exquisite color wane and deepen in her cheeks.

The telephone rang. He rose and put the receiver to his ear.

"No, that model won't do. You need not send anybody now; I have exactly the model I require. Good-by."

Turning to her he said: "You heard me say that I needed no model. Will you help me now? This is an hour of direst need with me."

"I—I don't know——"

"Will you? If you will, I will promise to help you—not to become an artist's model; that is silly. But I promise you, on my honor, that you shall have an offer that no woman need refuse; an offer suitable and honorable, where you may enjoy absolute independence and freedom from all annoyance, live your own life freely, without taxing your mother's resources, and without care or dread of importunities from anybody attempting to marry you. Will you?"

"If—if you could do *that* for me, I'd be grateful enough to do anything for you," she said slowly.

The Ghost of Chance sat watching them. His job was nearly ended.

A curious exhilaration, a gaiety rather foreign to Leeds's nature, took possession of him. He lifted a beautiful garment all stiff with turquoise and gold, and held it toward her. He laid two jeweled sandals at her feet, pulled a table to the screen and opened a box full of glittering gilded articles.

There was color enough in her face now, flooding it from brow to throat.

"Won't you help me?" he asked. "It is ruin for me if you don't."

She searched his face. There was nothing in the eyes that a woman might not look upon, might not meet with a smile, might not respond to. She measured him in breathless silence, red lips parted. He was her own kind.

"Will you?"

"Yes."

Then excitement transfigured him. She scarcely knew his face, lighted into quick enthusiasm.

"Never, never, have I had such a model!" he cried, delighted as a boy. "Never have I

seen such color, such exquisite loveliness. Good heavens! A man might really paint with you before him! Don't—don't look at me that way—don't be frightened. I'm simply astonished at my fortune—I don't mean to be rude—you know I don't!"

"Yes, I know it," she said tremulously.

"May I suggest how you should tie the sandals?"

"Am I to—to be barefooted?"

"With sandals, you know, and that gorgeous gold and blue Byzantine robe hung straight from the shoulders! Everything is here. I'll step out and smoke a cigarette. Will you knock when you are ready?"

She nodded, looking down at the crumpled heaps of gold and turquoise stuff.

Enchanted, he saw her raise her arms and begin to unpin her hat, with its floating veil. Then he went out.

For half an hour he walked the resounding corridor, smoking madly. Once or twice he doubted her—half convinced that she meant to lock him out—and the idea scared him. But at last a low knocking on the inside of the door summoned him; he entered, blinking in the flood of light after the darkness of the hallway, and the vision was revealed slowly to his dazzled eyes.

White—a trifle too pale; her eyes burned like azure stars under the blue, gold-red glory of her hair, which fell in two loose, heavy braids straight down, framing her body from shoulders to hips. The rounded throat, the white arms glimmering along the seams of the blue and golden robe, the sandals accenting the snowy feet—and in her eyes the straight, fearless gaze of a child—left him mute, stunned, utterly spellbound, overwhelmed by a magic that sometimes wears another name.

She did not need to ask his criticism. The faint rose-color came into her face again slowly.

She turned and mounted the model-stand without a word, seating herself in the carved marble chair; and, glancing at the painted figure, let her arms fall in harmony with the drawing. Then she placed one little sandal-shod foot upon the silken cushion at her feet. When she looked up, with a pale smile, he had already begun to paint.

His hand, not steady at first—for a new emotion had given him new eyes—became steadier. Magnificent tints and hues grew upon the canvas, stiff gold folds and creases shimmered, framing the snowy contours of perfect arms.

The glory of hair, the wonder of wide azure-tinted eyes, the lips full scarlet, all took color and loveliness as his brushes flew. And into the picture came something else—a joyousness, a tint of youth and freshness, and something subtle, indefinable.

And now he seemed to hold the whole power of the world in his grasp. The color-wet point of every brush hovered, then left its message of beauty on an enchanted canvas. Power was his; he dominated; he could do anything, achieve anything—with her before him. Difficulties? There were none. He had but to wet a brush with purest tints, look her in the eyes, and the thing was wrought.

Twice she rested. He said nothing, nor did she, and when she was ready he went on. But already the work was done—finished! He lingered over it, thrilled, touching it here and there fearlessly, with the silent certainty of mastery.

At last he lay back on his chair, and the arm supporting his palette dropped to his side.

"Won't you have mercy?" she asked in a low voice.

"Are you tired? Oh, I am so sorry!" he cried, springing to his feet.

She rose. He held out his hand. She laid hers on his arm and descended.

"You are terribly tired!" he said anxiously, almost tenderly.

"No—but—I am a little—hungry."

He dragged out his watch. "Good Lord! It's four—almost dark!" he cried. "What a—a beast I am! I must be crazy!"

She stood smiling beside him, looking curiously at the picture in the fading light.

"Am I as—as glorious as that?" she said under her breath. It was not a question; besides he scarcely dared answer, for the magic was thick about him.

"Do you know," she said slowly, "there is something in that canvas that I have never before seen?"

"What is that?"

"The—the eyes you have given me—as if I had just opened them on paradise."

"They are like yours."

"But I—I never saw paradise. What a heavenly beauty you have given me. My soul was never as untroubled as is hers—the lovely, snowy golden saint you have raised up on my shadow. What eyes do you see with to work such miracles?"

"You are the miracle. I never painted like that until you came."

She turned to look at him. And perhaps the magic light was strong enough to dazzle her, too, for she thought there was something in his eyes that he had painted into hers upon the canvas.

For a little while they stood silent. Then she raised her head. "And now?" she questioned.

"Now?"

"Yes. What am I to do?"

He gazed at her blankly. "You are not going away?"

"Your picture is finished."

"Yes, but where are you going?"

"Where?" She pressed her white hand over her brow. "I—I don't exactly know. I—I thought you had a plan——"

"As long as you have run away," he began slowly——

"Yes? And as long as I have done all the dreadful things I have done. Go on!"

"All those dreadful things——"

"Yes; all those common horrid things. Go on."

"I—I think—that we—that we might further degrade ourselves by——"

"Yes—go on!"

"By taking tea together."

"Do you think so?"

"I do," he said solemnly.

She reflected for a moment. "But what after that?"

"We must consider the situation at the tea-table," he said gravely. "We'll go out as soon as you can change your gown. And—is there any likelihood of our jumping any of your family if we go to Sherry's?"

"I'll risk it," she said slowly.

"Then," and he smiled at her through a rosy light that really didn't exist, "then I'll go out and smoke until you are ready."

And he did, no longer tormented with the fear of being locked out, and presently she opened the door and stood a moment on the threshold, looking at him.

"I wonder," she said, "if ever a girl has done as mad a thing as I have to-day?"

She stepped out and closed the door behind her.

"Listen," she said, "a thousand dreadful questions are on my lips—tortured pride refuses to ask for mercy—but—oh, I *do* care to know what you think of me!"

He told her as much as he dared tell, haltingly, stammering under the enchantment thickening always around them.

"You—you think—that?"

"More. May—shall I say——"

"Not—not now."

Dazed, their young heads turned, they descended the marble steps together.

Elevator boys, hall servants, the gorgeous porter in his green and gilt livery, stared at the runaway. She passed them, head high.

"There is going to be a great deal of trouble about nothing, I fear," she said softly, as they walked out into Fifth Avenue.

"I fear so," he mused.

"You—you will probably be evicted by Mr. Thorn when the porter tells him where I've been."

"Probably," he smiled.

"Where will you go when you are evicted?"

"Where are you going?"

She glanced at him sweetly. "To tea—with you."

"And after that?" he asked unsteadily.

But she pretended not to hear him, repeating, "To tea with the great artist, Mr. Leeds. Oh, you are surprised that I know how great you are? Did you think I didn't know? Dear me, don't my sisters talk of you as though our family discovered you?"

"That settles it then," he said enchanted.

"What settles what, if you please?"

"My status. I'm one of your family and entitled to advise you."

A moment later two flushed young people entered Sherry's, utterly oblivious of cloak-rooms, bell-boys, and butlers, and instinctively chose a remote table secluded in a corner, banked high with verdure.

They may have had tea. They were so absorbed in talking to each other that they not only paid no attention to what they ordered, but did not notice whether they had eaten anything or not, when the early winter night found them on Fifth Avenue once more, strolling slowly up-town, absorbed in one another to the exclusion of time and similar important trifles.

She was saying in that full-throated sweet voice, pitched a trifle lower than the roar of traffic, "Yes, I do trust you. I have been horrid and common and silly to go dashing around that Trust Company, but you are perfectly lovely to understand, and I'll do exactly what you tell me to do—except——"

"What?"

"To—to marry *him*."

"Good God," he breathed.

After a silence he said: "I have promised you an offer. But first you must go back as though nothing had happened."

"Yes, I will. There's no use in my going to a hotel like a silly, romantic creature, and starting out to look for work in the morning. Besides, my mother would be frantic and call up the police. Besides, I haven't enough money to really run away; I have only a dollar and some pennies."

"Home is the place for you," he said, laughing under his breath. "When am I to come to tell you about my plan for you?"

"You'd better hurry," she said sincerely. "I'll probably lose courage and be bullied into something or other if you don't."

"May I come to-morrow?"

"No; there's a luncheon I don't dare cut out, and in the evening there's a dance at the Carrington's. Do you—do you ever go about? I go to the Lanarks's dance to-night——"

"I was asked to that dance, too——"

"Oh," she cried enraptured, "*will* you come? Please—please! If you don't, I won't go. Mr. Thorn will be there, and between mamma and him I'll be driven into something before I know it. Will you?"

"Yes, I will. And I'll do more," he added; "I'll lay that offer before you."

"That will be perfectly delightful! You won't fail, will you? And——" she paused at the door of her own house and gave him a small gloved hand—"and I want to tell you how happy I am to have helped *you*, and how glad I am that you are able to keep to that wicked contract, and that I have had a perfectly lovely time, and I shall never—*never* forget how nice you have been even if I have behaved like a brainless ninny. And I am so glad you don't think me as horrid as I seemed to be. I was reckless for the first time in my life, and did all those desperate things because I've been—I've been a trifle unhappy."

He dined at the club where he lived, read the evening papers, scarcely conscious of what he was reading, then went up-stairs to his room, sat a long while on the bed's edge, staring at vacancy, and finally lay down, closing his eyes. The Ghost of Chance stood by the bed a moment, considering his victim.

Hour after hour he lay there, thinking as clearly as the tumult in his breast permitted. Later he bathed, dressed very carefully, and, descending, climbed into a hansom.

"I've a ghost of a chance," he muttered. "Thorn told me to take it once, and his advice was good. Now, I'll try it again—for I *have* got a ghost of a chance again, and I'll take that chance to-night!"

And so he came to the great house of the Lanarkses, overlooking the wintry park.

After drifting about in the scented crush for half an hour, he caught a glimpse of her surrounded by a dozen men, among them a diplomat or two, and several attachés.

But when, pressing his way through barriers of black coats and threading half an acre of rustling silk and lace, he found the spot where he had expected to find her, she was no longer there; only the red fez of the Turkish Ambassador, nodding affably above the press, indicated that he had reached the spot upon the floor that he had aimed at.

Glancing up at the musicians' gilded gallery to verify his bearings, he struck a circle, as he would have done in the woods, and presently came across young Terriss, who was also in love with her; but Leeds did not know that.

"Thorn took her off," said Terriss sullenly. "They're in the conservatory. By the way, I didn't know you knew her."

"I do," growled Leeds.

"That pasty white Russian prince, the fellow with a fat face and a thin nose splitting a brace of eyes too close together—" Terriss shrugged his shoulders—"he's hanging about, looking for her, too. Her mother steered him off. I suppose it will be announced to-night."

Leeds saw her mother and recalled himself to her memory, and her cordiality surprised and flattered him until he found he could not get past her to the conservatory.

Meanwhile the musicians were playing away madly. He attempted to dodge her, affably explaining that it was his dance with her daughter.

"But Naida is not in here," said her mother, carefully fending him off.

"Terriss said——"

"Doubtless," continued her mother cheerfully, "Naida is waiting for you with Constance. Do you remember my daughter Constance? If you take me across, Mr. Leeds, we can find Naida."

Steered off, vaguely aware of too much sweetness in the matron's guileless smile, he looked back and beheld the girl he was seeking emerging from the thicket of palms with Thorn, followed by a heavy and very white young man, with rings on his fingers and under his eyes.

The girl looked at Leeds as if she had never before seen him. For a moment, as he instinctively stepped forward, they faced one

another in silence. Then a faint recognition animated her eyes. She looked at Thorn, at the Russian, at her mother, then, as Leeds said a conventional but decisive word or two, she smiled, laid one hand on his arm as he encircled her waist with his right arm, nodded at her mother, and glided off into the glitter with a man who danced well enough to leave her indifferent and occupied with her own reflections.

How long she had been dancing with him she did not know, nor care, when his voice roused her from a meditation that had left her red mouth sullen and her eyebrows bent.

"I wish you would look at me—once," he said. "What has happened since we parted?"

She raised her eyes, amused. "The inevitable. I couldn't escape."

"I can't give you up yet to your own reflections," he said. "You dance too perfectly. What do you mean by the 'inevitable'?"

"Oh, it is not you or the dancing that I meant. You must not mind me; I am likely to say anything to-night."

"Anything?"

"Absolutely anything to anybody." She raised her eyes again to his face. It was a cleanly modeled countenance, rather lean—not at all like Thorn's or Prince Minsky's.

"If you are really too much bored," he breathed——

She looked up disturbed. "I told you it was not you. You don't bore me. You don't know me well enough."

"Is there no chance that I might know you better?"

"No, no chance."

"May I try it?"

Her beautiful brows unbent. "Why, yes, try it; but I am not worth the effort."

"Very well. For this evening you and I will speak the absolute and unvarnished truth; shall we? You may ask me whatever you care to; I will ask you. Dare you?"

She had shaken her head first, but at the word "dare" her indifference changed to a slight amusement.

"Oh, I dare anything to-night," she said. "What question am I to answer?"

"Is it a bargain that we tell the truth?" he persisted.

"Certainly, if it amuses you. It won't amuse me."

"And I may venture to be cheerfully impertinent?"

She nodded, smiling.

"Then tell me why you asked me to come to this dance?"

She hesitated. A little more color crept into her face.

"Am I to answer truthfully?"

"You promised."

Then her entire personality changed with an impulse as illogical, as sudden as any caprice that ever swept over a heart too young to bear bitterness.

"I asked you," she said, "to come because—because I was happy with you to-day. But now—now it is too late. I am for sale once more. . . . Will you buy me?"

"Willingly," he returned, amazed but smiling.

"Too late," she said, looking up; "I have sold myself."

They were on the outer edge of the whirl now. Her hand slid from his shoulder, and she stepped back, flushed, brilliant-eyed, perfectly self-possessed.

"Thank you for offering to purchase," she laughed, looking him straight in the face. "Shall we finish the dance? I am ready."

"Let me see your card," he said coolly. She held out the cluster of ivory and gold filagree for his inspection.

"I thought you had undertaken to amuse me," she observed. "I didn't bargain to amuse you." Her blue eyes were too brilliant, her color almost feverish now.

"I am going to," he said. "But I warn you, you may not like it."

"Try. Perhaps I may."

"I'm going to rub out these names," he said, watching her.

"That will be deliciously rude and impertinent. Do it. Can you think of anything else?"

"Oh, yes," he said, filling in the card with his own name.

"Let me see," she breathed, looking over his shoulder. "Delightful! Why, what you have done is exquisitely indecent, and will certainly involve us both in everything unpleasant. Now, what else are you going to do?"

"Now I have amused you a little," he said, "will you sit out the rest of this dance with me?"

"How can I help it? Your name has replaced the others."

He erased his name, and, from memory, filled in the other names in sequence. Then, still holding the tablets, he said airily: "Technically, I recover my self-respect—but there's

a second conservatory beyond this one where I may lose yours."

"I hope it is dark," she said calmly.

"It is. We'll go to the farthest corner."

Passing through palms and tree-ferns, they heard the music behind them cease; and they moved a trifle more quickly.

"It's locked," he said.

"I don't care. Unlock it."

He turned the key. They entered. A few electric bulbs glimmered here and there, gilding thickets of blossoms. There were no chairs to be found, and he had started to return for them, when she called his attention to a green bench under a mass of flowering vines, and, seating herself, looked up at him expectantly.

"Now," he said, as he took his place beside her, "you may tell me anything or nothing, as you please. You are terribly excited—I'm rather excited, too. Every normal man is always reckless; every normal woman is, once in a lifetime. It's a crisis; you've reached it. I'm a decent sort of fellow—safer than the next man, maybe. And now I'm keyed up, ready to listen, ready to talk, seriously or frivolously—ready to make love—either way."

"Rub out those names," she said suddenly, offering to take the card again. And, as he made no movement, she suddenly tore it to pieces in her gloved hands and held the fragments toward him with a miserable little laugh. He took them, retaining her hand in his.

"You are the prettiest girl in the world," he said lightly. "Shall I tell you more?"

"Do you know that I am engaged to Mr. Thorn again?"

"But I'm going to make love to you."

"But—I am really going to marry him—on Monday."

He laughed, looking her in the eyes.

"Do you not believe me?" she asked.

"No," he said, laughing.

"But it is true. I have put it off—I have waited until the last moment—you know what I said to-day—"

Incredulous, smiling, he recovered the hand she had withdrawn. She suffered it to lie in his, looking at him almost frightened.

"It is stupid not to believe me," she said.

"Can't a man tell when a girl is speaking the truth? I tell you I must marry him on Monday, if I'm to get anything from my grandfather—"

His hand, holding hers, relaxed; he looked at her uneasily.

"All my sisters did the same thing," she went on—"all hung back until the last moment. Then, like me, deadly tired of the pressure, they gave in in a hurry. I'm the youngest and last—thank Heaven!"

"What is all this?" he demanded.

"Nothing—indolence—an idea that I might fall in love, perhaps—kept me from marrying."

She shrugged her shoulders: "But—you see? Cupidity at the last moment!"

"Whose cupidity?" he asked coolly.

"Mine," she said, but he knew she was not truthful.

"That's all right," he observed cheerfully—"as long as it was not your family's."

"It will be one of those 'married while you wait' affairs," she said, watching him; "traveling-clothes and a few of the family. Don't you want to come? You must come!" she added; "will you?"

"I have an idea," he said, with a curious stare, "that I may be present at your wedding."

He listened a moment; the music rang distantly; somebody was missing a dance with the woman whose gloved hands lay in his.

"If you are going to marry for pure cupid-ity, why not take me?" he asked. "Any man would do for your amiable grandfather—and it seems to be all the same to you."

"I did not know you well enough to ask you," she said audaciously.

"Would I have done as well as anybody?" he demanded.

"Yes, as well—for me. Mother prefers the inevitable one."

"Would I have done better than anybody—for *you*?" he persisted.

"Must I answer?"

"Yes; you have fibbed only once to-night."

"Then—I'd rather—not answer. Don't—don't pretend to be serious. Be as frivolous as you will; make love to me if you wish—only don't pretend."

"No, I won't pretend," he said. She looked at him; his face caught fire though he strove to speak gaily: "I never believed I should fall in love—like this—not even when I first met you. You are faultlessly beautiful, with your thick, ruddy-gold hair—the hair I painted into my picture—and I painted your splendid, innocent eyes, and that scarlet, sulky mouth—not sullen then, Naida. Had I known such things were bought and sold I should have bid——"

"Stop," she breathed.

"But all I should have offered was an ordinary heart—and you say that counts nothing against—other considerations."

"Nothing," she said, setting her lips.

"It counts nothing," he repeated, watching her.

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. Is this how you amuse me? Is this what you call making love?"

"Partly this," he said, "partly"—and he deliberately and unskilfully kissed her—"partly this."

She rose, blushing scarlet, whisking her hands from his. He stood up to confront her, rather white.

"You are too—" she began unsteadily.

"What?"

"Brutal. I have been kissed before—but not stupidly—as you did. It was almost an affront—if such a woman as I can be affronted." Cheeks and eyes were ablaze.

"I told you," he said between lips almost colorless, "that I should speak the truth. I do; I love you. Can you give me a ghost of a chance?"

"You are clumsy and silly," she said. "I—I was ready for almost anything—supposing you were clever enough to carry it all off lightly——"

"I can; I've kissed plenty of girls, but only one I've cared for—that's why I was so awkward; I was scared to death. Why on earth did I awake at the eleventh hour to find that I loved you!"

"You are imposing on us both," she said calmly. "Besides, I don't believe you've kissed very many girls. Jack Terriss says you have no use for them except as models."

"Jack's crazy. Girls? Why, the girls I've kissed," he explained blandly, "would fill that ballroom——"

"And overflow into this conservatory," she added, quietly curious, yet perfectly convinced now that his experience had been as limited as her own. For she had never before been kissed.

"If you'll let me show you—" he suggested.

"Show me what?"

"That I do know how to kiss a girl——"

She looked at him, then sat up straight, stripping off her gloves.

He picked up one of her hands and she demurred, but he held to it with a fascinated determination that made a struggle unreasonable.

"What is the use," she said, "of kissing a

girl who is engaged? No, I will *not*! I forbid you! I—*please* don't do——"

"Do what?" he asked.

"That! You have done it twice—when I asked you not to."

"Was I clumsy this time?"

"Yes!"

"Then——"

"No—no—no!" Hands locked, she bent backward, evading him breathlessly, yet looking into his eyes with a curiosity, a fear, and something else that no man had ever seen in her gaze—something that he saw, and that the scarlet mouth, no longer sulky, tremblingly confirmed.

"There is a chance—a ghost of a chance!" he said, steadying his voice.

"No—no! There is no chance—even if you did——"

"What?"

"Love me! No chance, no ghost of a chance. Release me—please—I beg you. Oh, won't you listen? You—you must not put your arm around me——"

The struggle was brief; she strained away from him desperately; and when he had her closer, she avoided his lips, hiding her face—and as the hiding-place happened to be, by some dreadful mistake, his shoulder, he drew her face upward and kissed her mouth again and again, until her head lay there quietly, eyes closed, wet lashes on her burning cheeks.

Then he used what voice he could command in a very manly and earnest fashion; and whether she heeded or whether she even heard was uncertain, for the tears kept her lashes wet, and her hands covered her face.

This was all very well, particularly when he drew one hand away, and her slim fingers closed convulsively over his. Between them they wrecked her delicate ivory fan, but neither seemed conscious of any loss.

"Now will you give me a ghost of a chance?" he whispered.

"I—I can't——"

"Look at me, Naida——"

"No."

"You must. I love you."

"How can you—a girl bought—sold——"

"I bid higher, dear."

"I know—my—my first kiss. You will not believe it—of a girl you kissed so easily. But it is—I have never before been kissed. But I can't take the price; I'm sold—You had better kiss me for all the years to come."

He bent his head; her eyes unclosed, and,

looking up at him, she put both arms around his neck.

"You do love me," he breathed.

She only looked at him.

"You must!"

"I might—if there was time. How can I have time to love you?"

"Marry me; and you shall have years of time."

"But suppose I found I did not love you, silly?"

"You would be no worse off than if you married the inevitable."

Her head lay on his shoulder; she looked at him reflectively. "Suppose," she said, "suppose I marry neither of you—for a while—and let that wretched inheritance go!"

"For God's sake, let it go!" he said fiercely. "Give me a ghost of a chance; that is all I ask—more than I dare hope."

"And—if I loved you—in the remote future, would you marry a penniless girl?"

"Will that penniless girl promise me?" he asked under his breath.

"No!" said her mother from the glass doorway. And they both stood up.

"The dishonorable part you have played," continued the quivering matron, "matches your ignorance of the ordinary observances of conventional——" Fury choked her.

"I only desire to marry your daughter, madam."

"Naida!"

"Yes, mamma."

She hesitated, turned to the man beside her, and looked up at him.

"Good-by," she said; "don't forget."

So she walked slowly to the door, and her mother took her arm, and she looked back at the man standing there, his hands fumbling the shreds of her broken fan.

"Good night!" she said; and to her mother: "You hurt my arm, dear."

"Are you mad?" hissed that horrified matron.

"Quite. I told him I was likely to do anything to-night."

"You have done it!"

"I hope so, mother."

"Hope what?"

"That I've made him love me."

"Merciful Heaven! What has——" She halted, turning her tall daughter to face her. "Is it champagne?" she demanded.

"No; do I look dreadfully mussed? Oh, well—it was my first kiss, you know. One doesn't understand how to take it coolly; I

was very awkward—and fool enough to cry. My head aches. I fancy I look perfectly disreputable. Mother, will you—there he is now!—will you please keep off your Thorns and your Russians until I can escape? I will be in the dressing-room—quite ready to go, mother dear.”

“Naida,” she said, her voice trembling, “I tell you now that if you are actually in love——”

“Yes, dear?”

“If you *are*, don’t consider my—my wishes——”

“About Mr. Thorn?”

“About anybody—even a man disreputable enough to kiss you——”

“Any man—to save my inheritance, mother?”

“Any *eligible* man, we decided.”

“Then it’s got to be *somebody*?”

“It has, little daughter—unless we’re a pair of fools!”

“Well, then—if it’s to be a *man*, I think—I think——” She turned and looked back into the long conservatories. But what she thought she did not utter, for at that moment the Russian spied her and came up pallid and speechlessly fierce. And she took his arm very sweetly.

An hour later her mother kissed her good-night with the humble and modest conviction that she had done well by every daughter and had garnered every penny with which that miserable will had tantalized her so long.

“Good night, Naida,” she said affectionately. “De Peyster is a lovable fellow. If you can’t love him, you can’t love anybody.”

“I don’t know; I’ll see how I sleep, mother.”

“What do you mean, Naida?” she asked anxiously.

“That’s just it—I don’t know exactly what I do mean. But I’ll know if I don’t sleep. Good night, mother. If I am not in my room in the morning you will know I have married—somebody.”

“You—you wouldn’t do——”

“Oh, you know I am likely to do anything. I wish I could guess what it is to be—the next thing I am destined to do.”

She turned over in her great white bed, burying her hot cheeks in the pillow. She heard her mother leave the room; then her maid tiptoeing about, and presently the click of the electric button. She opened her eyes in darkness, and lying there fell a-thinking of the ghost of a chance a man had lost forever—

or *was* it the man who had lost it? Was it not the maid after all?

“Men kiss pretty women when they can,” she reasoned, raising her hands to her heated cheeks. “He meant nothing that he will not forget this time next month. . . . So *that* is how it feels to be kissed! And I sniveled. . . . Still—if I had only had time—I could have made him love me—I think. . . . But artists are notoriously inconstant. . . . And usually very poor. If I—I could have married him, I should have felt morally obliged to bring him something. So there you are; I didn’t know he was like that or I might have hunted him up and given him a chance a year ago. . . . Why didn’t he take it? He—it is impossible he could suddenly love me—now—at the last moment, when it’s too late. . . . And I suppose it was abominable for him to kiss me. . . . And he did it so frequently. . . . And I’m shamelessly indifferent to his guilt and mine. So—I think I’ll sleep a little. . . .”

But she couldn’t.

“If I really find that I can’t sleep,” she said softly to herself, “I’m likely to do almost anything. I wonder whether *he* is asleep.”

He was not; he was seated in a rather small, dark, and chilly room not half a mile up-town; jaws set, chin on his clenched fist, looking into the hollow eyes of a ghost—the Ghost of Chance. But the ghost as yet had made no sign.

For a while she lay there, wide-eyed, restless, face and arms flushed, her heart quickening to the rapid rush of disordered thought hurrying her onward—whither she scarcely knew, until she found herself standing before her mirror, the electric light flooding the room once more.

“I can’t lie there,” she said to herself; “I can’t sleep; it seems to me as if I could never sleep again.”

The small gilt clock struck the hour—five! She considered it, turned and went to the window, and, raising the shade, looked out. The shadows of the electric lamps played quivering over the snow; nothing else stirred. She crossed the room and opened her door, listening there in the darkness. Then, treading softly, the tips of her fingers on the mahogany rail to guide her, she felt her way down the stairs, her small bare feet brushing the velvet carpet.

There was an electric bulb in the lower hall; she turned it on, groped about on the telephone-shelf for the directory, and turned the

leaves noiselessly until she came to the letter L. Very carefully she traced the column of names, eyes following her moving finger, until she found what she wanted. Then she turned, unhooked the receiver, and pressed it to her ear:

"Hello!" she almost whispered. "Please give me nine—O—three—Lenox Hill."

And after a throbbing wait:

"Is this the Lenox Club?"

"*Yes*....."

"Has Mr. Leeds come in yet?"

"*I think so. Any name please*....."

"Perhaps he isn't asleep. Please find out. No, I can't give my name."

"*It is very important*....."

"Yes; it is of greatest importance. If he is asleep, please wake him."

"*all right, hold the wire*....."

"Yes, I'll hold the wire."

The receiver against her ear was trembling, but she could not control her hand.

"Yes! . . . Is that you, Mr. Leeds?"

"*yes, but who is this*....."

"Can't you guess who it is?"

"*well, surely*....."

"You can't! Do you mean to intimate that other gir—other people call you up at five o'clock in the morning!"

"*Can it be you, Naida*....."

"Of course it is I!"

"*Sure it is Naida?*....."

"Yes, Naida."

"*Where are you?*....."

"I am at home. I could not sleep, so I thought I would find out whether you could. Besides, I wanted to know whether you stayed for the cotillion."

"*No, I didn't*....."

"But why didn't you?"

"*What else was I to do after you left?*....."

"Oh! that is very nice of you—to say that I— And haven't you really been asleep?"

"*No*....."

"Doing what?"

"*Thinking of you, dear*....."

"Thinking of me!"

"*Yes*....."

"All alone in your room at this ghastly hour of the morning, thinking about me? Do you expect me to believe——"

"*What has your been doing?*....."

"I won't tell you—now."

"*What was you thinking about?*....."

"Haven't I enough to keep me awake thinking!"

"....."

"No, I *don't* mean that. You know perfectly well that *you* gave me sufficient to think about—for the rest of my days."

"....."

"Don't say that over the phone! Yes, it was the first—the very first time it had ever been—been done to me."

"....."

"No, I don't forget *anything*; I never shall. What do you mean by a ghost of a chance?"

"....."

"Oh! Do you truly mean that? I am so—so dreadfully happy to hear you say that——"

"....."

"Yes."

"....."

"Yes."

"....."

"Yes."

"....."

"Ye-s——"

"....."

"Oh-h!"

"....."

"What! *Now!!*"

"....."

"Do you mean now?—at five o'clock in the——"

"....."

"I *do!* I *am* in love with you! But I'm not insane——"

"....."

"Oh, this is dreadful!—Yes, I'll hold the wire. Yes, the other name for it is the Church of the Transfiguration, but——"

"....."

"*Nobody* will do it for us at *this* hour!"

"....."

"Well, I'll wait——"

She leaned against the telephone-shelf, the receiver pressed convulsively to her ear, blue eyes closed. Years seemed to drag Time in endless chains across her vision; her knees fell trembling; thought, run riot, raced through her brain, and every little pulse clamored to the heart's hard beating.

"Yes!" she gasped with a start; "I'm still here."

"....."

"No, I am not dressed for—for the street——"

"....."

"Yes—if you wish it. . . . It will take only a few minutes. But oh—do you think——"

"....."

"Truly I will; I *do* love you."

"....."

"Yes, I will hurry. Good-by——"

"....."

"I do! I do! You will see!"

Up the dark stairway once more in velvet-footed haste, giving herself no moment for considering what she was about to do; masses of heavy, glowing hair in a tangle, with comb and brush flying; the soft, intimate perfume of lace and delicate linen, silk, and the flutter of ribbon; then gown and hat and furs—a stare at the unknown face in the mirror—her last adieu to the girl she had known so long. But in the dark outside her door, she heard the summons—the voiceless call of the Ghost of Chance, waiting attendance—and her heart responded passionately. Down through the darkness again—fumbling at chain and bolt—the keen night air in her throat; and, through the wintry silence veiled in darkness, the yellow lamps of a brougham gilding her face, dazzling her as she laid her groping hand on the arm of the man who sprang forward to guide her.

"You mustn't tremble that way," he whispered. "It is all right, dear; I've got McManus and Kenna for witnesses; they're waiting at the church; I've made arrangements. Naida! Naida! The inevitable was never inevitable while there was the ghost of a chance that you loved me."

She caught his hands in hers, staring into his face, which was as white as her own. "Oh!" she breathed! "I love you so. As maid—as wife, you have taken all there is to me—all of good, of evil—with my first kiss! I am yours—no matter what an outward fate might hold for me. . . . Listen; look at me! Am I to go with you? Shall you repent it? Wait—hush, dear; it is not too late yet. I am not thinking of myself—for the first time in my life I am not thinking of self; nor of my mother; she is easily reconciled. I am thinking of you—of you and all that splendor your spirit lives in—all the heavenly world in which you set me—into which you painted me, transfigured, with eyes that seemed just opening in paradise! Tell me, dear; your life is important; it is really not your own to throw away. Shall I go with you? Shall I stay here, quiet with your memory—my life already fulfilled?"

His answer was so low that she bent her head close to his to listen. And, after a long while, unclosing her eyes, she saw through

the carriage window the dim gas-lamps shining, and the stained light of a church window tracing across the snow a celestial pathway tinted with crimson, azure, and gold. The horse halted with a snowy thud of dancing hoofs; the wintry air rushed into her face as the carriage door was opened by two tall Irishmen, wearing very shiny silk hats.

"Naida, Mr. McManus—Mr. Kenna——"

The tall hats of the tall Irishmen swept the snow; to each in turn she offered an unsteady little hand; then leaning on Leed's arm she entered the iron gateway, the two contractors following.

"The purty lady," purred Kenna; "d'ye mind the little hand of her, McManus?"

"I did so; an' I seen the mitten to fit it. Shquare yere chest, man; we're walkin' on shtocks and bonds; we're walkin' on the red neck o' pride and power, Kenna. Whisht; cock yere hat, an' thread majestic!"

And so through the snowy darkness of dawn they passed across the frozen gardens to that Little Church around the Corner where no sweeter bride shall ever kneel than knelt there then at prayer among the tinted shadows. And behind them knelt the Ghost of Chance.

The sun rose at seven; and a little later the bride left the church, her pale, enraptured face uplifted to the rosy zenith. She returned to earth presently: "Jim, shall we stop and breakfast with—our mother?"

He pressed her hand in agonized acquiescence; he was too scared to speak. At the same time he seemed to be conscious of something at his elbow, laughing in silence. It was the Ghost of Chance bidding them *au revoir*. Then the brougham drove up at a signal from Kenna; the bride entered, and Leeds turned to McManus: "At five o'clock this morning I wired Thorn that the key panel was finished and ready to deliver. We leave for Florida this afternoon. Will you see that the contract is carried out?"

"Arrah, leave it to Kenna, Misther Leeds. Is that all, sorr?"

"All—I think." And they shook hands very seriously.

Then, as the carriage wheeled and drove west, the bride, leaning on her husband's shoulder to look back, caught a last glimpse of a snowy little church, an ice-festooned fountain behind the shrubbery, and, moving majestically in the middle distance, shoulder to shoulder, arm under arm, two dignified Irishmen, their tall hats burnished into splendor by the rising sun.

In the Farthest Sea

By G. B. LANCASTER

Illustrations by Henry J. Peck

HARRY MOREL carried a sick heart through all his days, as many another has done, and will do. This is a thing beyond human help; but each man has one choice given at the beginning. He can face his trouble, and make no sign; or he can fall, and allow it to wreck his life.

Harry's life was wrecked, and the fault was partly Tregarron's. Tregarron's wife came into it too. But she was dead long since, and for Harry was left a shut door—and more pain than a man bears well in his youth. After the first Harry bore it particularly badly, and then the men who had known him did not take his name in their mouths any more.

So much of the story is past and paid for. The rest belongs to one little hour of a sunny morning on the Bountys.

The Bounty Islands lie very nearly in latitude 48° south by longitude 179° west, and they are quite the bleakest land on God's earth. They are granite; brown, greasy granite, grooved through the centuries by generation and generation of passing seals and penguins. They are barren; they are accursed; and their name is the grimmest joke on the school maps.

Once in many years a timber tramp or a whaler goes to pieces among the twenty odd islets, and then all the sea-birds of the Antarctic fatten and fight in the wreckage. But, taking the straight months as they run, it is only the bi-yearly Government steamer fetching a compass round all the southern groups that ever picks up the Bountys where they sit, naked and uncaring, in their naked sea.

The skipper of the Government steamer had known Harry in the old days. They had sailed together on other seas; and when life was not well with Harry on land, the Old Man received him, and asked no questions. He was down on the books as greaser, as fireman, as cook. The year he met Tregarron again he had shipped as fourth mate, and he never went after that. The Old Man would have signed him on as belaying-pin or a cleet with

equal compliance; for he had trodden a wine-press of his own in his time, and he knew that the smart of the juice is on the soul for always.

The boat cleared from the Bluff one night-fall, heading south for the open sea, and leaping in all her timbers to the pulse of the long live rollers. Clear away on horizon, sea and sky kissed, red-lipped. Between, the water ran rust-brown with the whale food, and icebergs, unsubstantial as half-formed thoughts, made a city in the farthest gloaming.

Of the two men on the bridge, one was known through the service as an upright man and a careful sailor. The other was known through New Zealand as drunkard, card-sharper, and worse besides. But the Old Man's wind-driven little eyes twinkled amiably as he jerked his pipe-stem to the tumbling distance.

"Seems rum thinking there's no one to meet us in the land we're going to," he said. "Eight years I've drawn these islands, and never sighted so much as a dead man's clothes. Queer little cog in the world's machinery, this."

"Better luck this time, perhaps," said Harry absently. He braced up to the strong brine wind, and the unsatisfied trouble lessened in his eyes. "There's that ketch missing from out——"

"Ketch be fiddled! with the tides at this set! Look now, and I'll tell you——"

The Old Man's stories had the salt of life and the sting of truth. Harry leaned on the rail, and listened, and burnt the old live passions again in his pipe-bowl, while the land passed away and the world was just a brimming teacup set in the universe.

"Yes," he said presently, when the Old Man spoke of one they both had known. "I suppose that's what killed him, poor devil. But, of course, he wouldn't talk about it. Getting cold, isn't it?"

Then he went below to clean out the first mate at poker.

He took part in the landing through the bull-kelp of Auckland Island. He potted sea-lions on Enderby, and agreed with the boat-swain who swofe into the ravished magazine of the depot there, saying, "Them triple-plated whalers 'ud steal the heye out of a triple-plated sail-needle." But the idle days were not good medicine this time, and revolver practise lost charm long before the *Bougong* laid to off the Bountys, and began to patch up the depot. It was burst all ways by the wind.

Harry borrowed the gig on the second morning, and rowed under the ramp of great blank cliffs, and up the jagged waterways, and through smooth landlocked channels where mild fur-seals sprawled on the water's edge in the sun. On the ledge of a cliff to leeward something glittered, four-square. Harry pulled across, ran out the anchor, and went up the scarped rock by the sheer strength of his fingers.

It was awkward climbing, for the granite was level as glass and polished as some far-away old oak balusters where he used to wear out his schoolboy clothes. On the first ledge he slipped his boots, and slung them to his neck by the laces. Then doggedness, and a certain desire for this thing that had now gone out of sight overhead, drew him up, with curling toes and crooked fingers that sought for every crevice, and lost skin in the finding.

A king penguin started from a hummock and ran athwart him, talking like a set alarum-clock with the bell off. It ran with its body sheer upright, and its ridiculous little feet pattering and sliding on the greasy going.

Harry paused, taking breath and shaking the sweat from his hands. There was just the sleepy cluck of the waves below, and the broad white light of the sun above. And nothing else but the hot shining rocks, until an angry molly-hawk scattered from somewhere a half-made nest of guano and quills on his head, and he could not find a stone to throw at her.

He swung himself over the next ledge, walked three steps, and picked up the shining thing whereby hung a man's life. For it was an unworn match-box, struck by J. Bell & Co., Wellington, and it had four good matches in it. Also it was distinctly hot to the touch.

Harry sat, filled his pipe, and lit it. The flame spurted blue on the warm air, and through it half the Bountys quivered in haze, where they lay, unclean growths, on the body of the sea. Each one was foul with guano, bleak, liver-colored, and hopelessly barren.

The waves beat them angrily, and Harry heard them answering out of the slow silence:

"Life is solid and lasting as the wind spray. Death is immortal. We are Death. We are Desolation. We are Derision."

The gray-brown seals slept on the flat brown-gray rocks. The penguins came singly in from the sea, and wore their part in the thousand-year track to the nearest rookery. The molly-hawks dipped and called through the spray far below. All their red eager life was such a little, little thing pitted against the strong death of one brown rock. Harry got up, and slid by clumsy ways down to the farther sea.

"Brutal place," he said; and beyond the rookery his eyes blinked on a feather of smoke.

It thrilled him one instant.

"By Jove!" he said, and stumbled quickly over the stamped guano bottom where the penguins sat shoulder to shoulder. "Shouldn't wonder if the man who made that would be rather pleased to see me."

The feather blew out of a dip in the eternal glazed almond-toffee of the rock. Its beginning was a feeble blaze of driftwood and kelp and seal scraps that spread a filthy stench to the hot air. A man crouched beside the fire, tending it jealously. And the man was Tregarron. His bloated face sagged at the jaws, and his eyes were sunken. But in all other respects he was the same Tregarron.

He rose from his knees, stretching for a piece of seal-meat laid on a rock; saw Harry, and dropped back, staring, and saying "Thank the Lord," many times over. Tregarron did not usually take that name in his mouth for prayer.

It made Harry laugh now, for he discovered that he had come all across the seas to pay Tregarron for certain wrongs done to a woman now dead.

"Give me something to eat," demanded Tregarron then. "Bread—biscuit—anything of that sort—quick."

Harry turned out his pockets, finding two ship's biscuits and the part of a third. The other man snatched and bit at them ravenously; stooping twice to drink from a warm rain-water hollow beside his foot.

It struck Harry as very funny that Tregarron should think of his appetite with all that was going to be between them. He sat on a granite boulder and waited; and presently Tregarron stood up, speaking as a man suddenly awakened.

"I'm afraid I've been rather rude, haven't

I? But if you knew what it is to eat flesh, flesh, only flesh, till you loathe the feel of it between your teeth, and fancy it's turning you into a brute beast——"

"It wouldn't do that," said Harry politely. But his voice was curiously even.

Tregarron did not recognize the underword.

"I'd have gone mad," he cried. "I'd have gone mad if you hadn't come. There is the boat always, you know. We took the second boat when the ketch foundered; and she split on that tongue that runs there—and the bodies came round for days." He was beginning to shake, and Harry watched him rather closely. "There was one—I think he was a mate by his clothes; he hadn't got any face to speak of—and I tried to land him and strip him. But he just bobbed and bobbed, and went away again. And there was another of 'em bobbing out in the surf. And the birds yell as the men yelled when they were drowning—it makes me sick——" His voice stammered to silence, and Harry said sweetly——

"It's as well we know there is no such thing as retributive justice, isn't it? Otherwise, one might think——" The pause was completely suggestive.

Tregarron's face altered to a new fear.

"Oh, you brute!" he said. "You brute!"

He slipped quick bare toes into rock crannies, and began to swarm up the six feet of granite. But the trigger of the Colt in Harry's hand clicked out all the necessary warning, and Tregarron slewed round. Then he pasted himself to the rock so far as was possible, and shook like a man in an ague.

"You any good at pot-shooting, Tregarron?" Harry was playing with the thing most carelessly. "I'm rather fair myself at anything up to sixty, flying or—running."

Tregarron moistened his lips, but no sound came from them. His face looked very ugly, twisted over his shoulder like that.

"Better come down, I think, hadn't you?"

Tregarron dropped, squirming, and sought for speech on the ground.

Harry was lightly built, and much of his nerve was gone through hard living. But he looked quite as deadly and as swift as the small bright thing in the palm of his hand. Tregarron lifted his eyes from the tense shadow lying ink-dark across his feet. Then he straightened with a mighty effort.

"Go on, and get it over if you are coward enough," he said.

Harry laughed—a very little.

"Knowing me as you do, that is not so plucky after all. When did I ever hit a man—or a woman—who couldn't hit back? Perhaps if I had had a wife—and the wise provision of the law to back me—I might have struck her—and put fear into her—and insulted her under all conditions that the devil could suggest—always within the law—until she died of—bronchitis, wasn't it? Perhaps I might have done all that—to a wife."

He was still handling the Colt with light fingers, and his words ran out soft and very distinct. But he took his breath like a man in a punishing fight.

Tregarron's lip lifted above his teeth.

"Perhaps you might," he said, "if there had been another man."

"Take that back! Take it back, you liar, or I'll put a bullet through you this instant. Well? Speak! You know she was true."

"Not your fault, then," snarled Tregarron.

Harry leaned his hand heavily on the rock, and his eyes looked away past Tregarron.

"My sin only," he said, as though speaking to a higher tribunal. "But I never told her. Never!"

There was pain enough in the man's voice if Tregarron could have heard it. But in the blatant conceit of other days he strutted, unmindful of his raggedness, and saying one thing that touched Harry to red wrath.

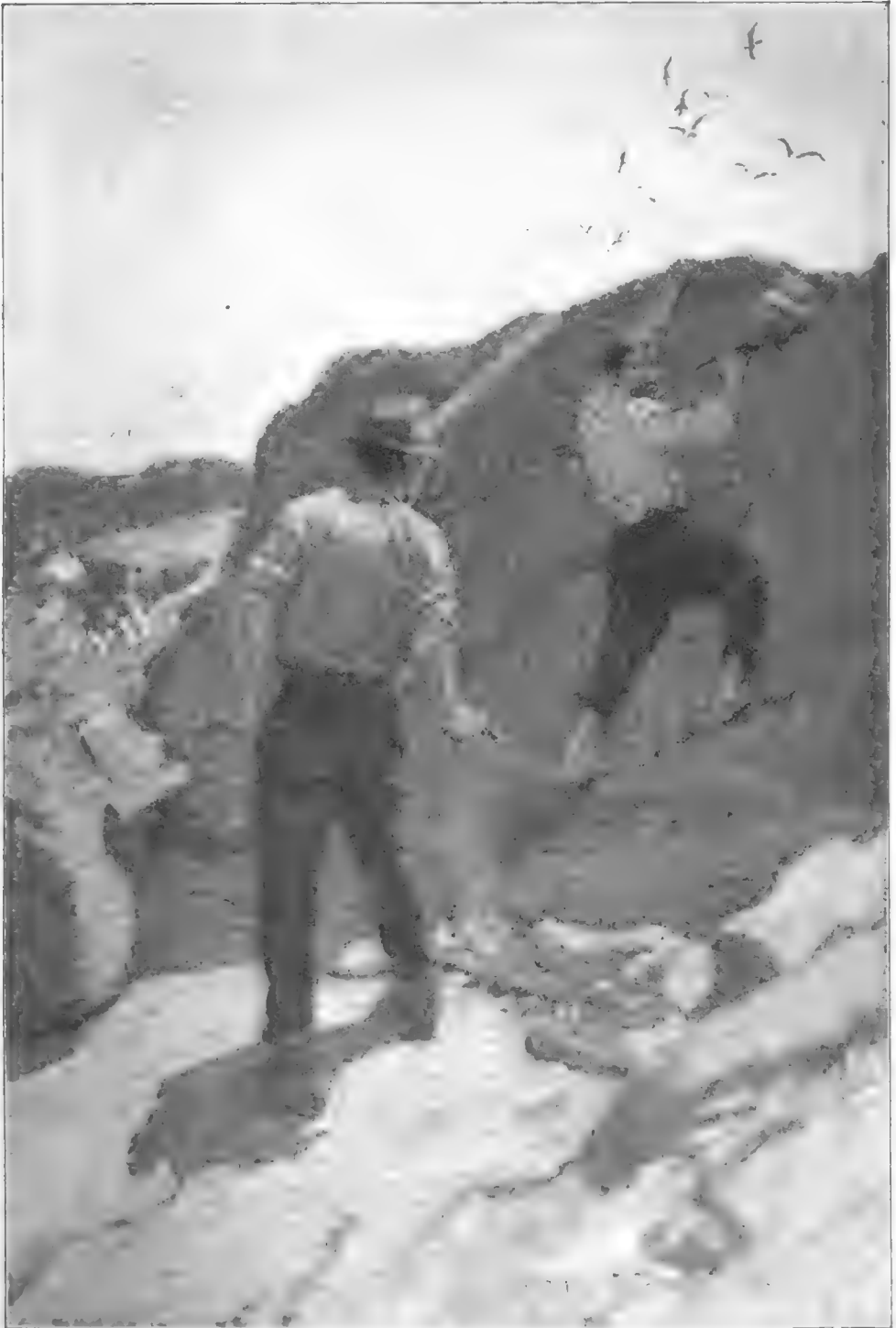
"And did you not know why I never cut you into strips that day? My God! You did, though! As you knew, too, why I cleared out and left you to—kill her. I had some care for her name, if you hadn't. You! You, who did it all!"

It was not a nice story that stood between these two men. For Tregarron was not a nice man, and it was he himself who had first coupled his wife's name with that of Harry Morel. Harry had heard of it at the club, and straightway fled to his diggings to load all his available ironmongery, and to sob in his boyish rage and shame when Polhill came in to show him the only way of escape.

"Of course everyone knows that Tregarron is blind jealous of his wife," he said. "And he is quite the completest brute the devil ever turned out. I don't know what you've been doing, Harry——"

"I swear she is the purest——"

"Do you think there is any need for that, you young donkey? But all the world doesn't know her personally as we do, and—perhaps he loves her in his own swinish way. But that's not your business. Your business is to



"YOU ANY GOOD AT POT-SHOOTING, TREGARRON?"



THERE WAS NONE TO CALL TIME.

bunk clean off the reel, and so stop Tregarron from advertising his family jars on wholesale lines. That is—if you have any regard for Mrs. Tregarron.”

This last was unnecessary after all that Polhill had just seen. But Harry did the one quite honorable action of his life, and went away that night. Later, when he had dropped many rungs down the ladder, he heard how she had died. Then he sought Tregarron, and did not find him.

Tregarron stood up, and answered him now in sulky defiance.

“A husband has some rights, I suppose. And she loved you first; yes, and last too, damn you! I’ll swear she told you so often enough.”

“Never,” said Harry, behind his teeth. “She never told me. I never knew. All this time I never knew. A-h-h! If I’d known! Oh God! if I’d known——”

It was the cry of the man for the mate that was meant to be his since time began; for the loss that had given him an empty heart to carry into eternity. He stared, unseeing, over the mighty unrest of water that was so troubled beneath the calm of heaven, and Tregarron took spirit to crawl away after the fashion of a great unwieldy slug.

A seal nosed its young one carefully down a rock-slope, and rolled in where white spume followed the double splash. Two molly-hawks fought all across the eye-range like feather-dusters possessed, and in the rookery the penguins pattered busily, throwing squat black-shadows in the strong light.

But Harry was drawing a woman’s face back to him across the years. His mouth and eyes were marvelously tender, and outward sound and sense had dropped from him.

A little blue crab nipped Tregarron’s toe, and he yelled incautiously. Then he yelled again. For the nose of a revolver generally feels cold on the nape of a man’s neck, though the bare rocks around be flaking with heat.

“No, you don’t,” said Harry blandly. “There’s the little matter of my own honor to be answered for yet. I didn’t choose to settle it publicly, as you observed before; so we’ll settle it here—now. Sorry I’ve only one shooter, but a penny will arrange that.”

He spun the coin up, and put his foot on it where it rang again on the granite.

“Call for first shot. Have you got a pretty straight eye, Tregarron? It won’t be very wise for you to miss. Go on. It’s you to call.”

Tregarron shook flaccidly, and his little eyes squinted with fear.

“I won’t. I can’t. It’s murder.”

“You should be an authority on all kinds of murder, I grant you. But this is not quite the same thing. I’m giving you equal chances, you see. Only I don’t think you can shoot me so dead but I’ll have the throat out of you before I die, Tregarron.”

“You utter coward! When I am weak from exposure——”

“You are no weaker than a woman. Will you call?”

“No, I won’t. You’ve done me enough harm already.”

“I may do you more in a minute. Will you call?”

“You took her love from me.” Tregarron’s voice was charged with a blind fury. “Not that I wanted it. She was too white and puny for my taste. But I kept her. You never saw her again. I took care of that.”

Harry spoke into a minute-long silence, and his tone was curiously flat.

“We shall neither of us see her again—ever. But we shall find out what one of us will see, directly. Is it heads?”

Then Tregarron collapsed in the fire ashes, and hid his eyes, and groveled. The facets of his signet-ring struck out long flashes as he moved his hands, and Harry remembered that the seal was a drawn sword, and the motto, “For God and mine honor.” Tregarron’s wife had worn one on her watch-chain.

“You’d better get up, and take it standing,” he suggested. “For there will be no pull-back now, Tregarron.”

The man on the ground began to pray uncouthly. Harry dragged him to his feet in savage disgust.

“I think you’ve forgotten your prayers overlong by the sound of them. Oh, you crawler! can’t you stand up to me like a man?”

“Suppose—you won?” moaned Tregarron.

“There is that contingency, certainly,” said Harry drily. Then he flung the revolver down. “Come on, and we’ll fight for it, then. We’ll fight for the right to pick that up, and go pot-shooting with it. You have science, and I haven’t; and raw meat and a stinting of the stomach won’t have done your wind any harm. But I’m ready to take it this way if you prefer it. Stand up, there.”

Tregarron hesitated. Then his cheek stung with a vicious, open-handed slap.

"Will you answer to that, then?"

Tregarron answered with a roar and a whirling forward rush that locked his arms about Harry's middle, and sent the two staggering round the rock basin drunkenly. Tregarron was the heavier man, of greater knowledge, and he was fighting for his life. But Harry was pure berserker in his long-nourished hate and his loathing of the close touch and breath of the man who had been Her husband. There was not much room for science; for when Tregarron would have thrown the other, they came to the ground together, and rose again together; gasping, struggling, bruised, close fastened in dumb live fury. There was none to call time, and none to give applause, except always the penguins tailing in from the sea, and the slothful, sleek seals that opened one eye, turned, and slept again. A knot of molly-hawks spilt, clutching and shrieking, into the surf, and through the hot, drowsy silence there seemed to come the mutter of the big ice loosening about the Pole.

Once before two men had fought with never a one of their breed to give judgment on the issue. Cain carried a brand on his brow for that; and the shadow of it fell across the ages to another man's forehead as he felt Tregarron's throat strain under his knee and the heel of the Colt warm in his hand.

Tregarron's eyes were tight shut against the death, and his face was very horrible to look at. But he was too spent for further effort. Harry's breath came hardly, and the rocks reeled right and left in the glare. He waited for them to swing level again, and a thought ran through his mind as a telegraph-ribbon runs. This was near to the close of the breeding season. Soon, very soon, the seals would go down into the sea, and the penguins would follow, and on all the Bounty Islands would be deep and speechless desolation, where a man might cry alone to the winds and the rain by day and week and month and year.

Harry rose lightly, springing back, and slipping the Colt into his pocket.

"Get up, man," he said. "I'm not going to kill you."

Then Tregarron took him about the feet,

exactly as the thing is done in Eastern countries, and let loose a flood of fulsomeness to all ruling powers, including the quick death spat from the revolver barrel. It was not an elevating exhibition, and Harry kicked himself free with contempt.

"You'll have time to praise heaven when I'm gone. We'll finish this first. You are such a brave man, Tregarron, that I don't know if you most fear life or death. But I am going to try you with life. There will be a boat round again in about six months. She won't come nosing up these little channels, but if you can strike the depot island by swimming, you'll probably get picked up. You have a choice of about thirteen, I think."

What Tregarron said in the next five minutes is not nice to remember. Harry took therefrom some payment for certain things borne. Then he answered one speech out of the tossed invective.

"Of course you can follow me up if you like, but I don't think you will. For if you do I'll shoot you. And I'll shoot straight. By —, I will!"

"I'll die," moaned Tregarron. "I'll go mad. I know I'll go mad."

"I hope not. I shouldn't like you to forget your mercies. Stand over there till I get out of this."

Tregarron rocked his body, sitting in an abject heap, and cursing in frightened whispers. On the height above Harry stopped, and tossed pipe, matches, and tobacco into the other man's lap.

"I used some of your matches just now," he said, and went on. But when the power to do any more good or evil was afterward taken from him, he rather liked to remember this. It was his favorite cutty, too.

He brought back a little blue crab to the *Bougong*, and it straightway pinched blood from the Old Man's finger.

"That warn't worth knocking yourself into a lather about," said the Old Man, shaking it overboard. "See anything else?"

Harry leaned on the taffrail where the water was beginning to talk at the vessel's side.

"Yes," he said. "I saw a couple of molly-hawks fighting like devils—or like men."



THE HERITAGE

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING

Author of "Little Stories of Married Life," "Little Stories of Courtship," etc.

Illustrations by Anne Estelle Rice



AMY. Aunt Westlake is at Emma Dean's; I thought you might take the baby around to see her—as a surprise, Emma says. To please me, dear!"



"Robert!"

"Yes, I know, Amy." Robert put his arm around his young wife to draw her to him.

There was always that little involuntary resistance before she yielded to sentiment, though she deeply desired it, and noticed the least little lapse of it on his part. Amy was a rose, with her crimson cheeks and dark, vivacious eyes; but she was prickly with innumerable little thorns of protest and self-will. Robert turned a mutinous face up toward him with his big hand, an unusual earnestness in his eyes.

"Amy, I always said you needn't apologize, and I'm not asking you to now, but I do think the quarrel oughtn't to go on any longer. While she was away it didn't seem to make so much difference, but now she's here in the place."

"Quarrel!" When I only made fun of her old General Washington pitcher, hideous old thing, all red and blue and cracks; and then she never came to our wedding nor sent us any present!"

"Well, call it anything you please, Amy; what's the use of haggling about words? Of course, it was absurd of her to take offense at such a trifle, that any one else would have laughed at. But let's sink all that. All I ask is for you to take the baby to see her this after-

noon—that's Emma's advice—and let things settle themselves. Aunt Westlake loves babies. Of course, you saw her only a few times, you can't be expected to feel as I do; but when I think of all she did for me, Amy—sent me to college and everything after father and mother died—it does hurt me to have it go on like this. She acts as if she didn't care, but she does; and she's getting pretty old, Amy."

"I don't think it's any better to be disagreeable when you're old than when you're young; I think it's worse," said Amy. She had a twinge of recollection that, besides her remark about the pitcher, she had made a silly, school-girl face behind Aunt Westlake's back in the train, which the mirror had promptly reported. She continued in her least pleasant tone: "You could have been restored to favor at any time, you know. . . . Oh, Robert, I didn't mean that!" She possessed herself of the hand that had dropped its hold of her, and tried by swift concession to soften the lines of his stern young mouth. "I'm horrid! But I'll take the baby to see her, I will, indeed, Robert. I meant to all the time!"

She did not say that her concession did not come from any repentance for her misdemeanors, nor from consideration for Aunt Westlake, nor even from the desire to please her husband; it was called forth secretly by the thought that Aunt Westlake loved babies. Amy was very happy with her child, yet she had been conscious since its birth—barely two months ago—of a great and hungry lack of a sympathy that was not to be found in her little world. She had always heard that the coming of the first baby was such an event; every one was pictured as being enraptured with it; but little Susan's advent had been marked by

no particular rejoicings, save those of the parents. The family were pleasantly congratulatory about the baby, but all the cousins and sisters-in-law had children of their own in whom they were naturally much more interested. Robert was exceedingly fond of the



A SOFT, WARM LITTLE BUNDLE.

little princess, as he called her, but there was something that even he couldn't supply.

Amy, the little mother, felt the loss of her own mother now far more than Amy the girl had done, five years before. Sometimes she had returned from a house where a fond grandmamma made a background of comfort and protection to both mother and child, and had run up to her room to shed passionate tears of love and longing for a blessing that her child could never have. Once Robert had surprised her so, and he had been very tender to her when she tried to tell him, but he did not quite understand; he had brought her candy the next day.

She wished there were some one there to admire the baby with her as she dressed her for the visit that afternoon, her one little pre-

cious girl, dainty in violet-scented flannel and lawn, with the tiny pink ribbons due her coquettish sex run through the laces. The baby had an entrancing habit of sleeping even when being robed, which made it delightfully possible to roll her over and over, a soft, warm little bundle, on one's lap, and tie little bows, and cuddle the feet in their pink socks as if she were a dolly, while she was really so deliciously alive, lying with her small nose sticking up in the air, and breathing with a secure air of having learned the art.

The features of Amy's child were singularly perfect; she was like a little miniature, with fair eyelashes and fair, downy hair—it was a mystery whom she looked like. She bore no resemblance to either her father or her mother, who were dark, as were most of the Wilder family, to which Amy as well as Robert belonged; they were distantly related, though Amy came from another place; his aunts were in some way her cousins.

There was in her head now, as she pressed the baby close to her, an unacknowledged story-book idea that Aunt Westlake would perforce fall captive to the charms of little Susan, and become a sort of fairy godmother to her, if not in the bestowal of good qualities, yet in detecting them. She couldn't, of course, be aware how contrary to such an idea the mind of Aunt Westlake was at the moment of her approach; good Emma Dean, who had suggested the surprise, having of course done everything since to render it ineffectual. Emma was one of those persons who cannot help trying to make

people acquiesce consciously and rationally in any plan for their own good—an irritating habit, which breeds perversity. Aunt Westlake was showing the effect of it now.

"I don't see why you are talking about Robert's baby so much, Emma. Robert is nothing to me any more, nothing; I don't wish to hear about him. He has outraged every sense of decency; not one word has he sent me since his marriage to that impertinent girl. I cannot be expected to be pleased just because they have a child. What is a baby anyway? The commonest thing there is."

From where Aunt Westlake sat the view of the street might well bear out her statement, for from far down the block in the bright spring sunshine came a procession of go-carts and perambulators, containing infants of va-

rious kinds and degrees, with groups of little toddlers alongside, rich and poor, bound for the park at the end of the street. Emma Dean, dark and trim, bending to get the light on her embroidery, felt her cheek flush guiltily as she caught sight of a familiar little form pushing one of the carriages, and wondered if Aunt Westlake saw it, too. Mrs. Westlake had no children of her own, but in spite of her utterances she had always been very good to other people's. She was a tall, erect woman, with a deeply lined face, snow-white hair, and bright, dark eyes; when she smiled her set mouth softened. In spite of her straightness and her brightness she gave somehow an effect of advanced age; there was something a little tremulous even in her inflexibility. She had been a widow for many years, and came at certain seasons from the town where she made her solitary home to pay visits to her nephews and nieces, reigning in the family not only by virtue of her age, but because of a certain fine, resonant quality that made itself felt through her eccentricities. One of these was to carry with her a collection of old-fashioned bric-a-brac, specimens of which she presented to her entertainers, and obviously took off again when she departed. Amy had said that the General Washington pitcher had been presented thus forty-two times. What are the things that hurt? Not what we say; it is the spirit behind our cheap words that charges them for good or ill. Perhaps there had been a little jealousy on Amy's part of the older woman who had liked Robert and did not like her.

"Oh, but Aunt Westlake!"—Emma was shocked at the turn the conversation had taken—"you know you don't mean what you say. You would never make a little, innocent child suffer for the sins of its parents! You have always been so fond of babies!"

"That makes no difference in my statement, Emma—they are not rare," said Aunt Westlake stubbornly. She went on with some emotion: "If Robert and his wife had wished for my forgiveness, they knew how they could have obtained it. I loved Robert; I would have left him my General Washington pitcher, but all that is at an end; I have done with him."

"But if Amy takes the first step—if she brings the baby to see you?" pleaded Emma unwisely.

"I do not wish to see the child of ungrateful parents," said Aunt Westlake.

"But dear Aunt Westlake," murmured

Emma. She had heard a door shut below while she was talking, the sound of footsteps advancing up the stairs, and voices evidently speaking to an infant.

"Emma Dean, who is this coming?" asked Aunt Westlake in a tone at which the futile Emma stood appalled. The door flew open.

"So it's a trap!" said the older woman. Something seemed to tremble all over her. Then she had passed by the intruders and was gone.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied now," said Amy to her husband. "I didn't mind her not speaking to me, but to turn her head so that she wouldn't see the baby—that was too much! Hateful old thing, I'll never go near her again." Her secret disappointment lent her new bitterness.

"It doesn't seem to me that you managed



ALL THE SISTERS-IN-LAW HAD CHILDREN OF THEIR OWN.

quite right in some way," urged Robert uncomfortably.

"Manage! What was there to manage?" asked Amy with scorn. "She wouldn't give me a chance."

"Well, she was a mighty good sort to me

once," said Robert. He had an unreasonable feeling that as a wife Amy ought to have smoothed out things when he wanted them smooth, though he knew that this wasn't her fault. He was ashamed to be a party any



SHE WAS A TALL, ERECT WOMAN, WITH A DEEPLY LINED FACE.

longer to the estrangement, which had seemed such a trifling thing at first. He was one of a large and combative family, mostly of young married people, who, like a clan, held together firmly in spite of dissensions; it was felt to be rather comfortable and relationy to be able to say right out how much you disapproved of each other. There was always some one who was "not speaking" to some one else. But this grievance had grown to be something deeper—it was felt throughout all the connection. For one thing, provision had to be made that the Robert Wilders and Aunt Westlake shouldn't be invited anywhere at the same time. People who hadn't been speaking now exchanged their views on the subject; conversation took tally of all Amy's patent and indicated traits; conversation minutely probed the deeper meaning of Aunt

Westlake's injured affection; conversation fairly hummed around what Robert Ought To Say, femininely constructing him into the eternally impossible man who will mediate between two women.

The situation lasted until Elinor Ray dropped in one morning to see Amy.

"I came to tell you that Aunt Westlake has decided to go home this week, before the Easter party; it's to be at my house this time," began Elinor. "I thought you'd like to know." The Easter party, an egg-hunting, bonbon-throwing festivity, held every year on the Monday afternoon, was ostensibly for the children of the family, but it was really the High Feast of Parents, who came in force, with their following, to gloat over their own darlings, dressed in elaborate array of embroidered frocks and sashes and ribboned hair, the little boys low-stockinged and chubby of knee, in wide-collared sailor-suits. Babies of any age were eligible; even the little Susan was invited; it would be her first appearance in society. Amy's face glowed at the prospect. Elinor continued:

"Aunt Westlake seems quite old. I doubt if she'll ever take the journey again. She has been very good to us, Amy; she has a kind heart."

"She has never shown it to me," said Amy tersely. She put Aunt Westlake out of her mind as she drew aside the curtains of the crib and displayed the baby. "Don't you think she looks sweet, Elinor?" she asked a little wistfully.

"Yes, she's dear," said Elinor kindly. "She's a pretty little thing—just like a doll. She's very small for her age though, isn't she? You ought to see my Kenneth now—he's twice her size. I think he is the most robust of all my children, although Malcolm has always had a magnificent physique. He weighed thirty-three pounds when he was five months old. It took two of us to lift him. Goodness, Amy, don't take her up! When you have as many as I have you'll know better. They're less trouble at this age than at any, if you know how to manage them. Of course, you do feel differently about the first one—but you'll soon get over it!"

Get over it! Amy didn't want to get over it, she said to herself indignantly. No one seemed to understand! But there was the Easter party. To her, as to every other mother who was to attend it, the whole entertainment was to be just a setting for her child. There she would really get the fulfilment of

her desire in the admiration little Susan would excite. Last year she had gone as an outsider; but this year—

And, after all, little Susan attracted no attention beyond the kind interest of a few, who admired her beautiful robe or her tiny, perfect features. She was too little to clap her hands, or pull at the hair of the passers-by—she had no little tricks to compel notice. Two or three people mistakenly told Amy how attractive she would find the child when it was older. After a little while the noise and the strange faces forced themselves upon little Susan's infant consciousness, and she wailed and had to be taken up-stairs and deposited on a big white bed in a spare room, and Amy wandered around down-stairs, feeling young and weary and very much alone in the big family full of their own interests. She was as disappointed as a child because she wasn't having a good time at the party. Her face attracted the attention of her hostess.

"You're looking tired, Amy. Where's the baby—up-stairs? They're really no satisfaction to bring out at this age. I could have

told you that, but I didn't like to. Why don't you go up and rest, too, for a few moments? Don't go into the blue room by mistake—Aunt Westlake's there."

"Aunt Westlake!"

"Yes, she wasn't very well and we wouldn't let her go home; but it's all right, she isn't coming down. I thought I'd better tell you."

"Thank you," said Amy, and went up musingly, to start back as she opened the door of the room where she had left the child.

The baby lay there rolled up in a flowered coverlet, in the midst of the big, high-pillowed, double bed. The light-lashed eyelids were closed, the lips slightly parted to draw in the breaths of what seemed a rapt and absorbed bliss of slumber. There was something indescribably, dependingly feminine about Amy's baby; not even the most unused could have taken this soft little darling for a boy. There are strange revelations of heredity shown in the unconscious features of a sleeping child, as hitherto unseen resemblances come out in a photograph.

Over the bed hung the tall, spare figure of



"HUSH, MY DEAR!"



TO GLOAT OVER THEIR OWN DARLINGS.

Aunt Westlake, with a look in her bright dark eyes as she raised them to the startled Amy's that this generation had never seen.

"Hush, my dear!" She put up her hand in warning, and then drew the girl down beside her, her own gaze dwelling with deeper absorption again upon the child. "Don't wake her. She looks just like my little girl—my baby—who died forty-five years ago. When I came in here and saw her I thought my little Alice had come back to me, her little face was so natural—it made me feel very strange."

"O dear Aunt Westlake!" said Amy, with a sudden sob.

"Yes, my dear. I had her only three months. I suppose you think it's a long time ago, but it often seems like yesterday to me; I can feel her little head on my shoulder many times. She was such a beautiful baby, like a miniature, each feature perfect; every one who saw her exclaimed about it, and so fair, too—that came from the Bowley side of the house; Lady Mary Beauleroy was always said to be a great beauty. There was something in your mother, Amy, when she was a child, that used to remind me of my little Alice, but I have never seen any baby since who really looked like her until now—the same little straight nose—I think a baby's nose is so cunning, don't you? The same

curve to the mouth—Cupid's bow, we used to call it—and the lovely little brows. See how long her tiny fingers are! That means that she's going to be very talented. Well, I *never!* Look there, dear; did you see her throw her little arm—the left one—above her head? That was such a trick of Susie's—your mother's, Amy; throwing her arm—the left one always—above her head when she slept; perhaps you didn't know that she used to stay with me a good deal when she was a child. So many times I've said to her: 'Put your arm down, Susie; that's a very bad habit, it makes you dream.' Susie had such a sweet nature; how she would have loved this dear baby. And your father, too—you don't remember him, Amy; he always was so tender over little girls."

"O Aunt Westlake!" said Amy again, with a full heart. That had come to her at last which she had missed—the love which spoke from out the past, intimate, living! bringing with it the divine right of connection with those who had gone before, casting a halo over the path the little feet were to tread. So newly precious had the child become as the partaker of that daily resurrection that makes our unseen life——

The reparation that had halted on Amy's lips for two years rushed to them now. "Oh,

I'm so sorry I ever said anything about the pitcher, Aunt Westlake! It's a beautiful pitcher. And I'm so sorry I made a face at you in the train! I don't know what possessed me." Amy was weeping. "I was just hateful, because— And Robert has felt so badly." A hand restrained her.

"Hush, my dear, I think she's going to wake up—did you see her little eyelids quiver? Would you mind—would you mind very much, my dear, if I held her for a moment in my arms?"

"I never in my life saw anything like Aunt Westlake," said Emma Dean dispara-

gingly. "She's a perfect slave to Amy's baby. I told Amy that she would ruin Susan's training, Aunt Westlake is so hopelessly unmodern in her methods; she was actually *trotting* Susan the other day! And Amy only laughed."

"I thought you and Amy weren't speaking," said Elinor Ray.

"Well, we weren't," returned Emma apologetically, "but Amy seemed to have forgotten about it. She began by telling me about the General Washington pitcher; Aunt Westlake has had a silver plate with the baby's initials put on the thing. *This* time it's been given to keep!"



Spirit Bridal

By JESSIE STORRS FERRIS

SHE sleeps within a sheltered, marbled close
Amid her quiet kin of yesterday,
And all the marvel of her beauty's rose
Has vanished quite away.

Far 'neath an alien sky his body lies
That was so filled with blood of youthful pride,
And all unmarked, unheeded of men's eyes,
Where last he fought and died.

Yet who shall say their spirits held not tryst
In realms invisible of Love's delight,
And that their souls, earth-freed, clung not and kissed
Beneath the moon to-night?

Experiences of a Nursery Governess

By MARTHA S. BENSLEY

VIII

THE treatment of the nursery governess by the parents is an important factor in the education of the child. In the first place, it determines, at least in part, his ideas of the relative values of culture, intellect, labor, and money, thus fixing the standards by which he will in future measure people. If the woman to whom his mind is entrusted for training is treated as a servant, he can hardly form a correct estimate of the importance of that training, or acquire any but perverted notions of class distinctions. That this is true I believe previous instalments have shown sufficiently.

But there is another consideration perhaps more fundamental than the other, which must be a vital part of any conclusions on the entire situation: the treatment of the nursery governess by the parents is of supreme importance to the child because it determines what sort of woman will assume the position.

The duties and privileges of a nursery governess are uncertain; she fills an undefined place in the domestic economy, and neither she nor her employers know just where she should be placed. From the twelve-year-old nurse girl to the college-trained governess, the chain is unbroken; and it was never possible for me to tell what link in it the nursery governess would be expected to form. I might find myself at either end or somewhere in between. Sometimes I ate with the family, sometimes in the kitchen; sometimes I was "Miss Clark," sometimes "Anna"; sometimes I was paid fifty dollars a month, sometimes four dollars a week; sometimes I slept with the youngest child, sometimes in the attic; sometimes I went to the theater with the children in my best hat, sometimes I wore chambermaid's uniform and went in and out the back door; sometimes the chambermaid cared for my room, sometimes I did the chamberwork in the house; sometimes I washed for the baby and myself, sometimes my things were sent to the laundry with the family's; sometimes I taught the children

algebra and French, sometimes the alphabet and the folding of colored papers. In spite of these different duties, my various employers had always made about the same requirements when they engaged me, and it was impossible to tell beforehand what my labors would be. Mine was a form of unspecialized labor, of primitive industry, and for that reason unsatisfactory both to employer and employed.

There could never be a union of nursery governesses, for it would have to include nurses, teachers, cooks, dressmakers, chambermaids, companions, secretaries, coachmen, and dog-tenders. The nurse is expected to fill the place of the school teacher, the nurse maid, and the mother combined. Could any one mortal woman do this?

She could not.

If she could, would she do it for from four to twelve dollars a week?

Never!

If, then, no competent woman will take the position, there is something wrong with the position, and it ought to be altered or abolished. At present the nursery governess is usually a servant with servants. Is a servant the proper person to train a child?

As a nursery governess I had the ordinary sorts of people and things about me, but I was expected to take a view of them very different from that to which I had been accustomed. I was no longer a human being, but so much potential work, mental or physical, and this fact, that I had ceased to be valuable for what I was, and was worth only what I could do, involved a surprising change of social level. My social plane rose and fell in direct relation to the amount of manual work that was expected of me and with the amount of wages I received. That is, I had a higher social position in the family when I was paid fifty dollars a month and had nothing to do in the way of housework than when I received four and a half dollars a week and did part of the washing, cooking, and chamber-

work, though, of course, my acquirements, my theoretic relation to the children, my references, dress, and speech were the same in all cases.

I was practically cut off from the society of all but other servants. Had I been a clerk in a store, a stenographer in an office, a sewing-girl, a teacher in a school, my social standing would not so have suffered. Had the children for whom I cared been my own or those of a relative, and had I done exactly the same work without remuneration, there would have been no line drawn against me. Why should one sink more in caring for little children for pay than in making clothes, writing letters, selling needles, or trimming hats? Is there anything inherently disgraceful in the society of children? Are they contaminating?

I was first made conscious of my social descent when I became an inmate of the home maintained by the Young Women's Christian Association, and announced myself as a nursery governess looking for a place. The intelligent women who had charge of the institution always treated me with courtesy, but by the clerks, bookkeepers, and shop-girls I was socially ostracized. They placed a nursery governess in the ranks of domestic service, with no recognition of the mental acquirements that my calling theoretically presupposed, and accordingly refused to associate with me. During the ten days of my stay not one of the girls boarding at the house became conscious of my existence, and even the stenographer to whom I had been assigned as roommate spoke to me only in monosyllables, and in answer to direct questions.

This treatment at the Young Women's Christian Association showed me, before I had even taken a place, what my social position was likely to be, and I found it a correct indicator for about four-fifths of the positions that I subsequently held.

I was generally classed with the servants—in a class a trifle higher than the others, but still a servant, and any consideration that was shown me was a mark of great condescension on the part of my mistress; not anything that was due me. I think that in every case my employer treated me with what she thought was kindness and consideration; but of course the consideration that one gives to a friend and that one gives to a lower animal are rather different in quality.

In one place the steam-pipes in my room did not work, and as it was midwinter and very cold, I ventured to protest. My com-

plaint, however, brought no result, though my mistress's suite was kept at seventy degrees. This was not intentional cruelty, but an illustration of the common belief that any one who works for money in the family of another does not belong to the same species nor have the same feelings as her employer. To her mind, it was no more unnatural for me to sleep in an unheated room than it would have been for a polar bear.

One delicate little lady, after satisfying herself that I was able to educate her daughter, asked gently, "Do you drink? You don't look as if you did, and I'm sure I hope you don't, but one never can tell. Now I had a cook once—" and here followed a long account of the inebriety of a former incumbent of her kitchen. She classed the woman to whom she was willing to entrust the education of her child with a drunken cook.

Perhaps the most certain gage of a woman's social class is the attitude toward her of the various men with whom she comes in contact. I have been sworn at by the man of the house and found that form of salutation much to be preferred to certain others. One may endure patting on the back if the process is not too lingering, and I learned to school myself to deafness when affectionate epithets were coupled with my name by my employer.

From the men below stairs I received no treatment so unpleasant as from those in the position of gentlemen. But I was constantly subjected to attentions, courteous in purpose, that were based on the assumption that the nursery governess belonged unquestionably in the servant class. Among my admirers was a big, blue-eyed Swedish coachman, good-natured, trustable, and slow, with a desire to protect everything that came in his way, from the carriage horses to me.

"You vas Svede?" he said inquiringly. "Not Svede? Your mutter, she come from Sveden?—No?—Vat your name?—Anna?—That Svede name. Oh, you make fool wid me!"

He seemed quite sad when at last convinced that I was indigenous, but I did not fall in his estimation. If I entered the kitchen during his meals, his soft blue eyes followed me from place to place, while mastication ceased. Volumes written on the persistence of the Scandinavian race could not have convinced me as did those weeks of constant dodging, though not once did he venture to touch the tips of my fingers. The last I heard as I closed the door of that house behind me

was the pleading question—"You come back—to me?"

Now the family were perfectly aware of this state of affairs, and it did not give them any mental shock to consider their nursery governess as a possible wife for their coachman.

Matrimony seems to be more obviously the goal of a woman's life below stairs than in the parlor; a spirit of mutual helpfulness prevails in regard to it, and it is relatively easier of attainment. This is probably due to the economic consideration that, with both husband and wife able and used to work, the bread problem is not so pressing, and nothing but inclination need be considered.

One kind-hearted cook desired to see me comfortably bestowed in marriage and produced a young German by the name of Klaus as a fitting object for my affections. I found him seated in the kitchen one afternoon and she presented him to me with much ceremony as "Mr. Klaus, mine husband's friend." He was evidently forewarned as to what was expected of him and retired precipitately into a corner, where he sat in acute embarrassment, sheepishly grinning and rubbing his legs. I tried to live up to the cook's evident description of me, and I think that I succeeded, for the next day she said to me:

"How you like Mr. Klaus? He vas mine husband's long time friend—yes! He tink you vas awful nice—yes—und he vas a bachelor—yes. He make lot of moneys—twenty-four dollars a week! Yes—und he a bachelor—yes. He say for me to tell you—he don't like say it himself—he come next week and take you at Pastor's in New York—You go vith him—he got lot of moneys—it all right you go vith him—he a bachelor—yes!"

It will always be a matter of regret to me that I left that place before the next Sunday came round, and so could not accept Mr. Klaus's invitation.

It would be easy to multiply instances, but one more will suffice to make clear the social standing of those to whom parents entrust the entire care of their children. At the Hotel Regal, the elderly head waiter of the Nurses' Hall took a fancy to me, and used to spend his spare moments during meals hanging over my chair. It was a social advance for me when he asked me to go to the circus; and when he said that a good healthy girl like me ought to get a "steady" man—told me how much he made as waiter—and gradually approached the momentous question, his only

concern seemed to be lest I should think him "a little old." With him it was a foregone conclusion that a nurse would not miss a chance otherwise so good.

The objection might perhaps be raised that the servants' rating of the nursery governess is not germane to my point; but it is the attitude of the employers that determines the servants'. Is it any wonder, I repeat, that women who are fitted for the work of training children, do not care to associate continually with those who, though they may be kindly and of good intentions, have no interests in common with them?

In the home there is no understanding of one class by the other. They seem to look at each other as beasts in cages with the bars of class always between; a change in this state of affairs must be initiated by the more intelligent class, if it is ever to come about. Both those who pay, and those who are paid, deceive and lie to each other. None of my employers ever told me of the disadvantages or trials in her household, and I do not think that any applicant ever told her prospective mistress the things she couldn't or wouldn't do, or that she had ever failed to fill a place satisfactorily.

This duplicity on the part of the servant and, indeed, her general character were shown in a New York intelligence office where five women, myself of the number, were waiting to interview a woman who wanted a nursery governess. Being shut up together in a little, unfurnished, unventilated room for two hours, we naturally fell into conversation.

"And do you know what the Lady wants?" said a shifty-eyed Irish girl. "'Cause if it's a German—I'm a German; and if it's a Swede—I'm that; or Frinch—if that's what she's after. Faith, I can talk like any of them! That's the only thing to do—just give them the word that youse anyting they wants—Protestant, or Catholic, or nigger if they wants it. Take any wages you kin git, and if they don't raise, you keep a lookin' for another place. There's a lot of niggers goin' into nursin' now and they spoils the places for the white nurses—they does that! Why, they does anyting the people tells them—wash the windows or the floors—makes the fires—every livin' thing! Till every one is jest a yellin' for nigger nurses. Faith I come near blackin' up my own face and a-frizzin' my hair!"

A pretty young girl was called out at this point and we inferred that our "Lady" had

come. When she returned, the Irish girl inquired:

"And did you get the place?"

"She's goin' to telephone my reference where I was last."

"And what will she pay you, child?"

"She said she'd give me eighteen; I wouldn't work for no less."

"That ain't such bad wages for a child like you."

"I have to wear aprons, though, but I told her I wouldn't wear none in the street—I wouldn't never catch me no nice beau if I did that."

"And that's a fact! But you didn't need to tell her—just take it off when you goes out—she won't catch you!"

At this point I was called into the other room and the "Lady" engaged me to fill the place for which the others were waiting.

None of these girls expected her position to be permanent; none of them hesitated at any form of deception that would give her a chance to get the place, and the employer did not expect anything better of those into whose hands she was willing to put her most precious possessions.

So much for the position of nursery governess, as it is. That there should be a change, is beyond question: The standard of requirements for the position should be raised; the work the nursery governess is to do should be clearly defined and differentiated from that of nurse maid, as far as is practicable; and she should be so treated that the children in her charge will accord her the respect a school teacher could command.

I have endeavored to make it evident that the attitude of parents to the nursery governess is a vital part of the general consideration of the relations of parents to children which was my field of investigation. I turn now to a summary of my conclusions on the more direct relations of parents and children in the homes of the wealthy. Some of them, to which my observation forced me, are appalling.

In the first place, the rich have an incalculable advantage over the poor, in that they can select the associates and instructors of their children, and need not depend on those that chance or the State provides. It is equally true that they do not profit by this advantage, and that their children are sometimes worse taught and companioned than those of the slums. Worse taught, because as a rule they

are instructed at home, rather than sent to good schools, and my experience has proved how little in the way of acquirements is expected of the nursery governess. Worse companioned, because they spend most of their time with servants, and in our society, the average servant is morally, intellectually, and socially in a class below the mechanic and the factory hand.

I feel justified in saying that the reason for this condition is that a large proportion of the children in well-to-do homes are not wanted. Motherhood is not instinctive with all women, nor fatherhood with all men. To become a successful mother requires as specialized a development as to become an electrician or an artist. Any fairly healthy adult female can produce young, but that is a very different matter from becoming a mother; and any sort of industrial change that increases women's opportunities of self-support and so tends to eliminate the unfit from maternity, is to be welcomed, not deplored.

In a savage community, unwanted children would be mercifully abandoned; in our theoretically more humane times, they are brought up in neglect—not the obvious neglect that refuses them food and shelter, but the more subtle sort that denies them the best development. The neglected children of the rich are given all that money can buy; but this is the same sort of treatment, differing only in degree, that their carriage horses receive. It is as though wealthy parents inventoried among their possessions: so many children—to be cared for at such a cost.

These children of the wealthy suffer, too, from that form of neglect which is misunderstanding. Verbally, most people admit that their children have individuality; practically, they treat them as though they were as alike as muffins. The average child is yet to be born, and when it comes it will still be an exception. But these parents seem to say, "Here is education, provided for children of a given age. It is intended for children, therefore it must be the right thing for children, therefore our children shall have it."

They do not seem to realize that this average education which the public and private schools provide must, in the very nature of the case, be a somewhat mechanical affair; the great number of children put in the care of one teacher, the absurd number of facts that the teacher is expected to impart, prevent much individual attention. This machine-made education was never meant to stand

as the sole training of any but the average child, which does not exist.

A father once said to me, "I know that my wife, by the very fact of being the mother of my children, knows more about them and is better able to care for them than any one else." Affection and tradition formed a pair of blinders, which effectually prevented this man from seeing the state of his own family. Now evidently it is much more difficult to understand the undeveloped mind of a little child than that of a grown person, just as it is more difficult to see the faint shadows of the undeveloped negative than the crisp tones of the finished photograph. I have seen parents force children out of lines in which they were fitted to excel, and in directions in which they could meet only failure; I have seen priceless gifts destroyed by careless and ignorant treatment; and in the face of these things, I do not believe that maternal instinct presupposes understanding.

In some homes where children are wanted and loved, that very love is so unwisely manifested as to be their undoing. Those parents who rely solely on the law of love to rule their children are examples of arrested development. They have reverted to the prehistoric stage, settled back to simian times, when the mother had instinctive affection but no brains. These people do the easiest thing; they are not good, nor trusting, nor religious, nor advanced, but merely lazy. The results of this treatment are so abundantly shown in spoiled children and little domestic tyrants, that illustrations are unnecessary here.

I do not think that the stern parent, the one who rules by physical force alone, obtains to any great extent in these days. I have found no examples which would come strictly under

that head, although I have found some who were foolishly strict in certain particulars. I believe that home rule by the club and the prohibitive injunction is a thing of the past; but great as were the evils of that kind of treatment, those of too little restraint, which we now experience, are just as serious.

The successful home is so beautiful a thing as to deserve all that has been written or sung in its praise; but like other precious things, it is very, very rare. I have found that neither money, nor brains, nor love unaided will produce it. Money alone puts the child in the hotel or in the hands of servants; brains alone give the child a chance for intellectual development, but no cultivation of, nor outlet for, the sympathies; love alone produces the selfish child, and defeats its own end—the child's happiness. This fundamental business of home-making and child-raising has fallen mostly into the hands of women. There is no doubt that it is the greatest work of the world, the object of civilization; and by just so much as we do it ill, we beat back the advance of humanity.

Obviously, the basis for successful child culture must be the desire for, and the love of children. Wrong done to others is great in proportion to the weakness of those others, and the greatest of all wrongs is to bring an unwelcome child into the world. Without love, there can be no understanding; and without understanding, no successful development. Methods of treatment and systems of education are details, and there are many that are good; but the foundation for the edifice of a symmetrical character must be laid in both affection and wisdom. The command to parents must be—Thou shalt love thy child with all thy heart, and with all thy might shalt thou strive to understand him.

[THE END]

Locomotive

By MARY FLOYD McMULLEN

A TILTING knight across the fields and plains,
 With waving smoke plume in his helmet bright—
 The rankèd forests fall before his might,
 The mountain's heart is pierced,
 And prostrate 'neath his conquering tread
 The pallid waters spread.
 Nor was a paladin of old, perchance,
 More puissant in the realm of high romance.



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THE INTELLIGENT MAN-HORSE OF JAPAN.

How the World Rides

Traveling on Highways and Byways Around the Globe

By THE REVEREND FRANCIS E. CLARK, LL.D.

President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor

IT is difficult for young America to believe that there are men and women living to-day who saw the first railway train that ever puffed its way along; that the story of Fulton and his steamer *Clermont*, to people who are still alive, is not a mere tradition fast passing into the realm of myth, and that the first electric car that ever stretched its broomstick toward the sky was seen by men and women who have scarcely passed middle life.

So ubiquitous are the train, the steamer, and the trolley, with such a rush did they come into the world, when they began to come at all, that the days of the stage-coach and the pony express seem almost as remote as the days of the Pharaohs. The train, the trolley, and the steamer are great levelers. They reduce every land to a monotonous dead level of modern commercial civilization. They rob every country that they touch of much of its picturesqueness and individuality, and to find countries where all the shop windows

are not full of Birmingham jewelry and Nuremberg toys, one has to go farther and farther afield.

Such countries, however, are still to be found, and their unmodernized picturesqueness is worth all it costs to reach them. Korea, until very recently, has been such a country; Iceland is to-day a country where iron rails have never yet been laid, though even as I write comes the news of a freight railroad planned for the Land of the Saga. Old men live there to whom the wonders of an "Empire State Express" or a "Cannon Ball Limited" are like fairy stories, to be marveled over and talked about in the long Arctic nights when the monthly steamer brings an occasional letter from the son or daughter winning a modest competence in far off Manitoba or Assiniboia. In Iceland the shaggy pony still does duty as express-train, omnibus, trolley-car and automobile all in one; for, excepting from Reikiavik,



A JAPANESE FERRY-BOAT.

there are no carriage roads even. Every one must travel on pony back, and everything must be transported in the same way, unless the traveler finds that walking is so good that he wishes to be his own steed. Yet, in Iceland is a people with schools and a university, with an ancient civilization, and a literature that extends back for a thousand years; a sturdy, self-reliant, well-educated people, among whom illiteracy is almost unknown—a fact that goes far to prove that the

rumble of a locomotive is not the inevitable accompaniment of civilization, and that electricity is not synonymous with enlightenment.

Japan is interesting to the modern traveler in no small part because of the method of locomotion popular there, for without the "rickshaw" and the "rickshaw-man" it would hardly be Japan—the two figure in every popular picture. They greet the traveler even before he lands at the jetty of Yokohama, and are ready at every square and corner in the large cities to respond to the beckoning finger of the would-be customer. And yet the jinrikisha is scarcely an older institution in Japan than the railway itself, and men, by no means patri-

archal, are still alive who helped the Baptist missionary who invented the jinrikisha to push his invalid wife up a hill in the first vehicle of that sort ever built.

What a wonderful institution the intelligent man-horse of Japan has become! He has all the virtues of his equine brother and none of his vices. You beckon to your horse to come across the street, and he at once obeys you. He never shies at a piece of white paper and cares naught for a steam-roller. Without bit or bridle or check-rein he goes just where you tell him. Moreover, he may be much wiser than you yourself are in many matters, and will tell you the direction, and all the turnings that lie between you and your destination, descanting, if you desire him to do so, upon the points of interest on your route, and the view-points from which you can get the best glimpses of the surrounding country. If the robe that keeps you warm in winter gets untucked, the man-horse stops and adjusts it, and if you wish to buy a newspaper to while away the time, or a basket of oranges and persimmons wherewith to refresh yourself, he lets down the shafts and trots off to the nearest store to make the purchase.

If you wish for no refreshments and for no information, he respects your feelings and acknowledges your right to taciturnity, and keeps on his steady jog-trot, making five



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THE PEKING CART. THE SUPERLATIVE DEGREE OF TRAVELING DISCOMFORT.

miles an hour for hours at a time, coming to the end of his journey as ready for another pull as if he had four legs instead of two.

Moreover, the genial man-horse of Japan is often gifted with a sense of humor which is usually denied to creatures that work between the shafts. I shall never forget a fresh, crisp February morning in Japan which found me with a long ride over a rough country road between me and my destination. My companions and myself were in a hurry, and the roads were hard, so we engaged two jinrikisha men apiece, one to trot in the shafts, and another to pull at the end of a long rope and sometimes go behind to push; and, as there were four or five passengers, it made a long procession. But the rickshaw-men seemed to enjoy the trip! It was hard to believe that they were having a strenuous time pulling their heavy loads over the indifferent roads, so merry and joyous were they. A joke would start at one end of the line and pass down the whole procession, until it provoked a gurgle of enjoyment from the last man behind the last rickshaw. They would chaff the market-men on their way to market, and the women at work in the fields, and nothing seemed too trivial to excite the cachinnations of these hilarious horses.

When at last we reached the railway station for which we were bound, the rickshaw-men put on their best speed, and rounded up in front of the station door with a dash and swing worthy of any Jehu, as much as to say, "We are the rickshaw-men for you to hire, for we are as fresh as daisies and cheerful as larks, and ready for another pull if any one will hire us."

The jinrikisha has found its way to some other countries besides Japan, but it seems an exotic and scarcely naturalized to the soil. In Shanghai, however, and Peking, there are many jinrikishas, as well as in such ports as Tientsin, Chemulpo, Fusan, and other cities of Korea, where Japanese customs so largely prevail. In Singapore and Penang, in the Straits Settlements,



THE POPULAR CONVEYANCE OF SHANGHAI.

and in some of the cities of India, too, the jinrikisha is found.

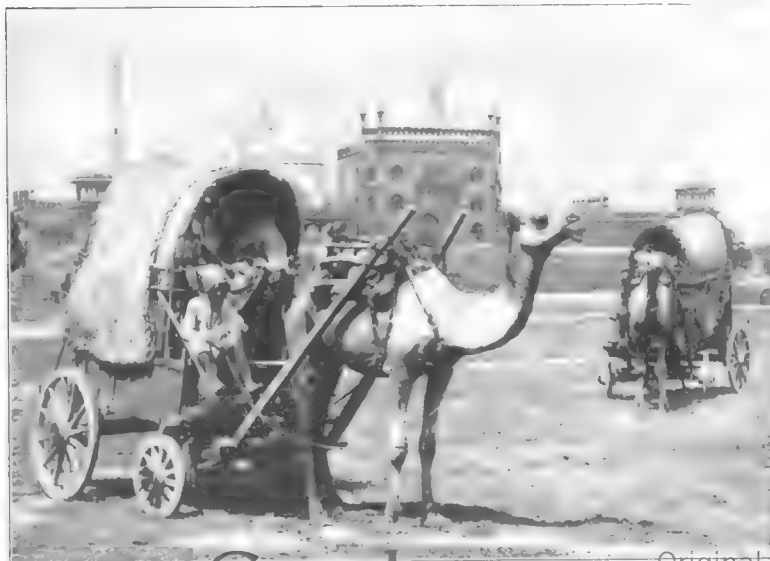
In some parts of the Orient, these vehicles are impossible. In Foochow, China, for instance, where the paved streets are so narrow that one walking with outstretched hands can often touch the buildings on either side, and where there are many long flights of steps to go up and down, it is manifestly impossible to use the jinrikisha. Here the coolie bearers are much in evidence, with chairs of various



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INDIA'S ROYAL BEAST OF BURDEN.



FROM DEHN'S HISTORY OF INDIA.

A BEARER IN A CHAIR ON A CAMEL IN DELHI, INDIA.

degrees of comfort and adornment. These chairs are hung between long bamboo poles which are hoisted upon the shoulders of two men, one at either end; they are made of rattan, and are often nicely upholstered and extremely comfortable. The wealthier residents, both foreigners and natives, have chairs of their own, and bearers who serve them alone; but there are also a multitude of chairs and bearers for hire. In fact, the chair-coolies form a very important element of the population, though on account of the opium-smoking habits, worse here than in almost any other part of China, it is sometimes difficult to get them, in spite of the vast numbers who live as chair-bearers.

The exclusive mandarins and others who wish to shut themselves in from the gaze of the public are carried in closed chairs, not unlike the sedan-chairs of our ancestors, from which, according to the old prints, the high-born ladies used to step

with such exquisite and dainty grace when their gallants opened the door for them.

At first it is rather a lordly sensation, this being borne upon the shoulders of two men—or three or four, if you can afford so many bearers; but the novelty passes away when you find that it is a choice between being thus borne aloft, and jostling your own way through a crowded throng of noisy, elbowing, yelling celestials over the most nasty, slippery streets imaginable.

When you come to the long flights of stairs which abound everywhere in Foochow, the sensation is not so pleasing, for the chair is tilted at a dangerous angle, and as the steps are often extremely steep, you begin to wonder, as your feet go up and your head goes down, where you will land if one of the coolies makes a slip on the slimy stairs. But accidents rarely happen, though they seem due at almost any moment—so many dangers and obstacles are in the way—as the bearers go plunging through the crowds, pushing men and women right and left, and turning sharp corners with a swing acquired only by long practise. After a time they begin to tilt the chair from side to side, and up and down, in order to lighten the weight first on one shoulder and then on the other. It is doubtless easier for the bearers, but the passenger who is inclined to sea-sickness would rather cross the English Channel any day than submit to a long chair-ride of this description.

Under some conditions, however, the chair-ride is delightful and exhilarating. Perched far aloft you can see everything that is going on. It is as good as an elevated railway and the scenes are far more interesting than the glimpses that you get from the elevated railroads of New York, Boston, and Chicago. For instance, as you go up the Victoria Peak from the streets of Hongkong, nothing can be more enchanting than the scenery from your elevated perch. The first part of the journey is by rail, and the track is so steep that it makes all the houses look askew, as if they were about to tumble down for their next

neighbors. When the short railway journey ends, chair-coolies await you with a very comfortable palanquin, and up and up you are borne, while at every step a new panorama unfolds itself of mountain peak and peaceful bay and busy city and blue sea in the far distance, until you stand upon the apex of the Peak itself and see a view that can hardly be surpassed in the five continents of the world.

These chairs are not all, however, of this description. Some of them are very rough and primitive affairs, little more than a board suspended by ropes from bamboo poles. If you get in a chair of this description you are very apt to ask the bearers to set you down, for walking over the roughest roads is not so excruciating as the constant jolting.

In India I was asked to curl myself into the shape of a letter S, and stow myself away in a kind of fish-net slung on two poles. I docilely attempted to do so, but after half a mile of this kind of journeying, balancing myself as well as I could in the yielding net, and in apparent danger of being thrown out



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A TAGALO TANDEM OF THE PHILIPPINES.

any minute and rolling down a precipice along which the path proceeded, I concluded that walking was quite good enough for me, and that it would be a very ignominious death to fall out of a fish-net in an Indian jungle.

India is well supplied with main arteries of travel, and it is easy to get from Calcutta to Bombay, Benares, or Lahore, or from Madras to Madura and Tuticorin, in comparatively speedy trains. The railroads are broad gage, well ballasted with commodious and often

beautiful stations in the larger towns; in fact, the Victoria Railway station in Bombay is perhaps the most beautiful, though not the largest, railway station in the world. The cars are in the English style, with first-, second-, and third-class compartments, and in the tropical parts of India are always built for hot weather.

The hot-weather equipment consists of double blinds at all the windows, smoked or blue glass panes at some of them to keep out the too intense glare of the sun, and clean, cool, wicker seats instead of hot and stuffy



SOUTH AFRICAN RICKSHAW DRAWN BY A STALWART ZULU.

upholstery. In this respect the second-class carriages are often superior to the first. Europeans seldom travel in the third-class carriages unless they are missionaries bent on helping their fellow passengers, for these compartments are hard and rough, often dirty, and almost invariably crowded with Hindus of the lower castes, standing-room itself often being at a premium.

In India, too, every one carries his own bedding, and as the most comfortable time to travel is at night, piles of pillows, sheets, and blankets are among the impedimenta of every traveler who has a long journey to make. In the first- and second-class cars, lying-down room is afforded for every passenger should no extraordinary and unexpected crowd throng the train. Here, when night draws on, every man becomes his own bedmaker—unless he has a servant with him—and, spreading his mattress down upon the wide seat, arranging his sheets and pillows and covering to suit himself, he soon journeys to the Land of Nod

quite as comfortably as if a colored porter had made up his bed with the inevitable preliminary inquiry, "Will you have your head to the engine, sah?"

Many parts of India, however, cannot yet be reached by the iron-horse, and over the almost universally good roads in British India, one travels in a bone-racking *tonga* or *julka*, or in a slower and more comfortable bullock *bandy*. Into some of these vehicles you climb from behind, tumbling in the best way you can upon a straw-covered floor, holding on to any kindly projection which the cart may afford, while your bones are rattled over the stones at a surprising rate of speed, considering the looks of the outfit to which for a time you have committed your destinies.

Nowhere else in the world is bullock traveling so comfortable and so common, probably, as in some parts of India. The *bandy* is often fitted up in very comfortable style, and though the springs might be improved, the comparatively slow pace of the oxen makes them less important to one's comfort. The patient little white

oxen trot along at a rate of three or four miles an hour, and, especially if it is the evening, and the refulgent Indian moon is shining down upon you, if the nightingales are singing, and the fragrant jasmine is blooming in the hedgerows, you think that India is not so far removed from Paradise after all. But, after a night of such travel, when you come out in the broad light of disillusioning day upon a collection of filthy mud cabins, and see the naked children, hungry and famished, the gaunt specters of men and women munching the uncooked grain dealt out to them by generous hands—in too much of a hurry even to cook the food which they crave—you revise your opinion, and make up your mind that India in famine-time, is nearer the Inferno than any other country in the world.

Speaking of bone-racking carts, probably none can in this respect equal the carts of Peking. They are original in their not proud distinction. The body is strung upon a male

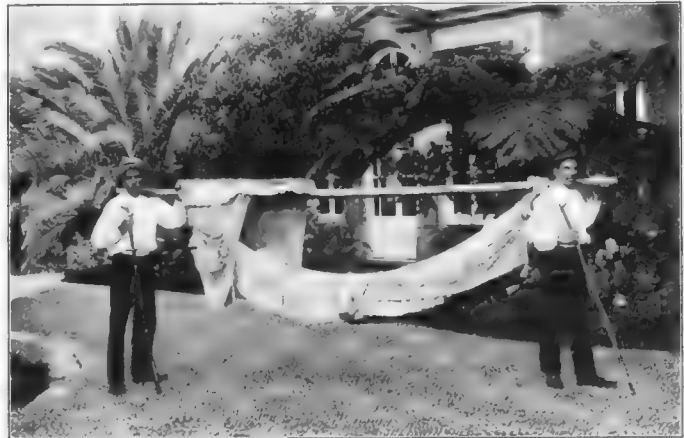
between two wheels, and if anything can exceed the torture of a long ride in one of these carts, the instruments that inflict it must be found in the torture-cells of the Middle Ages, or in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. Occasionally, one finds a sort of a well in the bottom of one of these carts, into which he can stick his feet while he sits on the floor. This is only the comparative instead of the superlative degree of traveling discomfort, and, after a while, one is very apt to crawl out on the shafts and hang one's feet down; for the hind legs of the mules that draw the Peking carts have few terrors for one who has ridden inside for a few miles.

In South Africa, though there are long lines of excellent railways connecting Durban with Johannesburg, Pretoria, and Cape Town, and even running far up into the interior to Victoria Falls, much of the travel is still in post-carts. Vehicles much like the stage-coaches of the olden day in America are used, drawn by six and even eight horses. But this coach with its team of stout horses is not equal to the wear and tear of many of the South African roads, where bridgeless streams have to be forded, deep gullies crossed, and sometimes steep hills surmounted. For this work only the slow-moving, reliable ox is sufficient; so the oxen are inspanned, sometimes twenty-four of them to a single team, to a great



Photograph by M. d. O. Perestrello, Funchal, Madeira.

A PUBLIC HACK OF FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.



Photograph by M. d. O. Perestrello, Funchal, Madeira.

A PALANQUIN IN TENERIFFE.



Photograph by M. d. O. Perestrello, Funchal, Madeira.

COASTING ON DRY ORIGINAL FROM

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

lumbering ark bigger than any prairie-schooner that ever bore the legend: "Pike's Peak or bust." In these great wagons whole families can stow themselves away with all their provisions and household goods, and no road is so nearly impassable but that sooner or later its difficulties are overcome and the destination is reached.

In striking contrast to these very deliberate ox-team trips is a journey recently taken by some friends of mine who started one day last summer from Cape Town in a splendidly equipped train of Pullman diners and sleepers, drawing-room and observation cars, and

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed a lady, a few months since, as our steamer approached the wharf of Durban. "What is that thing coming down the street? It looks like a hearse drawn by a Bull of Bashan!" So it did, for, prancing and cavorting along, in front of a jinrikisha decorated with waving black plumes, was a stalwart Zulu adorned with huge horns that would have done credit to any Texas steer. These horns were bound to his forehead, and a great feather duster surmounting the horns added to the grotesqueness of his appearance. The rest of his garments consisted of many strings of beads, and



A TRAIN ON SIBERIA'S FAMOUS RAILWAY.

everything that the most modern requirements of luxury could suggest, for a journey to Lake Nyanza and the Victorian Falls. Due north the train steamed for eighteen hundred miles, traversing in ease and comfort the road over which Livingstone and Stanley and Speke and Baker made their way so toilsomely only a few years ago—a road lined by the graves of so many explorers and adventurers and warriors, both white and black.

Here, again, we find the jinrikisha, which, indeed, is nowhere so picturesque and *outré* in its adornment as in Natal, for in Durban the stalwart Zulus, strong and supple of limb, cheerful of disposition, and of wonderful endurance, make, next to the Japanese, the best jinrikisha men in the world.

as gay and varied an assortment of colored cloth as he could muster.

But very soon, when the first sense of novelty had been dulled by familiarity, we came to look upon such grotesque human horses as the most natural objects in the world; for everywhere upon the streets of Durban they swarmed, sometimes without horns and sometimes with them, but always interesting and picturesque, always strong and willing and light-hearted, and seeming to have a superfluity of animal spirits to work off.

Siberia's railway is one of the wonders of the world, because of its vast length, and the difficulties of construction encountered in building much of it through an uninhabited wilderness, thousands of miles from the base

of supplies. I shall never forget my feeling of wonder, not unmixed with awe, at the stupendous nature of this undertaking, as I read the legend over the door of the railway station at Vladivostok, "VLADIVOSTOK TO ST. PETERSBURG 9877 VERSTS" (something like 6,500 miles), and realized the seemingly interminable journey before me.

There were plenty of difficulties to daunt the first travelers over this railway five years ago, but when this cruel war is over, it will be possible to make the whole trip in compartment sleeping-cars, with dining-cars attached to the principal trains, in as much comfort as one can journey from Boston to San Francisco—in fact, in greater comfort, for there is no alkali desert to be traversed.

The journey from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg, a distance of over three thousand miles, has been for several years a comfortable and even luxurious trip, and the famous Siberian *train de luxe* was one of the chief attractions of the Paris Exposition. Many are the delightful glimpses of Russian peasant life one gets on the long railway ride between the Amur and the Neva, as the occupants of the third- and fourth-class coaches tumble out at every station where a considerable stop is made, to bargain for their lunch with the farmers' wives who bring eggs and milk and bread and fried meats and fish to sell. At every station one finds a steaming samovar where hot water is provided free of charge for the inevitable tea, without which no Russian meal is complete.

The great island continent of Australia is well equipped with railways built for the most part after the English compartment system, though American models are prevailing in some of the states, notably in New South Wales, on whose railways Pullman cars are found exactly like those we have in this country, except that they are narrower, to fit the gage of the railway.

A legacy from the old days of colonial jealousy has bequeathed to Australia three or four systems of railways with as many different gages. For instance, the railways of Victoria and South Australia are of the standard gage, but when you come to the border of New South Wales, whether it be at midday or midnight, you must change cars, and all baggage and freight must be transhipped, for New South Wales railways are several inches narrower than those of Victoria. You cross the enterprising state of New South Wales, and come to the borders of Queens-

land, and here again you must change cars, for the gage is still narrower.

In Western Australia, on the other side of the continent, the roads are of the same narrow gage as they are in New Zealand and in Tasmania. When tariff duties were high between the colonies and each one was jealous of the trade of the other, these different gages were not so unnecessary as they are now.

Infelicitous as this arrangement is, one can but marvel at the enterprise of our Antipodean cousins who have in large measure conquered the vast distances which separate these great States of Australasia, and by steam communication, both on land and water, have done more to federate these mighty colonies into the new United States of Australia than has been done by all the legislation of statesmen and politicians.

As one journeys homeward from Australia, touching at South Africa, and thence over the long stretch of the Atlantic which lies between Cape Town and Southampton, his only stop is likely to be Funchal in the island of Madeira; and here he finds one of the strangest kinds of vehicle that the world affords. He sees, waiting quietly near the wharf, a number of sleds with sleek dun-colored oxen yoked to each. It is always high summer-time in Madeira, and to see a conveyance which he has ever associated with snow and ice and zero weather is at first disconcerting. The stranger rubs his eyes, and asks what those things are for, but he soon finds that they are the public hacks, and that unless he cares to walk he must step inside, ensconce himself on the cushioned seats, and wait for the driver to prod his slow steeds with the goad that he always carries. Very soon the vehicle begins to slip, slowly to be sure, but surely, over the smooth little cobblestones with which the streets are paved. At any particularly difficult turn of the road, or when coming to a rise of ground, the driver places a little bag of grease under the front of the runners, which makes it comparatively easy for the sturdy steeds to pull the sled.

Even up a long steep hill these oxen will slowly make their way. In coming down again no such tedious process is used, but, getting into a wide finely upholstered sled with wicker sides, the passenger trusts himself to the tender mercies of two more or less villainous looking guides as steersmen. Each one of them holds a rope tied to the back of the sled, and when the toboggan, as it is often called, gets to jumping and bound-

ing too hilariously over the smooth cobblestones on its way down the steep hill, the guides jump off the back of the runners on which they have been riding, and, running behind, pull with all their might at the ropes, thus slackening the dangerous speed of the sled, and bringing it up with a round turn at the bottom.

When we come to the well-trodden paths of Europe, there is little to be said that is not familiar to my readers. Railway trains are very much the same the world over, though in Europe they have stuck to the original stage-coach idea much more persistently than in America. The first railway train was simply a series of old-fashioned carriages very similar to Concord coaches, and to-day for the most part in England and in many continental countries, the carriage is a magnified omnibus containing four or five compartments, each with a door on either side, and two long seats facing each other which will accommodate from three to six people apiece.

So far as my experience goes, the farther north one travels in Europe the more of comfort he finds. I recall with pleasure a long journey which once took me from the southern part of Italy into the very heart of Lapland, nearly a thousand miles north of Stockholm. In Italy the cars are uncomfortable and slow, and the rates are high. Especially on the sleeping-cars are the accommodations poor and the prices exorbitant. As I journeyed north, the first change for the better occurred in the Austrian Tyrol, where a comfortable corridor-car was substituted for the dismal car of the south. In Germany the cars were still more comfortable and rapid; but when we crossed the North Sea Channel to Denmark, and a little later reached the port of Malmö, on the coast of Sweden, I found a fairly luxurious train, with rates of passage far less than they were a thousand miles to the south. Fine compartment sleeping-cars whirled us on to Stockholm, where I took another train to the far north, no less comfortable and with exceedingly low fares. All day long and all night and all the next day I traveled across the trackless snow-fields, and beside the snow-laden fir-trees of northern Sweden, with the mercury hovering about a point a good many degrees below zero, and yet I remained as warm and comfortable as I could possibly wish. Instead of a more or less stuffy and overheated Pullman car, shared by twenty other passengers, I had a compartment all to myself, a compartment warmly upholstered,

supplied with convenient toilet arrangements, a carafe of cold water on a shelf near by, a writing-table, and every convenience for a comfortable journey, with ample stops three times a day for deliciously toothsome meals at the famous Swedish restaurants.

In these restaurants one helps himself to whatever he wishes from abundant tables loaded with appetizing viands of all kinds, and pays therefor a sum ridiculously small. This railway journey, with all these comforts and luxuries—meals, of course, not included—if I remember correctly, costs considerably less than two cents a mile, the fares being cheaper in this part of Sweden than in any other part of Europe I have visited.

If some of the best railways are found in Sweden, the worst are undoubtedly found in the domain of His Majesty, the Sultan of Turkey. Here, while the road-beds are in tolerable condition, and the rolling-stock is fairly decent, the delays are interminable and exasperating. At the custom-houses the traveler has well-nigh to turn himself inside out in order to satisfy the prying officials. A journey of a hundred miles will occupy a whole day, and in Asiatic Turkey, when night comes, the train stops and waits for morning light to show the engineer how to steer his course.

In European Turkey things are somewhat better, though there is little to choose. Fortunately there are comparatively few miles of railway in the Sultan's dominions, and there is no need of extending the mileage until a more liberal form of government shall make the country more attractive to the tourist and the railway more necessary to the inhabitant.

If Turkey's railways represent the zero mark among the nations of the day, America's railway thermometer registers summer heat, with its 206,000 miles of railway, sending their parallel irons into every State and well-nigh every county of every State, from Maine to Oregon, from Montana to Louisiana.

To be sure there are other thermometers of civilization more delicate than the railway test. According to these we might not hold so high a place among the nations of the world; but railways and other modern means of communication not only register progress, but promote it as well, and we may hope that one of these days the railways of America will reveal to the traveler from abroad a civilization as fine-grained and pervasive and lofty as her railroads are extensive in their ramifications into every nook and corner of our vast domain.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
Frenzied Finance
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.
The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

PART II

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this instalment a typical miracle of high finance is performed before the eyes of the readers—four and one-half millions of Boston Gas securities are expanded into thirty-five millions of stocks and bonds, purely for the enrichment of the votaries of the "System." The enormous profits to "Standard Oil" and Whitney are plainly set down, and the author, after properly stigmatizing the immorality and greed of the transaction, describes how he took the field against the frenzied financiers. The terrific battles in the Legislature and in the stock markets are set forth with vivid detail; and we pursue the contest through its various fluctuations until, at the victorious moment, Rogers interferes on behalf of Whitney, and by an appeal to the author's pity, saves him from defeat. How Rogers converted this act of generosity to his own profit and charged up a million dollars as the price of Lawson's compliance, is made plain; also the ingenious device of the Master of "Standard Oil" to fasten the blackmail on his unwilling victim—constituting altogether an extraordinary indictment of the depravity of high finance.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE MAGIC MULTIPLICATION OF MILLIONS

IN reverting to a series of episodes that occurred prior to the crime of Amalgamated, my readers must not think I mean to take them back over familiar ground. The same personages have the leading rôles, it is true, but the incidents themselves are fresh and original, perhaps surpassing in interest their predecessors.

The financial magic whereby insurance companies' surpluses are siphoned into the pockets of an individual is an interesting process and well worth explaining at this juncture. It happens that the episodes to be related in the forthcoming chapters furnish an admirable illustration of this form of jugglery, for in them will be shown the "System" dipping its hands into the insurance com-

panies' treasuries and extracting twelve millions of dollars therefrom, without imperiling the liberty or person of any one.

When I left Henry M. Whitney, in an earlier chapter, he had just said, "Lawson, the Pipe Line charter is worthless now, but if at any time in the future it becomes valuable, you or your company shall have half of it," and my readers will recall that I dropped Rogers and his gas matters just after the Braman-Foster *coup*, with this observation: "Rogers took possession of all the Boston gas companies, and patiently awaited the coming down the pike of some traveler with more money than brains."

It will be remembered that into the possession of Rogers had passed our bag of securities containing the stocks and bonds of the Boston gas companies, and these, together with the securities of the Brookline (Massachusetts) Gas Company that he had

accumulated in his attempt to dislodge Addicks from Brooklyn, made a good-sized parcel, which had cost Rogers and his "Standard Oil" associates somewhere between three and a half and four and a half millions. Long since, Addicks had been shaken out of New York, and Rogers, having decided against Boston as a field for permanent investment, determined that the bag of securities should form the basis of one of those miracles of modern finance in which, by a few quick passes, millions are made while you wait. But the master of "Standard Oil" was not the only man with an eye out for the coming traveler along the pike. Here enters again Henry M. Whitney, who had on hand the emasculated Pipe Line charter, which he had charmed from the Massachusetts Legislature. This franchise, it will be remembered, Governor Wolcott had hobbled by insisting on the insertion of a sixty-cent gas proviso, and, in consequence, it was actually not worth the paper on which it was engraved.

One day it came to me in such a manner that I had to take respectful cognizance of the information, that Rogers was hatching a brand-new scheme for Boston gas; that he had entered into an alliance with Whitney on the strength of the latter's Pipe Line charter, which was to be amended and renovated by the Legislature and would then form the basis of a fresh gas company, capitalized for \$35,000,000. Of this vast sum, it was proposed that Rogers should receive \$12,000,000 cash for his old bag of \$4,000,000 odd of securities and that Whitney should be given \$2,000,000 more for his charter and its tailings. That some new deal was on foot I could not doubt, for the report had come to me from the inner circle, but I chuckled over the absurdity of the figures, which I felt sure had been multiplied at least half a dozen times in transmission to me. However audacious "Standard Oil," however reckless and greedy in its depredations, I could see no way of making Boston gas affairs figure out such a total as \$35,000,000—or even half that amount, while as for \$2,000,000 for the Pipe Line charter—that seemed a joke. This was in September of 1897, and I was in daily touch with Mr. Rogers in connection with the copper deals, which were then well under way. I was also active in the Boston gas field because Addicks and Bay State Gas were still very much alive, trying to sell securities to redeem the stocks and bonds that

Rogers, as trustee, held for them. The more deeply I considered the report the more incredible it seemed, for even if Rogers really had yoked up with Whitney, what could they hope to accomplish? Reasoning on any basis of equity and right, I could not see how Rogers could do anything toward divesting himself of the bag without the consent of Bay State, whose financial affairs I was still, in a way, handling, while Whitney could never give title to the Pipe Line charter without my consent, personally or as agent of the Bay State, for undeniably each of us had a half ownership in it.

The whole proposition was absurd, yet my information brooked no denial. I began quickly to investigate. First, I put an absolutely sound test on to Addicks to see if by any chance he was on the highway again, and convinced myself of his innocence; neither he nor any of his officers or directors of Bay State even suspected anything new afoot. I lay low and waited, keeping very close to Rogers on other affairs, and from time to time springing unexpected gas traps that might catch him off guard. Catch Rogers off guard! It seemed a possibility in those days, but I am wiser now. The old saying, "Catch a weasel asleep," expressed our ancestors' conception of the climax of cleverness and cunning. To-day on Wall Street are a dozen men who would contract to deliver slumbering weasels anywhere in any number without interrupting their lightest dreams. "Catch Rogers napping" should be the modern phrase to signify the impossible.

As well attempt to make holes in nickel steel with a brad-awl as to draw the vaguest admission from Mr. Rogers. My traps he ignored absolutely. One day after I had exhausted all my resources to draw him out, I suddenly said—and chose a moment when, because of something I had done for him, he was in a mood to return favors—"Mr. Rogers, I want your advice. Whitney still retains the Pipe Line charter, and you know that I have a half interest in it; that is, I have a half interest for myself or the Bay State Company. It is worthless now, and Addicks would probably sell all his equity in it for a song. It might be of some use to you some time, now that you are really in control of the whole Boston field, mightn't it?"

Instantly he quietly answered: "The Pipe Line charter? Why, that thing was killed, if I remember rightly—wasn't it? I wouldn't take it as a gift." This in a tone so frank, so

natural, that Vidocq himself would have been thrown off the scent. Catch Rogers napping? I guess not!

Soon after this unsuccessful attempt to surprise the secret, I learned that the scheme had made such headway that both Rogers and William Rockefeller were bending their energies to its accomplishment. Every day they were giving up time to it, and, knowing their habits, this spelled serious business to me. Presently word came to me that the plan had reached that stage of perfection that just precedes execution, but that in spite of all Rogers's and Whitney's efforts to confine knowledge of this affair to a few who could be depended on to keep the secret, it had become necessary to bring into conference a score of other frenzied financiers who had directorships in banks and trust companies.

In high finance conversation is the art of communicating in the dark by means of winks and nods, and as the code is susceptible of a variety of interpretations, it is almost impossible for all participants to grasp the exact import of each message. So it generally happens that some one who has not fully understood the cipher will bring it for a reading to a professional interpreter of dark nods and winks; and because of my long experience in this intricate branch of finance, most of the business of translation, especially when it has to do with copper or gas, comes to my office. In this case the plans had no sooner been winked and nodded to a finality than a director in one of the institutions Rogers was using as a green-goods clearing-house, asked for a secret hearing, and when he was through, this is what I found in my lap:

Whitney had organized a voluntary association under the name of "The New England Gas & Coke Company," with a capital of \$35,000,000—\$17,500,000 bonds and \$17,500,000 stock. This corporation was to sell its bonds to the public for \$17,500,000; was to pay Rogers \$12,000,000 of the \$17,500,000 for the contents of the bag before described; was to pay Whitney for the Pipe Line charter, some patents and other papers of an equally valuable nature, \$2,000,000; and with the balance, \$3,500,000, was to start business. But before beginning operations or doing anything else, it was to borrow at once from the Central Trust Company, of New York—one of the trust companies then owned by the New York Life Insurance Company, \$12,000,000 of the cash President McCall and

Vice-President George W. Perkins's insurance company kept on deposit presumably for the purpose of conducting its insurance affairs, and this \$12,000,000 was at once to be paid over to Mr. Rogers.

An impatience of uncertainties is characteristic of Henry H. Rogers. He cherishes no sentiments about his financial bantlings. He takes but never keeps any of the paper securities he creates in such quantities. He counts his profits in real money, not in stock certificates, and he is ever outside the market before the public has discovered that the "made dollars" he has sold them are counterfeit. In fact, it is understood by all who are associated in deals with the master of "Standard Oil" that the first sale is his prerogative, and thus he emphasizes the commercial genius with which I have credited him.

In the transaction outlined to me, Mr. Rogers, apparently, had religiously followed his well-seasoned habit, but I could not help gasping at the length and breadth of his audacity. Notwithstanding the fact that all the stocks and bonds which represented the ownership of the actual gas companies of Boston had never sold for as much as \$14,000,000, he and Whitney had hypnotized a set of exceedingly smart and able frenzied financiers into believing that this city of four hundred thousand population could pay interest and dividends on \$35,000,000 in addition to the large amounts this deal still left outstanding. It must be understood that the new organization in no way disposed of our Bay State Company with its far-flung obligations, and so interest had to be earned on its securities as well. There had been inducements, of course. There are always *douceurs* in such deals for the insiders. I soon learned that the consideration prompting the Central Trust Company to see the affair from the right angle was a promise of \$600,000 out of the three and a half millions cash business capital, together with a large block of the stock for good measure. A slice of the stock or cash went to each of the eminent gentlemen who had lent his name to the transaction. When I put together the different bonuses—I had almost written *bribes*—in cash and stock, the stock alone amounting to eight millions, I realized the kind of hypnotism that had been practised—it was plain to me that the "System's" brigands had indeed taken to the trail and proposed making short work of the people's caravan when it hove in sight.

This particular transaction is well within

the memory of the adult population of Boston, for it occurred but a few years ago. It was a flagrantly iniquitous piece of free-bootery, and the men and the institutions joined in this raid on the people's savings knew it for exactly what it was. Not one of them had swallowed the tale of real worth Rogers and Whitney had improvised, but all saw an opportunity for quick profits and eagerly clutched it. Their idea was that the bonds and stocks backed by so many powerful names and firms would surely be taken up by the public, and that they could escape with the swag before the people suspected that a swindle had been perpetrated on them. In fact, the eminent gentleman who had laid the plan before me admitted that the possibility of interference with the scheme had never entered into their calculations.

"Just look at the names behind it," he said. "'Standard Oil,' the insurance companies, trust companies, bankers, and individuals—it takes in every powerful interest in 'the Street'!"

Yes, indeed! the powerful interests were all in on this presumptive melon-cutting: The Consolidated Gas gang of New York, the McMillan-Benedict outfit, the Widener-Elkins-Philadelphia gas crowd, the Ryan-Brady-Whitney-New York traction group, the big insurance manipulators, the big banking ring which presides over Boston.

My visitor went on to explain that he thought the entire issue of \$17,500,000 of bonds would sell at 110 and the \$17,500,000 of stock gradually work up to 120, and that he did not believe any of the people who were not in would dare oppose it. Still, a lurking suspicion lingered in his mind, and as he was plunging pretty heavily, he had come to me to get rid of it—he wanted to know why Rogers wanted his twelve millions in such a hurry.

"Where does Addicks come in?" I asked in an "I'm-not-interested, only-asking-for-curiosity" tone.

"Rogers takes care of him," was the answer.

"And Lawson?" I pursued with the regulation frenzied finance smile.

"You can answer that question better than we," he replied, suppressing a wink. "We all figure that you are in on both the Whitney and the Rogers ends."

"Rogers didn't put it that way, did he, now?"

"No, he didn't. Rogers don't allow others to meddle with his affairs. But he did give us

to understand that you would be strongly with us because of your interest with him in copper affairs."

The situation I am outlining is so opposed to the common notion of the business decorum and decency that prevail among representative financiers, that I am constrained to halt and ask, "Can I make my readers believe that such unconscionable jugglery could possibly be perpetrated by men great in the public eye—the most powerful citizens of our republic?" My own part in the forthcoming complication is even more irreconcilable with the average man's idea of commercial conventions. Here was an affair of the gravest importance to Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rockefeller, and I was preparing to oppose their interests with all my own forces while at the same time I was intimately associated with them in the copper affair which was of vital consequence to me. The success of the latter venture depended on their friendly cooperation, yet in another connection I was exciting their wrath and enmity. Incredible as such an embroilment seems, it is by no means uncommon within the "System," whose votaries will be found working hand-in-glove in one deal involving millions of each other's money while in another enterprise they are straining every nerve to ruin their partners of the first deal. The truth is that in high finance all civilized amenities have long been suspended. The black flag is to-day the Wall Street standard. Thuggery and assassination are so much the rule that nowadays all parties to a business transaction wear armor and carry stilettos. Property rights are vested in Power; the sole license to have, is strength to hold; to covet another man's railway or factory is, if you be the stronger, full warrant and charter to its possession. In the pursuit of "made dollars" greed and cunning lead the pack; kindness, fair dealing, and truth have lost the scent. To-day the penal code is Wall Street's Bible; its priest, the corporation lawyer; conscience is a fear of legal consequences; the sole crime, being caught; talent and character are best proved by a large bank account; to err is to fail; continued success in speculation and a few years' immunity from retributive justice constitute a reputation for virtue and stability that finds its highest justification as a handy asset behind a bond issue.

It is the deplorable fact that in carrying through the great deals that have marked the last few years, it has become a habit for men to lie, cheat, bribe, and commit perjury, and there is no more condemnation of such practises among those who are to-day the representatives of finance in America than there was in earlier times for the close-fisted driver of a hard but honest bargain. This is a broad statement, but everything I have written so far and the events of the last twelve months prove it is not exaggerated.

CHAPTER XXXVII

AT THE SIGN OF THE "JOLLY ROGERS"

WHEN my inquiring director had left with my interpretation of the dark nods and winks, I went to work on the plan of Rogers and Whitney to see if some part of it might be screwed into meaning that the Bay State was to get any of these millions for its equities, or that Whitney proposed paying over part of his two millions to those who owned the Pipe Line charter jointly with him. Not a thing could I find that left us a cent or a hope. As the full import of the deal took possession of my mind and I realized its cold-blooded disregard of the stockholders of Bay State and of my own interest and work therein, I grew hot. I determined to upset the plan at any cost, and went deliberately about laying a string of fuses for an explosion which should blow their scheme skyward.

In the meantime I kept tab on affairs in the Rogers-Whitney camp, and learned that their plan had now received its finishing touches and was ready for springing on the public. My astute adversaries were not taking any chance of legal obstruction, however, and had so dovetailed the beginning, middle, and ending of their programme as to defy interference. On the following Tuesday there was to be a public announcement in the form of an offer of \$17,500,000 of bonds; simultaneously a statement would be made that the whole scheme had been underwritten; that all the Boston companies had been transferred to the new company; that the Central Trust Company had loaned \$12,000,000; that it had been paid over to some of the original owners, and that there was nothing more to be done except for the public to roll in its money. The *coup* was admirably contrived. No loophole had been left for suits, injunctions, or

effective kicks, and if it had not been for my advance information, nothing could have prevented its successful accomplishment.

Mr. Rogers had organized his own defenses with characteristic cunning. He had elaborately explained to Whitney and his associates that, because of the feeling the old contests between himself and Addicks had generated in Boston against "Standard Oil," it was advisable to keep the names of Rogers and Rockefeller out of the transaction. This was a mere formality, however, for he intended to let it be known, where it would do most good, that "Standard Oil" was right behind the venture. He had agreed on the day of the public announcement to turn over his bag of Boston gas securities for the Central Trust Company's twelve millions of dollars, and as he was not to be known in the affair, his exit left Whitney and his associates before the public as the sponsors of the new corporation. Doubtless he reflected that the choice lot of frenzied financiers that he had inveigled into retrieving his smoldering chestnuts were well able both to take care of themselves and to support the venture. I subsequently learned that Whitney had also organized as effective an exit for his own share of the spoils, but had listened to Rogers's siren song of the honor and prestige attached to the presidency of all the Boston Gas Companies, of how the distinction would redeem him from his 1896 fizzle, and had fallen into the trap, becoming the acknowledged head of the \$35,000,000 corporation which he pledged his "sacred honor" privately and publicly to make succeed.

On the Friday afternoon preceding the fateful Tuesday, I sent word to Whitney that I was in possession of all the facts about his scheme and proposed seeing to it that the public bought no bonds, and that any attempt to resume his old operations at the State House would surely land some one behind the bars. Whitney, panic-stricken, returned word to me that there must be some mistake and that I had better see Mr. Rogers at once. I replied that I did not know Mr. Rogers in the affair; that I was notifying Whitney on behalf of the Bay State Company that he was disposing of property belonging to it; that it was a plain business affair which called for a quick court proceeding and injunction. Whitney worked upon my representative until eleven o'clock that night and returned him to me with a promise of one-half the swag that was to come from the Pipe Line, provided I stood in. I returned word that not for all

the millions involved would I forego the opportunity of getting even with him for his treachery. Whitney took the midnight train for New York, and next day I received an urgent request from Mr. Rogers to come over at once. I flatly refused with: "Mr. Rogers, this is an affair between Whitney and myself, and no power on earth can prevent me from doing what I have mapped out, and besides it cannot possibly affect you, for you have repeatedly shown me that you have no part in the sneak thievery I have uncovered."

It was indeed a blissful privilege to characterize properly his mean attempt at deception while pretending conviction that he had no part therein.

"I cannot talk this over the wire, Lawson," he replied, "and it is impossible for me to come to Boston to-night, yet this is of such urgency you must hear what I have to say. I will have [naming his private counsel] with you to-morrow, and then you will see things in a clearer light."

At 9 o'clock in my rooms at Young's on Sunday morning I sat down with his counsel, and what a day it was! Explanation, pleading, threats; then Rogers on the wire, and more threats, explanations, pleadings. Until 5 o'clock in the afternoon we kept at it, and although his arguments reached, on one side, the extreme of threats to drop all their dealings in the copper affair and take to the war-path against me, to the offer of \$1,000,000 of swag on the other, I held my ground and absolutely refused to budge a hair. At five, after a particularly trying ten minutes on the wire with Mr. Rogers, I consented to go over on the midnight, and early Monday morning we went at it at the Murray Hill Hotel.

This was the first of the strenuous and fiery interviews that mark the crucial stages of my connection with the master of "Standard Oil." The others related to Amalgamated and are already before my readers. They were bitter ordeals for both of us; in each I upheld the public right and the cause of fair dealing against his all-pervading greed for dollars. That I prevailed in any of these contests I cannot claim, for in each I permitted sentiment to outweigh the claims of right and reason. In the battle of wills I held to my cause; but when Mr. Rogers, dropping argument and threat, appealed to my feelings, to the personal regard he knew I had for him, then I allowed myself to be overcome. It is slight consolation, in looking back over the past, to real-

ize that perhaps I am the one man alive to whom this all-powerful financier has had to humble his pride in a dollar-and-cent affair, but it is with a feeling of degradation that I remember how richly he profited by my sentimental surrenders to his pleadings.

I shall not attempt a transcription of all that happened on this occasion. I began by expressing surprise that he should be interested in the gas ventures of Whitney. Had he not repeatedly assured me he knew nothing about the affair? Mr. Rogers allowed but little of this line of talk. Why should he consult me about selling his own property unless he had a mind to? Admitting his argument to be just, I contended that I was simply taking care of my own and my associates' interests against men who had tried to rob me and them, and that nothing on earth would deter me from doing what I had set out to accomplish. Back and forth we had it—threats, pleadings, and common sense business arguments. Rogers promised that Whitney would give me half of his profits; he, too, would turn over to me from his own profits what I thought was fair, but he must carry his trade through—he simply must.

"How about Addicks and the Bay State?" I put in two or three times, and got always the same response: he would see the whole affair in Hades before either of them should have a penny. After hours of wrestling he saw it was useless to argue further. I would not be moved; and then he changed: Rogers the steely financier melted, and Rogers the man took his place. All the stern dominance and crushing force of the master of "Standard Oil" gave way, and in their stead I listened to a heart-square, fair, manly appeal to my good nature and friendship.

"Lawson," he said, "I have been carrying this load so long now that I am sick and tired of it. I don't care so much for my own pocket, because I can stand carrying it longer, but William Rockefeller has relied upon me to get him out of it, and it hurts me more with him and the building [26 Broadway] than I can tell you, that I am stuck in and cannot get out. I suppose all this Boston scandal has injured William Rockefeller and myself more with John D. than anything that ever happened before, and I have made up my mind to expect scandal as long as we stay in Boston Gas. There are lots of things in the early history of this business that I won't rest easy until I get buried, and I know this is the only chance. That is what more than

anything else made us go to Whitney. Now if you come out against us publicly when William Rockefeller and, in fact, all the others, think we are very close on copper, I shall be humiliated beyond words. What you do to Whitney, after I am free from this affair, Lawson, I don't care, but it does seem as though you might find a way to get at him without grinding William Rockefeller and myself."

What is the use of denying that this plea from the master of "Standard Oil" affected me on the sentimental side?—for it did. How specious and insincere his arguments seem after all these years! Yet I allowed myself to be overcome by them. The flattery of the appeal, I suppose, did affect me, but it was more the pleasure of doing Henry H. Rogers, the man, a favor that softened me. I compromised.

"Mr. Rogers, I will do this and only this: I will not say a word to any one until you have your twelve million dollars, and are out, and the others in beyond getting out, but I am not to benefit a dollar from you, from Whitney, nor any one. Then, before the public have parted with a dollar, I will yell, and yell so loud that the world will hear and all that gang will pay the penalty. I'm doing this mainly to please you, but also I want to teach Whitney and some of the others a lesson. I think I can make this new scheme of yours a living and lasting illustration of the dangers of double-dealing."

Mr. Rogers looked the relief he felt. He said to me:

"Lawson, I need not tell you how I appreciate what you are doing, and you know I shall not forget it, but let me say one word before we call it finished. You should take part of the profit on this deal. You have been working on this Boston gas affair for years without return, and there is no reason why you should not take Whitney's offer to give you your share of the Pipe Line money, even if you start in to get even with him afterward."

"You cannot think, Mr. Rogers," I said, surprisedly grasping the obliquity of the transaction suggested, "that I could possibly take profit out of this thing and then go ahead and blow it to pieces? Even if I had no sentiment about doing such a thing, do you think as a matter of policy it would be wise? Starting thus, what sort of a battle could I put up for my associates?"

I must have looked the disgust I felt, for he hastily interposed:

"All right, Lawson, if you feel that way about things, you must go your own way; but where do you think you are coming out after you begin?"

"I'll bust the whole scheme," I replied decisively, "and I'll keep at it as long as I have a dollar left, or until the Boston gas affairs are settled on a fair basis and all those I've been instrumental in getting into the stock and bonds have had what is fairly coming to them."

There was no mistaking either my meaning or the sternness of my purpose. Mr. Rogers grew very sober, as I continued:

"It is presumption on my part to offer advice to one who has had so much more experience of life and affairs than I, but you will agree I've won the right to say a few words about this matter. Don't do what you are going to. I see endless trouble ahead if you do. Some one will lose every dollar of that twelve millions you get, and it will put the iron into more souls, and no one can tell but some of those you hurt will strike the trail and hold it as I would. I deeply and strongly believe that you will live to regret this thing bitterly—live to see the day when you would give twice the millions you are to make, to get back in this affair to where you are to-day. Why not give Bay State a chance to redeem its properties? Think of the satisfaction it will be to you to feel you have done a good turn to a lot of decent people who will henceforth bless 'Standard Oil' instead of cursing it. You will pardon me for saying it, but, Mr. Rogers, I would not do what you are going to do for all the money on earth. It isn't worth it. These men who will lose I'll admit are not saints, and they might do the same to you, but they are going into this thing on their confidence in you. You know that; and you know they will lose it when you take that money, for as surely as there is a God in heaven, I'll battle this thing to a finish."

I had warmed to the subject and spoke with all the emphasis and fire that were in me. At once I saw I had irritated him and that he was restraining himself with difficulty:

"All right, Lawson, I have heard what you say, and if you are through we will call the matter closed." He said this with an effort and almost between clenched teeth. He paced the room once or twice and then squared himself in front of me.

"Lawson, every man is his own judge in such matters. I have always taken the re-

sponsibility for my decisions, and no man ever heard me whimper if I found I had made a mistake, and no man ever will. These men, Whitney, McMillan, Widener, Elkins, and the rest, are all in the game for dollars, and they have to take the same chance I take. You know I have tried to do all in my power to make the thing a success. If you would come in, there would surely be success and profit for every one, but you won't, so I must do the next best thing, and I am going to do it. You may think I should do something different, but I will do as I always do, and as I believe all successful men do—the best thing they can for their own interests."

He said this bitterly.

"All right, Mr. Rogers," I answered, "we understand each other. As soon as you get your money to-morrow, I am going to open fire, and keep it up until the end; you agree that this is satisfactory and you will not ask any more of me, never mind where my fight leads or who is hurt."

"That is as I understand it," he replied, "and from now on I shall not ask anything more of you in connection with this affair."

We parted right there, he doubtless chuckling over my easy compliance, I full of apprehension for the future, for the affair was a warped thread in fate's skein and would surely mar the fabric. Henry H. Rogers's decision that Monday deflected the currents of both our lives, and, like the treachery of Addicks and Whitney, when they took advantage of my illness two years before to betray the fair plans for Bay State I had perfected, helped to create the bitter situation that compelled the writing of "Frenzied Finance," with its consequences of everlasting shame and dishonor to both these eminent financiers. The immediate effects of Mr. Rogers's greed may be passed over. It doubtless broke some hearts, blighted hopes and maimed careers, and the end is not yet. As I write these words, Henry H. Rogers is being sued in the United States Court sitting in Boston for the vast sum of which he deprived the Bay State Company, and he makes no secret of the fact that he would willingly give over the millions representing his profit in that *coup*, together with many another million from his huge store of gold, if he might but undo the wrong and blot out the harm consequent on that most misguided and unfortunate deed.

The next day the deal went into effect. Rogers turned over the bag of securities to the

Central Trust Company and made off with his millions of spoils; Whitney and his associates celebrated the birth of the company with a banquet; I waited for the tying up of the last threads of the deal and then let go in a full-page advertisement in all the big Eastern newspapers. An extract from this announcement will serve to exhibit its tenor. It is too long to reproduce in full.

To the Holders of Boston United Gas Bonds, Underwriters of New England Gas & Coke Company Bonds and Stock, Boston Consumers of Gas, the Board of Gas and Electric Light Commissioners, and the Incoming General Court of Massachusetts:

As the possessor of full knowledge of the past and present history of the various gas companies now existing for the purpose of supplying gaslight to the citizens of Boston, I propose to lay before you all the facts about one of the most startling impositions ever attempted. In proclaiming the New England Gas & Coke scheme an imposition, I am aware that I am taking a very grave responsibility. I am aware that there are men connected with this enterprise who are entitled to public respect. Notwithstanding this I take the responsibility of stating that the New England Gas & Coke scheme is a monstrous imposition on the different interested parties to whom this statement is addressed, and I am ready to justify my statement in the courts or elsewhere.

Before analyzing this scheme, I call attention to the fact: The statements made by me are from my personal knowledge, acquired as vice-president and director in the several gas companies, and as the negotiator of the various settlements, deals, and reorganizations that have been consummated or attempted in the Boston gas field during the past three years, and as I am in possession of the original documents pertaining to, or connected with, the inside history of the Boston gas companies, my statements cannot be refuted.

The following are the Company's

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS SETTING FORTH THE NEW ENGLAND GAS AND COKE SCHEME

"AGREEMENT made this twenty-sixth day of November, in the year 1897, by and between the NEW YORK GAS IMPROVEMENT COMPANY,* a corporation created and existing under the laws of the State of New York (hereinafter called the Improvement Company), party of the first part, and the CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY of New York, a corporation created and existing under the laws of the State of New York (hereinafter called the Trust Company), party of the second part. . . .

NOW, THEREFORE, in consideration of the premises and of the mutual covenants and agreements herein contained, the said parties have agreed and do hereby agree each with the other, as follows:

1. The Trust Company agrees to loan to the Improvement Company the sum of twelve million dollars (\$12,000,000) upon the promissory note of said Improvement Company, to which reference is hereby made, dated December 1, 1897, payable on the first day of August, 1898, with interest at the

* A dummy to cloak Rogers and Rockefeller.

rate of five per cent. per annum from the date thereof; and as compensation and commissions said Improvement Company agrees to deliver to said Trust Company shares owned by it of the capital stock of said New England Company to the aggregate amount of two million four hundred thousand dollars, par value.

II. The Improvement Company shall deliver to the Trust Company, at the time of the making of the loan aforesaid, certificates of stock of said New England Company, duly indorsed in blank, or as may be required by the Trust Company, representing four million eight hundred thousand dollars, par value, of such capital stock of a total issue of seventeen million five hundred thousand dollars, par value, and also its bonds to the amount, par value, of twelve million dollars of a total issue of seventeen million five hundred thousand dollars, par value; such bonds to bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum from December 1, 1897, payable semi-annually, and to be secured by the transfer and pledge to said Trust Company, as Trustee, of all the securities and personal property so to be purchased and acquired by the New England Company, and the transfer and mortgage of all the real estate now owned or to be purchased and acquired by said New England Company; under an instrument in the nature of pledge or mortgage to be approved by said Trust Company. All of the said shares of stock and bonds shall be held by the Trust Company as security for the payment of said loan. . . .

The exposure had the effect of a thunder-clap. It was all up with the proposition and its sponsors, so far as the public's tumbling over themselves to subscribe for the "securities was concerned," as soon as they grasped the full import and audacity of a clause of the contract which gave the Central Trust Company, besides its interest of five per cent., two and a half millions of stock for the loan of twelve millions for eight months, with the additional proviso of \$600,000 for a six months' renewal of the loan. I closed my advertisement with these significant clauses:

It may be impossible for any one in this the end of the nineteenth century, when financial miracles are daily being paraded for the edification of investors and speculators, to say with absolute certainty that the promises made by the New England Gas & Coke Company promoters will not be fulfilled. I can only say that they will not be fulfilled until after the incoming General Court has had an opportunity to pass upon the advisability of allowing them to be fulfilled, until the Board of Gas and Electric Light Commissioners have had a chance to exercise the supervisory power for which they were created, and until the Courts, both State and National, have adjudicated all matters upon which these promises are based, and until the holders of Boston United Gas bonds, the holders of stock and bonds of the Bay State Gas Company of Delaware, and the investing public have had ample opportunity and time to WEIGH CAREFULLY AND HAVE ADJUDICATED the merits and demerits of this prudish child of modern finance.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

IN DEADLY COMBAT

THE immediate effect of my declaration of war upon the greedy little coterie of schemers so suddenly awakened amid their dreams of easy millions was something akin to panic. At once they began to ask the whys and the wherefores of the explosion; had they not had absolute assurances that no opposition need be feared—that the several old ownerships in the property had been taken care of—why this outbreak? Rogers was busy in other directions—and only Whitney remained to weather the storm. Here, you might say, was a fair opportunity for Whitney to retreat. It was another parting of the ways. Beyond the fork two roads stretched far into the future. To the right, smooth, straight, and true, one ran, and high above it, showing clear like a star, a cold white light marked its beginning. The other zigzagged to the left, a devious course amid dark woods and precipices, and ominous at its branching a red lantern swung uneasily, like that upon the light-ship on the dangerous ledges of ocean. If Whitney had at this time confided the facts to his associates and frankly and fairly said to them, "Rogers and I thought we could carry this thing through, but after what has happened it is no use, and I don't propose to stand by and see you robbed, not even to make a pot of money for myself, and I certainly will not consent to be a stool-pigeon for Rogers," that would have solved the problem. For a brief hour he must have faced Rogers's wrath, but after the flood of the master of "Standard Oil's" anger had been exhausted, Whitney would have stood higher in his estimation than ever before. Such submission, it is true, would have meant an admission of his defeat by me, but why should a strong man balk at that? He who never errs never wins. Also he would have had to lose a million or so of "bad money" and to forego his new distinction as president of a great corporation. But balancing the loss would have been all those things that are fair and clean and decent, that make for an easy conscience and sound sleep—the high estimate of friends and the honest respect of one's fellow citizens—a profit surely more precious than all the treasure of Rockefeller.

Whitney chose. He would forego nothing. He met my proclamation with the regulation

answer of the "System." My readers know it for they have heard it a thousand times since the story of "Frenzied Finance" began. It was in this key: "Lawson is a jealous scoundrel, trying to force us to settle with him, but we never will." Into his associates he pumped his own opinions, and they agreed to back him in any kind of a fight he made on—no, not Rogers, who had so ruthlessly tricked them and actually had their money, but upon me, whose guilt consisted in obstructing a steal. So there issued from the camp of the frenzied financiers a statement that the New England Gas & Coke Syndicate laughed at my threats and would proceed to carry out their plans as though I had never existed; "and we have the millions to do it," Whitney defiantly wound up.

The campaign that followed was extraordinarily bitter, complicated, and checkered. My adversaries were the most powerful among the dollar dukes and earls of Wall and State Streets and all the resources of the kingdom of High Finance were at their command. Word was passed round that this time I must be stamped out at any cost, as I was imperiling the great financial interests of the country, and every battery known to "Frenzied Finance" was opened and pointed into my camp. What a fusillade of words they delivered at me! For a time it seemed as if I had every power in New York and Boston arrayed against me. The "News Bureaus" my enemies owned, of course, but also the columns of the press were wide open to them for whatever they wanted to say, for were not these allies of Whitney as respectable as the brownstone churches on fashionable avenues in which they worshiped? My scrap-books show that they said things every hour in every day. I answered their accusations, but it cost me a fortune, for I was obliged to pay full advertising rates for my every word. The fact is that I expended nearly three-quarters of a million of dollars before I knocked out their scheme.

The ups and downs of this contest would take pages to describe, but by way of suggesting what forces they evoked for my annihilation, here is what happened when my first proclamation appeared. My banking firm was summoned before the Governing Committee of the New York Stock Exchange, in which we had a membership, and told in terse, stern terms that a repetition of that kind of advertising would be punished with expulsion and confiscation of our seat. Such

action by this powerful body spells the ruin of the house so punished, besides the loss of over \$60,000-odd, the value, at that time, of a seat. The Exchange's rules controlled my firm, not me—I considered myself at liberty, individually, to take action which my firm was forbidden. I kept up the advertising, signing my own name to all my statements. The Exchange altered its rule to cover my offending. I did not let up; I was not expelled.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE TRUCE OF THE DOUBLE CROSS

It may seem to my readers that a fight of this character waged in the interest of the people should have had the public's aid. This does not follow. The public's support cannot always be depended on. We were both appealing to the world through the press. My attacks were met with counter assaults equally formidable. Falsehood uses the same language as truth. A group of adroit schemers with millions to spend in molding opinion are often able to force their lies down the public throat by dint of reiteration. The assumption that right prevails through inherent virtue is a delusion that only reformers, college professors, and youth cherish. When humanity realizes that goodness and justice need for their enforcement the same energy and advertisement that are used in exploiting evil, civilization will undergo as great a revolution as mechanics did after the discovery of steam.

But in the stress of the battle there were consoling facts. The public had taken my warning against the bonds. The offering was a failure, for enough were not taken to pay advertising and printing bills. Thereupon the securities were divided among the underwriters who had them listed in the Stock Exchange and soon began to make a market for them. Thus I had another mark to aim at. Nor was Whitney idle, for he had begun a campaign to secure an alteration of the Pipe Line charter, together with other special legislation to help out his concern, and for a while, through his valuable newspaper connections and the powerful interests aiding him, it looked as if he would turn the tide against me and finally win out. In the clever and cunning moves made I was sure I detected the marvelous brain of Rogers direct-

ing the fight somewhere from the wings. When the Legislature convened, the issue was clearly defined—if Whitney could carry his point, then the public would regard him as victor; whereupon the scheme would stand and the bonds find purchasers. And all conditions contributed to his success, for he had stumped the State in the interest of his scheme; with him were all the big corporations that “do things” each year at the State House; and he was a past master in the art of political manipulation. The legislative halls would be sanded with gold dust, and nothing I could do in the ordinary way would disturb him.

In spite of all these disadvantages I determined to stake my all on a single battle. I waited until he had chosen his position and disposed his forces—then I attacked as if I believed I could match him at his own kind of fighting. At the same time I got up a statement of hard, cold facts into which entered the names of George Towle and others, and let drive with terrific force. Whitney and his crowd were at once on the defensive. He attacked me violently. I responded in kind; there were pitched battles along the line; the press and the people of the old Commonwealth were aroused as never before. The Committee on Manufactures was given my charges to investigate. Instantly the energies of the gas crowd were directed to secure control of the committee—first to smother the investigation; failing that, to keep out really bad testimony. The fight was so steered that it grew every day more dangerous for those who had been making Beacon Hill a bartering place for franchises and other legislative commodities. At the turn of affairs Rogers grew alarmed. Fearing he would be involved he sent me a strong appeal to let up. I reminded him of his bargain. At last one Friday morning I played my trump card. I massed together a lot of facts in such shape that its publication would surely blow the enemy sky-high, and I notified Whitney that I proposed letting it go at the first opportunity. So he might know what to expect, I allowed him to inspect my bomb. He saw what it meant. At noon that same day the committee adjourned until the following Monday. Late that night Rogers called me up and in a voice charged with tremendous feeling said:

“Lawson, you must come over to-night. I cannot tell you what for on the wire, but the gas people are here and there is a situa-

tion with which neither you nor I can afford to trifle, and which no one but you and me can possibly do anything to relieve. It is a matter of life and death for some one, and after to-morrow it may be—yes, will be, too late. I can only say if you are too late you will never forgive yourself.”

Next morning I was in New York. In a few straight sentences Rogers made me see the situation. It was tragic. If I forced the fight an inch further certain people would be involved beyond their capacity to endure. I will not mention names, nor enter further into details, but clear as a cameo he painted a picture—it was dark and terrible; it involved a dreadful deed—would I take the responsibility? I looked at his picture, and it took me but a minute to decide, no—that I would not take the responsibility. It carried me further than I cared to go in any business affair. Were I a public official, sworn to certain duties, there would be no choice, but in this I had only my own conscience to satisfy. Justice said—Proceed; Mercy—For Heaven’s sake desist. No, the result would be too harrowing, too terrible for innocent people who had had no part in any of the deviltry.

I threw up my hands.

I was wrong. I should have driven home the steel. Mercy at times is more criminal than cruelty. He who takes on himself to wield the sword of retributive justice must not weaken when the accused weeps at his feet. If I had recalled some of the lessons of my own life—remembered that “it’s the scotched snake that strikes in the heel”; that there is no enemy so bitter as him one has forgiven—perhaps I should have pressed my advantage. But my too vivid imagination was dwelling on the horrors of the picture Rogers had conjured up; ruthlessly my mind was making my foe’s plight my own, and to relieve the tension I would have made any sacrifice.

How prodigally I paid for my forbearance!

I reiterated that I would not take the responsibility. A thousand times no.

Then what would I do?

Anything—the one thing possible—I’d abandon my fight before the Legislature for that year if the other side agreed to retire also. I might have made any terms as the price of my compliance—I might have demanded that they abandon the whole scheme—but at the moment I was emotionally disarmed. I could not calculate nor traffic over terms. I’d just call it off if they would.

Rogers looked the relief he doubtless felt.

"Lawson," he said, "this is generous. I can speak for the others; it shall be as you say and everything shall be done to place you in the right light. I think, though, you have a right to demand of them the expense you have been to."

I turned on him in a flash: "Mr. Rogers, it won't be safe for any one to mention dollars to me in connection with this affair. You have touched me in the only possible spot to make me let up, so drop it right there."

"How can you arrange it, Lawson?" he said, after a moment.

"There's only one way," I answered. "I will go back to Boston and in very few words announce that I am dropping the fight for this season."

"You don't mean that you will put yourself in the position of——"

"Yes, I mean I will put myself in the position where I will be accused by my enemies of having sold out. I mean I will put myself in a position that my best friend can hardly stand for. What odds does it make to me? What do I care what my friends, or even my enemies, say? You know why I am doing this; you know that it is now impossible for me to go ahead, and I will not play politics nor attempt to smooth it over. Let the public, my enemies, and my friends think what they will."

Rogers looked at me, and said no more.

That is—to me he said no more. I wanted to hear no more, only to get away, to forget what I had heard. Had I been less harrowed, doubtless I should have diagnosed the smile that drew down the corners of that mobile mouth in pitying contempt for one so blind to his opportunity. Even while I sat before him, silently painting dark pictures of sad catastrophes, he must have been calculating how best to profit by my sentimental folly. He may have said to himself, "If this fool doesn't know what to do with a chance like this, I do."

I saw no other soul. I returned to Boston and gave the word. That was all.

CHAPTER XL

MURDER WILL OUT

MONDAY morning it became known at the State House that I had dropped the fight. In short order the affair was off the slate for

that year—wiped clean off the slate; but the consequences remained—consequences to me. One cannot start an avalanche and then shoulder it without inviting self-destruction. The explanations given out for my volte-face were so unconvincing that I was not surprised to learn that rumor had me bought off. These stories I knew I'd have to stand, though I trusted to Rogers's pledge that the Whitney crowd would see to it that my concession was set in the right light. The legislative session was well over when there began to be noised around, first rumors, then circumstantial stories, that I had held up the New England Gas & Coke scheme until I had obtained my price; the price was stated to be a million dollars. From Wall and State Streets the story got into the newspapers. Then I published a statement as unqualified as I could make it, declaring that I had not benefited a dollar by the suspension of hostilities, but, on the contrary, was out large amounts by my gas fight, and that I had dropped the fight, so far as the Legislature was concerned, for a reason purely sentimental, and that I did not regret it.

In such a contingency, however, denials are idle. Other corporations had been held up for money under just such circumstances; and for what reasons but monetary ones would a man cease fighting with victory in his grasp? There could be no other reason, said my enemies; feared many of my adherents. The story grew as such stories grow, until men could be found who "positively knew" that I had received this million dollars. My position was most painful. The public believed I had turned traitor; my friends admitted I had made a terrible mistake. There was nothing for me to do but to pay the price of my Quixotic folly. I paid it—in the long weeks and months that followed that fatal Saturday morning interview.

"But why suffer under such a suspicion when it was easy to prove your innocence through Rogers?" my readers ask.

The first time I had unmistakable evidence that brought the story about me home to Whitney and his associates, I went to Mr. Rogers and said:

"Of all the beastly ingrates, your friends in the gas crowd are in the front ranks! I know for a certainty that instead of going about showing that I did them a good turn, purely because I took pity on those dependent upon them who were innocent and would suffer, they are doing everything in their

power to prove that I blackmailed them into paying me my price."

This happened several times, and on each occasion he would cool me down with some smooth argument and talk me off the track. Once I came to him in a bitter rage and said:

"Mr. Rogers, what do you think of this? The other day when I was up for election at the Yacht Club a club member went before the Election Committee and said that he had been told that I had blackmailed Whitney and the New England Gas & Coke Company out of a million dollars; and that if this were a fact, I should be refused admission. One of the committee, a personal friend of mine, at once denied the story, whereupon the member said his informant would stand for it. My friend asked the committee to wait until he could consult me. I told him to force proof at once so we might run down what this meant; thereupon the committee called for proof, and what do you think happened? The member took the committee to Kidder, Peabody & Co., Whitney's bankers; and a member of the firm, a man whose word I would take without question, assured them he knew it to be a fact that I had received a million dollars. You know the facts, and you know that a more damnable outrage than this accusation against me was never attempted. I owe it to myself to make a clean breast of the influence that was brought to bear to make me let up."

Mr. Rogers was greatly disturbed. He said with great earnestness:

"Of course, Lawson, you cannot make public my part of the transaction, because you have agreed not to, and there is no reason why you should sacrifice me because some other scoundrels persist in doing things against you which are not right. However, I'll take this affair in hand and will promise you'll not be troubled any more."

Again I let the wool be pulled over my eyes, accepted his specious explanations, and gave way to his arguments. But I withdrew my name from the Yacht Club, and the matter dropped—and again Whitney and his friends let it leak out that I had withdrawn because it had been proved I was guilty of this nefarious act.

All these affairs and events spread over a period of several years. At the close of the term of my truce I began to pound away again at the New England Gas & Coke scheme,

and as the stock and bonds were on the Stock Exchange, I had another place to hammer them in. Viciously I attacked their price structure and had the satisfaction of keeping the public far away from their securities. From time to time it came to me that Whitney and his friends were characterizing my work in driving their stocks down as outrageous—since I had been paid a million dollars to let them alone. Another time they told it around that I had taken in securities my pay for letting up on them and that my ostensible short sales were in reality the stock I had received as the price of my dishonor. I had made up my mind, however, that these men were a mean and vicious set of ingrates, and that I should go my own way and not worry about their foolish lies. About this time Mr. Rogers said to me in the course of one of our copper conferences:

"Lawson, I will give you some good commissions if you would like to have them."

"That is what my firm is in business for," I said.

"All right. I have a lot of New England Gas & Coke stock that I have taken from some of the underwriters that I should like to quietly work out of. Do you want to sell it? I thought perhaps you could get better prices than any one else, as the Whitney crowd will think it is short stock."

"Of course I can," I answered; "they will buy stock of me when they would not touch it from each other, and I should like nothing better than to have a block of it to sell to pound the price down."

Mr. Rogers did not tell me how much he had, but he had said "quite a block," and I began to sell. Every day or two for a number of days thereafter I would dispose of all Whitney and his brokers would buy; of course they did not want to buy, but were obliged to stand by to keep the price from falling. My principal brokers, Brown, Riley & Co., sold the stock on the floor of the Exchange, and each day they would report to me exactly what they had done, and I would report by phone to Rogers. He invariably delivered me the certificates the next morning. I noticed that these certificates were fresh ones; that is, that they evidently were made out each day in the names of my brokers, thereby hiding from me the name in which they had originally stood. After I had sold very nearly 7,000 shares, a director of the

This instalment of *Frenzied Finance* is continued on Page 41 of the *Advertising Section*.

The Simplicity of It

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Partners of the Tide," "Cap'n Eri," etc.

Illustrations by Martin Justice

"NO, no!" observed Mr. Solomon Pratt, lowering himself, by easy stages, into the armchair by the stove. "Ugh! Ow! No, 'tain't gout. Gout, they tell me, comes from eatin' too heavy and exercisin' too light. This is rheumatiz, and I got it by exercisin' twenty-five hours a day and dietin' on salt air puddin' with wind sass. A feller's appetite's an onreasonable thing, ain't it? It's when there ain't nothin' to eat that he feels hungriest. Oh, we're right up to the times down here! I've been livin' the simple life.

"Have you lived it yit? It's great. I used to cal'late that livin' the way I done down on the Neck road, diggin' clams, hoein' pertaters, pickin' cranb'ries, and takin' out gangs of summer folks on seasick parties was simple enough, but land, 'twas Hanover Street on a Saturday night 'longside of the reel article! You recommend the simple life to your friends.

"How do I know? Why, from experience and observation, same as the boy knew 'twa'n't good jedgment to tickle the snappin' turtle with his big toe.

"I was over at Cap'n Jonadab's 'Old Home House' last June, takin' the boarders out codfishin' in the Dora Bassett—she's my catboat, you remember. I done fairly well at it for so early in the season, and cal'lated to stay there till September. But, lo and behold you, amongst the fust haul of boarders was Martin G. Hornbelt and Calvin Van Ripton, and inside of a fortni't they'd made me the offer that led up to my signin' articles with 'em.

"One mornin' I was at the landin', untan-glin' fish-lines and perusin', so's to speak, on the reasons which leads city folks to pay one dollar per for the privilege of groanin' all day

over a ground swell. Then somebody says: 'Pratt,' and I looked up to see them two standin' on the wharf.

"Hornbelt was about fifty-five. He was a sort of all-round man, a circular kind of man. Five foot five, over all, I should say, and four foot in the beam. A man with three chins and folds in his neck behind. A slippery, shiny kind of man. He was wuth money, which he'd made by tellin' his New York friends what stocks they'd ought to invest in; then he'd hurry up and sell the stocks, so's there'd be plenty for 'em to buy. He said Wall Street was another name for Tophet; he was goin' to quit it and git back to nature.

"Van Ripton was built for speed. He was six foot two in racin' trim and didn't carry no ballast to speak of. He looked like he'd grown out of his hair, or that it'd parted amidships of his head and slipped down on to his cheeks. What I'm tryin' to git at is that he was bald and had grayish side-whiskers. He was a reformed investor, same as his chum. They'd both been at the 'Old Home House' sence it opened, and had fished and loafed and been out drivin' consider'ble. Peter T. Brown, he called 'em 'The Heavenly Twins,' though they wa'n't twins, and up to now I ain't discovered anything heavenly about 'em. But that's what Peter called 'em, anyhow.

"'Pratt,' hails Hornbelt, patronizin', and smilin' in creases, 'may—er—may we come aboard? We want to talk to you.'

"Now the last time I'd talked to the Twins was when I had 'em out codfishin'. 'Twas one of them slick, greasy kind of ca'm days, and the Dora Bassett rolled and heaved pretty average. Then their remarks had been gin'rally confined to 'Oh, my soul!' and 'When are we goin' ashore?' That, and callin' the boat anything but a clipper. But I was

willin' to talk if they was, so I says: 'Come on board.'

"Van Ripton swung off the wharf, graceful as a daddy-long-legs, and Hornbelt rolled after him, puffin' and wheezin' like a donkey-engine. They set down in the stern and passed round cigars. I was smokin' a pipe, but I took the cigar and put it in my pocket. Ain't no harm in gittin' all the bait you can, providin' you don't have to swaller the hook along with it.

"'Well,' says Martin G., smilin' easy and condescendin' at me, same as the Prince of Wales might smile at a hop-toad.

"'Well,' remarks Van Ripton, smilin', but harder, 'count of not havin' so much face to do it with.

"'Well?' says I, untanglin' fish-lines.

"'Van here—that is to say, Mr. Van Ripton—and myself,' begins Hornbelt, 'are very well pleased with the Cape in gin'ral, er—very well pleased indeed.'

"Van he nods and remarks: 'Ahem—yes; very well indeed.'

"'The Cape'll be proud to know it,' says I, some sarcastic. I don't mind bein' patronized, providin' I'm paid for it, but up to date I hadn't seen any cash symptoms developin'.

"'Yes,' goes on Martin G., 'er—yes. The fact is, we both like it so well that we have decided to make it our home for some months at least; for some months—er—yes. We have gone so far as to hire Ozone Island and the house on it and we intend campin' out—er—as it were—for the summer and—er—possibly the fall.'

"'Ozone Island?' says I. 'Ozone Island?' I thought I knew the Cape middlin' well, but Ozone Island wa'n't on my chart.

"The slim Twin must have noticed that I was out of soundin's, for says he, 'Martin,' says he, 'it is probable that Pratt may know the island better by its old name. It was formerly called, I b'lieve, Horsefoot Bar.'

"Well, I knew where Horsefoot Bar was. It's on the Bay side of the Cape, about ten mile from East Wellmouth, a mile and a ha'f from the mainland, and two foot from the jumpin'-off place. By the help of Providence, decent weather, a horse, two whips, and a boat, you can make it from Wellmouth depot in four hours. And when you have made it, you can set in the sand and hang on to your hat and listen to the lonesomeness. It's as restful as bein' buried alive, and pretty nigh as pleasant.

"'Horsefoot Bar!' says I. 'You've hired Horsefoot Bar? What on airth——'

"Well, it seemed that them Heavenly Twins had simplicity in its wust form. They'd read the advertisements of the 'Old Home House'; and the corn-husk mattresses and 'pie like mother used to make' had hooked 'em. But after they'd been boardin' at the Home for a fortni't or so they see 'twa'n't the reel thing, after all—'twa'n't radical enough for the simple life. So they went prospectin' and pretty soon they run up against Horsefoot Bar. And the gin'ral desolation and God-forsakenness of it hit 'em where they lived. So they see Nate Scudder and hired the island and the old house on it. And now they'd come to hire me and the Dora Bassett.

"And they done it. Fust off, I wouldn't hear of livin' over there and cookin' for 'em, but they kept h'istin' up the wage limit, till fin'lly I give in. And inside of a week me and the Heavenly Twins and a couple of tons of dunnage was unloaded from the Dora Bassett onto Ozone Island—Horsefoot Bar as was—to lead the simple life.

"There's a house on Ozone Island. It was built by old man Marcellus Berry, and in Marcellus's day they *built* houses, didn't stick 'em together with wall-paper and a mortgage, like they do now. Consequence is that, though the winter weather on Horsefoot made Marcellus lay down a consider'ble spell ago, his house still stands, as pert and sassy an old gable-ended jail as ever was. And besides the house and sheds and sech like, there's a bunch of sickly scrub-pines, some beach-plum bushes, lots of beach-grass and poverty-grass, seven thousand hop-toads, twenty million sand-fleas, and sand enough to support their children's children unto the third and fourth generation.

"Afore the first day was over I could see that the simple life was the reel thing—for the Twins. They walked up and down the piazza, superintendin', while I carted the dunnage into the house and fixed things up. Then I cooked dinner and washed dishes. Then I fixed up some more. Then I cooked supper. And *how* them reformers did eat!

"'By Jove, you know!' observes Hornbelt, with his mouth full; 'this is what we have been lookin' for, Calvin. *This* is gittin' back to nature.'

"Van, he grunted, bein' too busy with a fried mack'rel to talk with comfort. But it was easy to see he was satisfied.



"SUPERINTENDIN'."

"They went on, braggin' about how they'd cut loose from the fight and worry of Wall Street, and how, at last, they reeled that life was wuth livin'.

"No more speculation for me," says Van, joyful. "No more frettin' about margins. I don't give a continental if the whole market busts to flinders. I'll never buy another share of stock."

"Nor me neither," agrees Hornbelt, reachin' out for his fifth slab of johnny-cake. "I'm done!"

"Then they got to pityin' the poor devils of millionaires they'd left behind. It was touchin' to hear 'em. You could see what a dreadful thing 'twas to be rich. I hadn't envied the folks in the poorhouse afore, but now I see my mistake.

"We'll stay here until it gets too cold for comfort," says Hornbelt, "and then we'll take a little place in Florida for the winter; hey, Van?"

"Humph!" says Van. "Don't you think Florida is too fashionable? We must be true to our principles. I doubt if we shall ever tire of it right here. Don't you remember the winters when you was a boy in the country, Martin? Wa'n't they delightful?"

"Hornbelt, he swore they was next door to Paradise. Then, havin' et everything in sight, they lit up their cigars, and went out for a walk on the beach. But the moskeeters was livin' the simple life too, and the Twins come inside pretty quick. Then they commenced to preach 'Nature' some more.

"Set down, Pratt," they says, "and improve your mind."

"But I was improvin' the dishes jest then, and when that was done, I had beds to make and bread to mix and a couple of million other chores to do. The Twins talked till they got sleepy and then turned in. I got into my bunk about twelve, and tired—don't talk!

"Next mornin' I was up at five and cooked breakfast enough for six men, but when the Twins got through I had to cook another ration for myself. I never see sech sharks in my life. Then Nate Scudder sailed over from the mainland and they went out to talk to him.

"Nate lives up on the road to East Wellmouth, 'bout two miles from where you land when you go ashore from Horsefoot. Him and his wife make money by not spendin' any. She takes in washin' and he takes in



"WHILE I CARTED THE DUNNAGE INTO THE HOUSE."

everybody he can. They sell antiques to summer folks—antique chairs, antique dishes, and sech. If you want to buy an antique, go to Nate; if he ain't got it in stock, he'll have it made for you. You can buy any sort of antique off Scudder—anything from bureaus to chickens.

"Nate and the Heavenly Twins was chums by this time. He'd leased 'em Ozone Horse-foot Island—house, sand-fleas, and all. Also he'd agreed to fetch and carry for 'em—so much to fetch and twice that to carry. Also he was to bring milk every mornin', likewise eggs and butter.

"When the simple-lifers come back to the house after their interview with Brother Scudder, they was sloppin' over with joy.

"'Pratt,' says Martin G., 'do you suppose you could make a garden back of the house here?'

"'Maybe I could,' says I, 'if I dug through to China and hit loam on t'other side. Otherwise,' says I, 'you couldn't raise anything in this sand but blisters.'

"'Mr. Scudder will bring us loam at three dollars a boat-load,' says Van, cheerful. 'He says it'll take about fifteen boat-loads.'

"'He does, hey?' says I. 'At three dol-

lars per? That's gen'rous of him. Anything else?'

"'Yes; he is to bring us milk each mornin' at nine cents a quart. That's only one cent more'n you pay in New York, and when you consider how fur he has to bring it, I call it dirt cheap.'

"'Well, 'twas 'bout as cheap as the dirt Nate was sellin' 'em, but I didn't say nuthin'.

"'Also,' remarks Hornbelt, 'we are to raise chickens. Mr. Scudder will sell us live Plymouth Rocks at thirty cents a pound. Pratt, you may make ready the—er—poultry-yard at once.'

"And that's how we commenced to live the simple life. The Twins loafed and superintended, and smoked and fished and et. All I had to do was to turn out afore sun-up and cook breakfast, and feed hens, and hoe that da—excuse me—that blessed garden, and sweep and dust, and untangle fish-lines, and make beds, and git dinner, and sail a boat, and chop wood and so on and so forth, until eleven or twelve at night. 'Twas the simplest thing ever you see. I lost a pound a week at it; got so thin that whenever I fell down my legs made grooves in the ground—fact.

"Well, the summer dragged along and

September come. The garden had seen its best days. We'd reaped our harvest—six ear of corn, four cucumbers, one tomatter with the yaller jaundice, and twelve pertaters, includin' a wormy one. Beach plums was gittin' ripe and moskeeters was goin' to seed. The Twins were still braggin' loud about nature and simplicity, but I thought I could see signs of tiresomeness.

"It come on gradual. When they fust landed they wouldn't have a newspaper even to kindle fire with—I had to use poverty-grass for that. But now Scudder fetched the New York and Boston papers every day. And there was a kind of fight to see who'd read 'em fust. I remember one time, 'long in September 'twas, that Hornbelt set readin' the New York *Evenin' Post*.

"By Jove!" he busts out. "Van, Consolidated Tea Lead's up three points from what

touch stocks again? Give me that financial page.'

"Martin G. passes it over, lookin' pretty shamefaced.

"'There!' says Van, crumplin' it up and shovin' it into his pocket. 'That corrupt influence is out of the way. Have you read that article on "The Raisin' of Small Fruits" in the *Rural Gentleman*?' says he.

"Hornbelt said he hadn't and they read it out loud, criticizin' and pickin' it to pieces as if they was fruit-growers from way back. But late that night I found Van Ripton out in the woodshed readin' the *Post* financial page and lookin' mighty interested.

"The mail commenced to get bigger about that time. Nate brought it over every afternoon. And I noticed that fust one and then the other of the Twins would git him to one side and talk mighty confidential. I found a



"AND I'LL BE YARD-ARMED IF HE DIDN'T COME BACK WITH SIX BEAUTIES."

'twas a week ago. There must be somethin' doin',' he says.

"Van Ripton looked at him kind of sad and disapp'inted. 'Martin,' says he, 'have you forgot that we've sworn never to

telegram envelope in the woodbox with Hornbelt's name on it, and I see Van burnin' another one in the cook-stove.

"Scudder was supplyin' us with fresh skim-milk and store vegetables right along. Our

hens wa'n't workin' overtime and so he sold us consider'ble many eggs. I hove out a hint or two that maybe he was chargin' too much, but the Twins come down on me like a thousand of brick.

"But one day Van goes off alone with Nate and I'll be yard-armed if he didn't come back with six beauties. And the way he crowed over me and Fatty was scandalous, until, the week after that, Hornbelt himself goes gun-



"DO," SAYS I. "DO? WHY, SCRATCH FOR A LIVIN'."

"Mr. Scudder," says Hornbelt, "is a rough di'mond—a true gentleman at heart."

"He is one of nature's noblemen," remarks Van Ripton, scornful.

"So I shet up. I'm a democrat myself, so the nobility don't appeal to me much. And if Nate Scudder's a di'mond, I'm glad I can't afford jew'lry.

"We had a cold spell in October and I thought maybe the simple-lifers would be for haulin' up anchor and headin' to the south-'ard, but they didn't budge. Fact is, I cal-'late, one was ashamed to say he wanted to quit and t'other dasn't. So we stayed where we was. The ducks begun to fly and we went shootin' in the Dora Bassett. I bagged a few, but Hornbelt and Van Ripton couldn't hit a flock of balloons with a cannon, so they didn't have no luck.

nin' with Scudder and brings home eight, bigger'n better than his chum's. So, after that, 'twas nothin' but what a great hunter Nate was, and rubbin' it into me. And all the time the Twins got more nervous and more anxious to read the papers, and 'nature's nobleman' got to callin' twice a day.

"Was you in this latitude when the November no'theaster struck? No? Well, you missed somethin'. We don't often have a reel blizzard on the Cape, but when we do, we git all the back numbers without subscribin' for 'em. That was about the wust snow-gale that ever I see, and old Horsefoot Ozone was the storm-center, the hub, the hot place in the corn-popper. She come on to blow about four o'clock in the mornin', and at noon Marcellus's slab palace was tremblin' like it had the palsy and the Bay looked like a tortoise-



"AND AS FOR HORNBELT CHOPPIN' WOOD—!"

shell cat in a fit—jest a whirligig of black and white and yellor water.

"At one o'clock the Dora Bassett dragged her anchor and run aground at the p'int and stove a hole in her bow. She'd have banged herself to flinders if I hadn't worked all the afternoon, up to my waist in ice-water, gittin' her stripped and made fast. The Heavenly Twins helped by settin' at an up-stairs back winder and poundin' on the glass and makin' signs—sup'rintendin', as usual. 'Twas reel kind of 'em, and if they'd heard some of the language I hove back, they'd have reelized how grateful I was.

"That night two things happened. It commenced to snow like all the flour-barrels on earth had been upset; also and likewise I was took with the gallopin' rheumatiz.

"Next mornin' the fire was out, the snow and wind was wuss than ever, and I couldn't move scurcely without howlin' like a dog with his tail in the door. The Twins felt bad—they hadn't had any breakfast.

"But what'll we *do?*" says Hornbelt, distressful.

"Do?" I answers, between yells. "I

don't care what you do. Only don't bother me. Ow! O-o-o-o! my shoulder!"

"But what'll we do for food?" frets Van Ripton.

"That made me mad. 'Do?' says I. '*Do?* Why, scratch for a livin', same's I've had to all my days. Work, consarn you! *work!*'

"I said consider'ble many more things. 'Twas a kind of jerky talk—I had to stop every minute or so to attend to the rheumatiz—but there was meat in it. I didn't skip anything; leastwise I tried not to. I hope it done 'em good; it seemed to help *me* a heap.

"Well, they went to work, but they was way down at the foot of the primer class so fur as that branch of larnin' was consarned. You ought to have seen Van tryin' to kindle a fire! And as for Hornbelt choppin' wood——!

"We had breakfast about quarter past ten, and I was too sick to have any appetite—which was a mercy and I'm thankful for it. We had smoked mush, Wall Street style, and fried eggs with cinders, and one cup of coffee for three; but that one cup was strong enough—owin' to Van's lettin' it bite

for two hours—so nobody wanted any more.

"Neither of the Twins would wash dishes, so they chucked 'em into the sink and left 'em there. They put in the rest of the forenoon tryin' to look out of the winder and cussin' the weather. Dinner was served at four; scorched eggs again and coffee. No dish-washin'. The draft kept the fire roarin', and so more wood had to be chopped. I thought there'd be a fight 'fore they decided who was to do it, but they matched nickels and Hornbelt got stuck. His remarks would have brought tears to your eyes; they did to mine. Supper was cut out—all hands turned in instead.

"Next day the snow was lettin' up some, but the wind was still doin' bus'ness at the old stand. The dishes was all dirty, so some of 'em *had* to be washed. Grub was gittin' low and for dinner we had part of a hunk of dry cornbread and two eggs. The Heavenly-lies was muscle-sore and lame and wouldn't speak to each other hardly. They matched for the wood-choppin' again, and I'm blessed if Hornbelt didn't git the short end, as usual. He pretty nigh cried, and the sight of Van up-

settin' the tea-kettle and gettin' next door to scalded was the only thing that comforted him.

"The storm blocked every road and stalled all the trains. Not a wheel moved, while it lasted, from Sandwich to Provincetown. We put in another day of simplicity—the reel genuine article, not the imitation—afore Nate Scudder showed up. You never see anybody so welcome as he was. The Twins fairly fell on his neck when he landed from the dory. I could hobble a little by that time, but I didn't go nigh Nate; I had to feed the hens and the pig. The poor critters' lives, for the last few days, had been simpler even than ours was—they hadn't had *nothin'* to eat.

"Well, when Hornbelt and Van come back to the house again, after Scudder'd gone, they was feelin' some better. Fust thing they told me was to pack up and git ready to clear out next day. Seems they'd sold the live-stock to Nate and he'd agreed to let 'em off on the house lease—which had been fixed to run till January—for a consideration. 'Nature's nobleman' was to call and take us off the island the follerin' afternoon.

"We packed up—that is, I did, while the Twins rested. After supper we set round the dinin'-room and thought. I got out a piece of paper and a pencil and went to figgerin'. Van was roostin' in front of the fire-place readin' somethin' mighty earnest. All at once I looked up and I see Hornbelt sneak up behind him and peek over his shoulder. Then there was a circus.

"'You—you—traitor you!' sings out Martin G., 'what's that you've got there?'

"The slim Twin jumps and turns pale. He stuffed what he'd been readin' into his pocket.

"'Nothin'!' says he, stuttrin'. 'Tain't anything but an old letter.'

"'It's a broker's letter,' says Hornbelt. 'You villain, you've been speculatin'!'

"Fust off Van was for denyin' everything, but 'twa'n't any use; Hornbelt had read the letter.



"GETTIN' NEXT DOOR TO SCALDED."

"'You've been tradin' in stocks,' says the fat one, like his heart was broke. 'You, that led me into swearin' I'd never touch the market again! You, that—'

"He couldn't say, any more. 'Twas terrible sad.

"'I'm mighty sorry, Martin,' begs Van, mournful and pleadin'. 'I own up that I've backslid awful. But, you see, it got so deadly dull here, and when I see what the *Post* said about Tea Lead bein' a good purchase, I wired to Smythe and he—'

"'Tea Lead?' hollers Hornbelt. 'Have you been buyin' Tea Lead?'

"'Yes, I have. I'm carryin' a pretty good jag of it, too, wuss luck! This letter was written four days ago and Scudder says no mail's come through from New York yet, nor no telegrams, so—'

"'Wait a minute!' busts in Martin G. 'Has Scudder been lookin' out for your telegrams and orders?'

"'Yes, he has. I might's well own up. I've been payin' him three dollars a day to attend to 'em and say nothin' to you. I'm ashamed enough, Martin, but—'

"Hornbelt didn't seem to hear him.

'Three dollars!' he says. '*Three* dollars! Why, the blasted robber's *been chargin' me five!*'

"Well, there 'twas! The cat was out of the bag, and both Twins was tarred with the same brush. Seems both of 'em had been buckin' the Tea Lead market for over two months, each scart to death for fear t'other'd find it out, and both bribin' Nate to keep his mouth shet. They was mad at fust, but after awhile they got to laffin'.

"Whew!" says Van, wipin' his forehead; 'you and me come down here to rest and git away from bus'ness worry, but I've worried more in the last thirty days than I've done afore in years. It's hard to larn old dogs new tricks, ain't it?'

"It is so," agrees Hornbelt.

"The next afternoon, when the dory came after the Ozone Islanders, there was a boy rowin' it; Nate wa'n't in sight. The youngster said Mr. Scudder and his wife had gone up to Boston on a visit, but that he'd sent word for them not to worry about the pig and hens—they'd be 'tended to, all right.

"We got to the Wellmouth depot after the longest, freezin'est sleigh-ride ever I took. The Twins didn't say much; they put in the time shiv'rin'. They was goin' to the city right off, but I had to stay to see 'bout gittin' the Dora Bassett patched up.

"While we was standin' by the stove, waitin' for the train, I put my hand in my pocket and took out a piece of paper I'd been figgerin' on the night afore.

"What you got there?" asks Hornbelt.

"I passed it over to him. It read like this:

"The Simple Life, Dr., to Nathan Scudder, Nature's Nobleman.

"15 loads of dirt at \$3.00 a load.	
That's	\$45.00
"20 hens (six of 'em roosters) at 30 cts. a lb. That's.....	14.00 and the hens.
"1 hog - sold for \$4.00 when he was little and bought back for \$3.00 when he was good and fat. That's	1.00 and the hog.

"160 quarts of skim-milk (he kept the cream and made it into butter to sell us) at 9 cts. a quart. That's.....	\$14.40
"About 40 lbs. of butter (made out of our cream) at 25 cts. a lb. That's.....	10.00
"Vegetables and truck (mostly from the store).....	10.00
"Lease of Ozone Horsefoot Island for 4 months, at \$25.00 a month (a cent more'n \$4.00 a year is like robbin' your grandmarm). That's.....	100.00
"For cancelin' the lease which was to run till January.....	20.00
"About 90 days' secret keepin' at \$8.00 a day (\$5.00 from M. G. H. and \$3.00 from C. V. R.). That's.....	720.00

"Total (it ain't nigh all).... \$934.40
 "And 10 hens and 1 hog besides."

"Van Ripton he come up and read the thing over his partner's shoulder.

"Humph!" says he; 'I guess likely I can add a couple of items to that. Martin, what did you pay for them ducks you got when you went out gunnin' with Scudder?'

"Hornbelt blushed up a little, but he answered prompt.

"Well," says he, 'to tell the truth, Scudder sold 'em to me for a dollar'n a ha'f apiece—twelve dollars altogether.'

"Yes?" says Van. 'Well, you're lucky. He charged me most as much as that for my six.'

"Nobody said anything for a minute. Then I fetched a long breath.

"No use talkin'," says I; 'there may be some good things in *livin'* the simple life, but—'

"Van twisted his mouth as if he'd et somethin' that tasted bad.

"I prefer Scudder's plan," says he. 'That's to have the good things live it for you.'

"Hornbelt leans over and taps me on the vest.

"Pratt," says he, 'if anybody asks you where Mr. Van Ripton and I have gone, you tell 'em we've gone back to New York to live the compoundest, duplexest life to be found from Harlem to the Batt'ry,' says Martin G. Hornbelt."



THE GREATEST TRUST IN THE WORLD

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

EDITOR'S NOTE.—All readers of Mr. Russell's articles have asked themselves many times, as they have read of the extraordinary conditions created by the Beef Trust: What can be done to meet a situation so extraordinary and so full of peril to the republican form of government? In this instalment Mr. Russell comes to the climax of his disclosures and then deals with this question: What Can Be Done? In leading up to a consideration of possible remedies, Mr. Russell shows how little can be expected of mere legislation by telling the astonishing story of the water thefts in Chicago and the strange inaction of the authorities that has in a thousand ways aided the Beef Trust to attain its present unexampled power. In view of all the failures to enforce existing laws forbidding railroad rebates (which are the mainspring of the Beef Trust) Mr. Russell inquires what use there may be in a special session of Congress, or what reason there is to think its laws will be any more effective than those he shows to be dead letters. He discusses various remedies that have been suggested in the course of his investigation, and indicates the only one for Trust evils that seems to him to have any promise of efficiency.

CHAPTER XI

SIDE-LIGHTS ON TRUST OPERATIONS

WHEREVER this Trust goes and in whatsoever it deals and howsoever it operates, in great things and in little, it proceeds with utter indifference to any kind of legal restraint.

It is, for instance, in daily violation of the laws of the State of Illinois and has been for years. No step has ever been taken to enforce these laws upon it. No State's Attorney of Cook County has ever brought it to the notice of any Grand Jury. No State nor local officer has ever made the slightest effort to get evidence against it. I have good legal endorsement for the opinion that under the Illinois law alone, to say nothing of Federal enactments, it would be quite possible to check, to disarm, or even to destroy this illegal combination. Yet the Illinois law, formidable against all other malefactors, against these is a dagger of lath, a thing of naught.

Let me tell you a little story to illustrate this strange power over the machinery of justice.

The Water Department of the Chicago city government customarily issues every summer a series of frantic warnings to the inhabitants of the great South Side, telling them that they must be careful and abstemious about the use of the city water because there is very little of it. What? With all Lake Michigan at their doors? Yes, all Lake Michigan is at their doors; and yet of the precious stuff these people must use none to sprinkle lawns nor to lay the dust, and even with these restrictions, and all possible care, dwellers in upper tenements may sometimes have not enough water wherewith to wash dishes nor their own hands. Parts of the South Side are densely populated. Sometimes the great southwest wind blows for days up from the black, baking prairies, the withering simoom of the West, and in the sweltering heat water is as necessary as air, and in the upper tenement ovens women toil breathless up and down stairs with pitchers

to get a few drops of the hoarded thing that lies in inexhaustible supply in the cool lake almost in their sight.

But why? *Because the packing-houses steal the water.* They steal it summer and winter, spring and fall, but in the summer the general consumption is the greatest, and then the results of the stealing become apparent and women toil with the pitchers.

Steal—harsh word, is it not? And you think I should not use it here, do you not? But observe: The thieving is perfectly well known and has been for years. The packing-houses must needs use vast quantities of water, especially in summer. Some floors must be kept constantly flooded with running water; many streams must always be playing where the slaughtering goes on. Water is a great matter in Packingtown. Now in Chicago the city owns and operates the water supply. Large users of water are supplied through meters and pay according to the amount they consume. For a long time the small sums paid for water by the packing-houses had aroused annual comment. The initiated, to be sure, understood well enough why the payments were so small, but the general public is not usually in the initiated class. In 1900 the uninformed public broke out into such general clamor about the obvious leakage that the city authorities (somewhat belatedly, one would think) began an investigation. Men with pickaxes and spades uncovered the public mains about Packingtown. Before long they had discovered that every considerable packing-house had secret connections with the water supply. There were pipes of various sizes, three inch and four inch, six inch and eight inch, each leading from the city's conduits to the works of some packing company. In some cases tunnels had been driven under the streets to the mains, and taps inserted. *In one case the mains themselves had been diverted from the highway through the works, and on these city-owned pipes one firm had planted three great pumps, busily engaged in drawing water. And for all this supply thus surreptitiously obtained the packers paid not a cent.*

The facts about these discoveries were incontrovertible. The men with the pickaxes laid the illegal connections bare to the daylight; anybody might go and see them. Seven secret pipes were discovered leading into the Swift plant; practically every packing-house was shown to have like connections. A twelve-inch pipe ran the entire

length of Packingtown and was illegally tapped wherever water was needed. In some places, as the work progressed, fresh excavations were found, and secret pipes that had been hurriedly broken off and removed. Former employees of the packers told how the connections had been made at night and by gangs of men instructed to silence. First and last, probably fifty illegal connections were found. One of them was an engine with two valves, one labelled "City Water" and the other "Cistern Water," and the "City Water" connection was an eight-inch pipe through which the water was stolen. In one packing-house the city authorities broke off and sealed up its illegal conduit, and instantly on the meter the registration of paid water jumped from 5,000 cubic feet to 34,000 cubic feet a day.

Great indignation followed when the public learned the real reason for the short water supply, and for the packers' small payments to the water fund.

But here a very curious circumstance was to be observed. The chief offenders were the greatest houses. In the cases of the small packers, the city excavators relentlessly bared the whole of the illegal connections; in the cases of the Swift and Armour companies, the work invariably stopped at the line of the Swift property or of the Armour property. Some mysterious power always seemed to make it impossible to excavate further; the pickaxes turned in the laborers' hands, the spades refused to be worked beyond the border line of these sacred possessions; a mystical spell seemed to dwell there always. Some persons protested and complained; they might as well have raved against the wind. It was easily possible to excavate on all other soil; on Swift or Armour ground neither strength nor skill could make an impression. What excavating had been done outside of this magic circle showed plainly enough where the water-pipes led; the last link of legal evidence that would have convinced a court was always (in these cases) missing.

But the public demanded some action about the water thefts; some one must be punished. "Certainly," shouted the State Attorney's office, virtuously excited, "some one must be punished!" Presently it produced the horrible villain and with loud acclaim and much smug satisfaction led him to the altars of sacrifice. And who was he? One Harry H. Boore, a mild, inoffensive gentleman, mana-

ger of the Continental Packing Company. Now the Continental Packing Company, a small independent concern, was at that time hanging by three fingers to the gunwale of existence; a good smart rap at any time would have knocked it off into the Trust maw, where, by the way, it now reposes. The amount of water that this concern had stolen was small, and of the thieving Mr. Boore probably knew as little as any other executive in Packingtown. Nevertheless he was haled along, indicted, tried, and on February 18, 1901, he was convicted of stealing \$14.96 worth of water! And in this august and terrible manner did Justice shake her sword and vindicate herself in Cook County. This was the beginning; also the end. Mr. Boore, it is almost superfluous to say, did not go to the bridewell. On July 10 another court granted him a new trial. Whereupon his indictment, with the indictments of four others as obscure as he, was allowed to glide conveniently into the Saragossa Sea of forgotten things, whence it has never returned.

And how about the big thieves, the companies with the eight-inch pipes and the companies with the pumps? Good sir, or madam, do not distress yourself about these; they went their placid way unharmed. The illegal pipes remained as before; also the pumps, in good working order. The diverted city mains were not restored to their proper positions; the fraudulent connections continued to perform their useful functions, the thieving taps were not discontinued, summer after summer the Water Department repeats its frantic warnings, and tests recently made with a pitometer showed that the water stealings in Packingtown amount to one billion gallons a year.

Strange? Not in the least. Any other condition would be strange. The great packing-houses are, and always have been, independent of and superior to law. If they were amenable to law, could they continue to dose products of theirs with preservative chemicals injurious to health? How are they able to dodge the statutes governing under-billing and inspection? How do they avoid paying the State of New York the millions they owe it for butterine penalties? How did they manage to emerge unharmed from the terrible "embalmed beef" revelations of the Spanish war? How did they escape prosecution when more American soldiers fell before their deadly beef than were hit by all the Spanish guns? How did they control

the government on that occasion? How have they controlled it so often since? The Standard Oil, is of course, a very efficient Trust. But you have not known even the Standard Oil Company to exercise a power like to this. The Standard Oil Company usually conforms to at least a semblance of law; it has never openly defied injunctions, trampled on statutes and dictated to national, state, and city governments.

We have laws to secure for us pure food; we have laws for the inspection of meat products. In Packingtown these laws are a jest. Every year there thousands of cows that never should be slaughtered are cut up for food. Go there as a visitor, and neatly uniformed attendants escort you through a corner of the works where butchers in immaculate attire perform for the delectation of the grand stand, and believing you have seen slaughtering, you marvel at the exceeding neatness and cleanness of everything. You have seen a show, you have been at a play. The real work is done where no outsider can see it; attempt at any point to wander from the beaten path and see how swiftly you will be driven back. Policemen and watchmen guard every avenue. You shall see nothing but what the company is willing to show you, the play actors with their white aprons, the girls in neat dress. I put aside now all the London *Lancel's* terrifying allegations concerning the dark secrets behind this carefully arranged stage. I merely observe, first, that the nation's slaughter-house is conducted in absolute secrecy when it ought to be in the broad day, open to any inspection; second, that the vastly increased use of chemicals in our meats, boric acid, borax, formaline, is a demonstrated fact; third, that, aside from all this, the average quality of the beef cattle slaughtered in the United States has declined twenty-five per cent. since the Trust began its operations, and solely because of the Trust.

Preservative chemicals are cheaper than refrigeration.

Since the Trust has been manipulating the prices of cattle, driving prices down in the face of scanty supplies and overturning all possible calculations of the market, feeders will no longer keep cattle the length of time required to put them in good condition. This simple matter is of the utmost importance to the people of the United States; it has the scantest attention. To fit Western range (feeder) cattle for the market, they should be fed at least six months on corn. They were so

fed six months or more until the Trust began to play tricks with the market. But six months' feeding involves a greater expense than the manipulated prices of cattle will bear. Consequently the feeder now markets his cattle on three months' feeding or less, and the consumer gets inferior beef. Very few prime cattle are now to be had in the Chicago market. The Trust does not care. Its profits are greater on inferior stock. By the use of preservatives it can make inferior meat stand transportation, and as it has no competition and no law to fear, why should it bother?

This is the price that in our happy land we pay for Trusts. We seem determined to have them, but it must be admitted that at times the bargain seems dear.

CHAPTER XII

HOW GRAFT BEGETS GRAFT

TOLLESTON is a water-tank, a whistling post, or something of the kind, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, also on the Michigan Central, about twenty miles east of Chicago.

The name is sweetly sonorous and suggestive of rural comfort and the fruits of the earth, but the country around this Tolleston is nothing to boast of, being, in fact, dismal barrens, desolate sand-dunes, and wind-bitten scrub-oak. If anybody lives thereabout the curious passenger on the flying express-train can for miles discover no infallible sign of his race. Something, indeed, suggests the work of human hands in the wide straight wales or openings that seem to have been cut at regular intervals through the scrub-oak. Yet even these are not convincing. They cannot be roads, for they bear no wheel-marks, they have never been traveled upon. They cannot even be paths, for there are no people to tread them. The only certain conclusion about them is that they once were and now they are relapsing to the state of primeval wilderness.

Thus the untutored traveler. But now and then some one rides that way on a train, and looking upon the Tolleston sand-dunes and wide wales, he smiles grimly, for they recall to him a singular chapter in corporation history. But this is a man with a memory and a knowledge of old stories, and such be few. As a rule Tolleston and environs provoke no mirth, only weariness and thirst, for they have a dry look.

Yet Tolleston narrowly escaped being one of the industrial centers of America, a rival of Chicago, perhaps; certainly a great, busy city. Barren Tolleston, weary and dry Tolleston, Tolleston the whistling post among the sand-dunes, the water-tank on the trunk lines, grazed that magnificent destiny and missed it chiefly through the agency of Chauncey M. Depew and one other.

It is not to relate anecdotes of Depew that to Tolleston I strive to give here what fame I may, but the incident in which he figured is a pertinent illustration of the Trust and the way it does business (and people), and the kind of a power it is, and the pleasant ways of money-grubbing that have endowed us with the blessings of dear meat; and this is the place to tell it.

Whichever way we turn in this story, from the "icing charge" piracies of the private car to the arbitrary control of the cattle market, there is but one prospect, and that is graft.

Now in the case of the Chicago Stock Yards the graft is good and of many kinds. The yards are the largest in the world. They handle more live stock than any other yards; they return more profit to their owners. When they were established, 1865, the site was bought for \$1,000 an acre; now it is worth almost as much as land in the business center of the city, distant five miles. At the end of the first year the enterprise might have been worth half a million dollars; at present it is worth \$40,000,000 or nothing, as the next few months will determine.

The yards exist to facilitate (for a consideration) the exchange of cattle between grower and shipper or packer. For this service (that is, for providing a place to which cattle can be shipped and where they can be sheltered and marketed), the stock-yards company charges a fee called "yardage."

The "yardage" on cattle and horses is 25 cents a head, on hogs 8 cents a head, on sheep 5 cents a head, on calves 15 cents a head.

The receipts of cattle in 1904 were 3,259,185; of hogs, 7,238,746; of sheep, 4,504,630; of calves, 267,499; of horses, 105,949. So it will be seen that "yardage" is a good thing for the company. Last year it yielded \$1,687,000.

"Yardage" is only one of the company's good things. It has, for instance, a rule that live stock entering its yards can be fed with only the food that it supplies, and it supplies corn at 75 cents a bushel and hay at \$20 and

\$25 a ton. In the market corn costs about 40 cents a bushel and hay \$10 a ton. Much feed is required. The business (for the company) is good. Moreover, the cattlemen must accept the corn as measured and the hay as weighed by the company's agents, and there has been complaint that these measures and these weights are not always the measures and weights of commerce.

There is also good money to be made from the rentals charged by the company. It owns on its property the group of buildings occupied by the Live Stock Exchange and by the offices of all the commission men that do business at the yards. Considering the cost of land and construction, these are probably the most profitable rented buildings in America. It also owns a hotel, some stores, and other enterprises, and from all these the income is ample.

For many years "yardage," feeding charges, and rentals formed the company's income. Ten or twelve years ago it was thought that the traffic would bear a new imposition. I must explain here, if you are not already familiar with the fact, that in all these operations, including all railroad tariffs, there is no such thing as making a rate on the basis of a fair return for a service rendered. The one idea is to gouge from the traffic all that the public is likely to endure without rioting. So for the benefit of the poor but deserving stock-yards company, somebody devised an additional tax called "terminal charges." I may assure you in passing that there is no sense to "terminal charges," no reason for them, no justice in them. They have been declared illegal by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Supreme Court. They represent no service performed nor facility afforded; they represent nothing but the ability to extort—and the opportunity. When "terminal charges" were proposed at the stock-yards, the railroad companies were at once all attention; here was something in their line, here was a game of hold-up in which years of practise had made them expert. They insisted on getting a share of the loot, and by some of the hocus-pocus of high finance so managed things that when the extortionate "terminal charges" were finally fixed at \$2 for every car of live stock received at the yards, a partition of the spoils was arranged so that the railroads and the company each got about a half, varying in different cases. Which, considering the annual receipts of about 300,000 cars, amounts to another good thing.

The net results of all this excellent business are such that on the former basis of capitalization the Union Stock-yards and Transit Company would now be paying forty per cent. dividends, or more.

The Chicago Stock-yards are not (as yet) owned by the packers, but by a separate corporation in which the packers have no voice. The chief owners are the Vanderbilts; the president of the owning corporation is Chauncey M. Depew. Between the owners and the packers smolders an old feud—business. Years and years ago the packers clearly perceived the enormous possibilities, graft and legitimate, of the stock-yards, and decided that they needed the property in their business. In their own stock-yards elsewhere they had tasted the sweets of "terminal charges" and "yardage," of feeding-charges and high rentals, and the savor was like blood to a tiger. They made repeated and desperate efforts to get the property, and in 1890 approached the Union Stock-yards and Transit Company (a title then in familiar use) with a proposal to purchase. The company regarded the offer with amused astonishment. Sell a mint like that, a machine that coined money? Well, not exactly. Here was something that paid thirty per cent. a year and had the certainty of increased returns. Should poor men part with a good thing like that?

So the packers, who had probably foreseen exactly such an answer, proceeded to other plans.

Mr. Nelson Morris moved first. He bought an area of land to the south of the old yards, and sent agents about the West announcing that he was to conduct an independent stock exchange, and all shippers that wished fair treatment and no commissions had better send their cattle and hogs to him. The news to the stock raisers was like rainfall in a desert. Competitive stock-yards they had sometimes wildly dreamed of, but had never hoped to see. So Mr. Morris's venture was loudly applauded in those regions. Nevertheless, it was of few days and full of trouble. I may say that to the railroads, enlisted through the Vanderbilt influence in support of the old yards, Mr. Morris was easy; they made short work of him, and by the simplest of maneuvers. They merely refused to deliver to his yards the cars that had been shipped thither. They said they did not recognize any such place as the Morris yards, and calmly hauled all cars to the old terminal. If Mr. Morris wanted them he

must come and get them and pay switching charges. The Morris venture did not survive the shock.

Meanwhile the Armour and Swift people had been wiser, for they had bethought themselves of Tolleston, magic name. So they bought at Tolleston, and cheaply, a vast area of sand-dunes and barrens and announced that they were about to move their whole Chicago plants thither.

The news was not welcome to Chicago. It meant the closing of the city's most important industry and an enormous loss in business and population. The packing-houses employed at that time 25,000 men, and that meant a population of about 125,000 to be lost in one lump and transferred to another and eventually a rival place.

But if the city at large looked with extreme disfavor on the project, a part of the people prepared to derive from the untoward situation whatever consolation may lie in profits. Speculative Chicago went mad about Tolleston. Lots in Tolleston commanded high prices. Day by day special trains of possible purchasers steamed to Tolleston, and armies of men tramped over the sand-dunes choosing the sites for their new possessions. The entire region was speedily plotted, streets and boulevards were laid out, those wide wales were cut through the scrub-oak, and a magic city began to take form on paper, fairer than all the cities of the plain. But other forces were now at work to make history and to work ill to Tolleston. The change of the packers' base meant a blow to Chicago, but it spelled plain ruin to the Union Stock-yards Company. If the packing-houses were to be at Tolleston, no stock-yards could exist in Chicago; thither would come not one hundred cattle a week, and the goodly graft would be lost forever. At first the company tried to put on the guise of one that hears and does not care, but two men in that contingent were too much alarmed to indulge in fatuous hopes that something would turn up to help them out of their hard lot. These were Chauncey Depew and Mr. Nat Thayer, of Boston. Mr. Depew set his wits to work to devise a way out, and from his thinking came many sweeping changes. In the mean time the office-boys of Jersey City had been resorted to; a new corporation, the Chicago Junction Railways and Stock-yards Company had been organized; the old Union Stock-yards and Transit Company absorbed therein, and a beautiful crop of stocks and bonds blos-

somed from that fruitful and well-watered soil. There was \$6,500,000 of common stock and \$6,500,000 of preferred stock, and \$14,000,000 of bonds, mostly at five per cent. The new company now made a proposal to the packers that Tolleston be left to its sand-dunes and peace, and that the packing-houses continue to ornament Chicago. There was much negotiation, the nature of which was never confided to the public, and in the end the packers were graciously pleased to accept \$4,500,000 of the five-per-cent. bonds and to make a contract for fifteen years, by which they agreed to remain in Chicago, and to purchase no cattle within one hundred miles thereof except at the Chicago Stock-yards. And there you are.

So this is why Tolleston relapsed to its former condition of inert waste. In a day the magic city disappeared from the dreams of men, lots that had been sold for \$500 could not be given away with premiums, and a great many persons learned for the first time valuable lessons in the possibilities of real-estate speculation.

Now, the fifteen years' contract will expire this fall and the great question at the stock-yards is what the packers will do then. They have not been idle since Tolleston relapsed into wilderness. Take a map and see what they have been doing. Practically all the cattle that come to Chicago come from the West, Southwest, and Northwest. Beginning at the Southwest the packers have their own stock-yards and packing-plants at Fort Worth, Texas, St. Louis, and St. Joseph, Missouri. On the West they have their own stock-yards and packing-plants at Omaha and Sioux City. On the Northwest they have their own stock-yards and packing-plants at St. Paul, Minnesota. These packing-plants are all new, large, equipped with the best and latest machinery. Among them they could handle all the business that Chicago handles and never feel the strain.

Hence the issue. In a few months the contract with the Chicago yards will expire. The packers want the Chicago yards. If the Vanderbilts again refuse to sell, the packers are fully prepared to transfer the entire packing industry of Chicago to these outlying points, admirably chosen as fortifications across the highways to Chicago, and if they do that they can make the Union Stock-yards worthless.

Besides Chicago, only the great Kansas City

stock-yards now remain out of their hands. They have made an offer of purchase to the Kansas City owners. It has been declined, and the packers have bought 1,500 acres of land across the river from Kansas City in an admirable location for stock-yards purposes. Mr. Garfield was kind enough to give, in his report, space to Mr. Armour to enable him to deny my assertion in the first of these papers that the packers intend to utilize this site for stock-yards of their own in case the Kansas City owners remain obdurate. Mr. Armour says they have no such purpose. Far be it from me to dispute eminent authority. Possibly what the packers want this land for is to raise pineapples for their mince-meat. But of course if this pleasant intention should ever be abandoned, and if it should seem advisable to the packers to have at Kansas City stock-yards instead of botanical gardens, they could not possibly have a finer situation for such a venture. And in that case the obstinate owners of the Kansas City yards would learn how well it is to sell to a trust when a trust wants to buy, and that is a wholesome lesson, to be sure.

And if events should so fall out, let us say, that the Trust succeeds in gaining control of the Kansas City and also of the Chicago yards, that will deliver into its hands the stock-yards business of the entire country. What then will be the limit of its powers? And what the limit of its possible profits?

You can see, therefore, where the lists are set and the battle will be fought for the Chicago yards. It is the Vanderbilt interests against the Beef Trust, with all the advantages against the Vanderbilts. There may, of course, be another dose of Depew on the troubled waters; there may be further issues of handy bonds; there may be other grafting agreements by which the day of transfer will again be postponed. But if any such arrangement is made it will have to be to the increased profit and power of the Trust, because the Trust grips the stock-yards situation by the throat; it can do as it pleases; it can shut off the cattle supply whenever it will. It has found in its own experiences in running stock-yards how rich are the pickings, how quiet and patient the victims, and it wants more of that good graft. The public can learn of the state of the contest only from results. Some signs seem to indicate to the discerning that the battle is already on. Perhaps if those that know would only tell the real reason why there has been of late so much

official interest in private car line extortions, and exactly why, for instance, Mr. Armour found it impossible this year to get his refrigerator cars moved in the North Carolina berry season, there might be signs enough for the undiscerning also.

Both combatants are handicapped by the fact that they do not like publicity, such as is likely to result from the contest. The packers do not like it for reasons I have had the honor to suggest in these pages, and the company objects because it is conducting an illegal business. It has on its premises five bars, one hotel, and several stores. Its charter gives it no privilege to conduct any such enterprises. Doubtless it could and would get its charter amended to cover these branches if it were not for one fact, typical of modern conditions in this country. At every session of the Illinois Legislature there is introduced a bill to investigate or to regulate the feeding charges by which the company gets so much of its graft, and to keep these measures from being enacted is about all the company feels it can undertake at one session of the Legislature. Besides, there is always some prying, miserable legislator around that has no sympathy with high finance, and no one can tell what he might do (or demand) if the matter of the violated charter were ever brought to his attention.

In the mean time, to be sure, what of the public, the consumers at large, that pay the "terminal charges," and feeding charges, and "yardage," and the interest on the packers' \$4,500,000 of bonds, and all the rest of the plunder? Nothing about them. Why bother about them? They must like the thumb-screw and relish extortion; if they did not, long ago they would have made extortion impossible and abolished the whole system of business graft for which, with unexampled good nature, they continue steadily to supply the means.

CHAPTER XIII

POSSIBLE CURES FOR A HUGE EVIL

THIS is the situation that the Beef Trust has created. What is the remedy? What are we going to do about it?

There is no remedy unless we are willing to look upon the issue as essentially an issue of morals and not of business. *We shall have to come to a state of mind in which we oppose such a combination as this, not because it*

compels us to lose dollars, but because it is fundamentally and eternally wrong, because it means high treason to the Republic and all the Republic stands for. Until we are willing to admit that what is involved here is a principle vital to human liberty and progress, and until we are willing to make sacrifices for that principle and to stand for it through any chance of personal loss, we do but waste time to cry out against any trust. Opposition based upon balance-sheets is mere foolery. At any moment a slight change in market conditions sweeps such an opposition from existence. We have seen the fight against the Beef Trust staggered before the temporary increase of \$1.50 a hundred pounds in the price of cattle. We shall continue to see such reverses until we raise the contest to its real level of conviction, and understand that what is at stake is not the price of cattle but the continuation of free government. Until that time we shall see no improvement in these matters. Courts may order competition until they are blue in the face; Congress may pass any kind of legislation it may see fit to amuse itself with; the President may send many eloquent messages; individuals may complain and conventions may resolve; the present conditions will go on unchecked. A thousand statutes will not be worth the paper they are printed upon until the country gets ready to have them enforced and is willing to endure the results of the enforcement, whatever the results may be. It will come to this and nothing else; for the moment we admit that there can exist a power like the Beef Trust, greater than the law, independent of the Government, and inimical to the general welfare, that moment there is no more republic but only an irresponsible and arbitrary oligarchy against which, logically, no citizen can have protection or any certainty of his rights.

The weakness of the Anti-Trust movement so far is that it is economic instead of humanitarian and moral. That is, it is based on the idea that some trust has diminished the profits of some individuals and these individuals are justified in complaining until their profits are restored and then they are equally justified in keeping silence. So long as we can be fooled into thinking the trusts good if they make our individual business good, so long we shall have these great combinations encroaching upon and overpowering the Government. As a nation we have shown that we are capable of tremendous

sacrifices for the republican principle. When we come to regard the issue involved in the existence of the trust as even more important than the issue that was involved in the Civil War, farewell all trusts, Beef included; they will not last long. Even the fact that in the Civil War the danger we fronted was open, palpable, obvious to any eyes, and here it is secret, subtle, working most busily where least suspected, poisoning and infecting in high places, often perverting and swaying the very men that have declaimed most against it, even that will not always obscure the issue. Some day we shall see that the smugly disguised treason that accepts from the public enemy benefits, positions, and campaign subscriptions is far more hateful and far more perilous than the treason that fires upon the flag. And when that time comes the Trusts will be only a painful reminiscence.

All these observations are pertinent to the first condition we shall have to secure if we are to make any successful move against the Beef Trust, and that condition is that men shall not do as the agents for corporations the dirty, depraved, and criminal things they would scorn to do for their own private fortunes.

The Beef Trust, like the Oil Trust, was built from illegal and prohibited rebates.

For every rebate granted to the Beef Trust, for every advantage it has enjoyed, for the discrimination in rates and facilities that has made it what it is, some officer of some railroad has been responsible. These officers would not break the law for their own profit; they must not break the law for the profit of the corporations that employ them. If they do, they must be regarded and treated exactly like any other criminals. We must cease to make any distinction between corporation crime and individual crime. We shall have to bring about a state of things in which it will not be possible for a man that has confessed to the granting of illegal rebates to remain in the cabinet of the United States any more than if he had confessed to murder. We shall have to cease to look upon rebate-giving as a pleasant indiscretion and observe it in its true light as a sneaking, despicable, and intolerable crime. *We shall have to see that the rebate-giver is a far worse enemy of society than the burglar or the pickpocket. We shall have to readjust our standards of morality so that there shall be no condoning of criminality because the criminal is rich, or is in office, or is liked in political circles.* We shall have to look upon a criminal as a

criminal no matter where we find him. We shall have to change things so that the Interstate Commerce Commission shall no longer print in its annual reports those amazing lists of railroad officers indicted and never punished. We shall have to change our methods so that such men, indicted for rebate-giving, shall not be immune from prosecution and shall not be able to invoke for their protection the mysterious influences of Washington, but shall fare exactly like any other common thieves. Unless we are willing to do this it will be quite useless to talk pleasant platitudes about keeping the country's highways open to all upon equal terms. The officers of our great railroads are very charming gentlemen, good fellows, of much personal worth; I cheerfully bear witness to their ability and efficiency. Many of them ought to be in the penitentiary, and until we have them there we shall see no cessation of the practises that build trusts.

Great trusts are formed by illegal rebates. Presently the trust becomes stronger than the law. Then we discover that this trust is levying tribute upon every householder and the Government is powerless to stop the robbery. Whereas if the law had been enforced in the beginning there would have been no trust. Ridiculous, is it not? Let us all laugh heartily, it is so absurd. And yet it is perfectly true.

In the next place, we shall have to deal very frankly with the subject of campaign subscriptions and so arrange matters that however noble, salutary, and desirable for the saving of society the cause at stake may be, gentlemen that give to campaign funds shall be in a position before the law no whit different from persons that give not. For so long as we continue the present system of exchanging immunity for campaign funds we may as well save ourselves the trouble of passing legislation; the Trust gentlemen can nullify it, whatever it may be. When we learn of this species of blackmail between the police and a low, wretched dive-keeper we are properly shocked and horrified. We shall have to be just as much shocked and horrified when we hear of it between a great corporation and a political party. For the principle involved in the one case is exactly the principle involved in the other. The only difference is that the blackmail paid by the corporation does about one million times as much harm as the blackmail paid by the dive-keeper.

As to immediate prescriptions against the Beef Trust, the best available medication is through the railroad problem. Deal with that and you deal with the other. The power of the Beef Trust would be destroyed instantly if there were enough independent packers to prevent monopoly in cattle-buying and monopoly in meat-selling. And of such independent packers there would be plenty within six months if only there could be any reasonable certainty of fair treatment in railroad rates and facilities. There is the rub. Twenty firms would begin to-day the building of independent packing-houses if they could have the assurance of an honest enforcement of the law; which is to say, the assurance of uniform rates and of no villainy about detained cars, bedeviled inspection and the rest of the tricks by which the Trust now maintains itself. Therefore, the mainspring of this matter is the railroad question. Solve that and at once you settle the fate of this monopoly.

But how will you solve the railroad question. Not by passing more laws about it. Is it anything but lunacy to suppose that a power able to override and defy and nullify the existing statutes will be awed by any more of these paper bullets? We have laws enough now. Human ingenuity cannot frame a more explicit prohibition of rebates than the present laws contain, and they are merely a jest. What is the sense of multiplying prohibitions that do not prohibit? Rebates are not merely common; they are of daily and hourly arrangement, and everywhere. In one way or another practically every railroad gives them; almost every great shipper gets them; and as we at present conduct our affairs they can go on giving and getting indefinitely and undetected. To afford but one illustration, every railroad has an account, called the "C. & A." (Claims and Allowances), which is supposed to cover money paid to shippers for goods arriving in a damaged condition. Suppose one-half of the "C. & A." payments to be nothing but rebates, which is usually the fact. Who is to tell? Who is the wiser for these payments? Who is to say that the goods did not arrive in a damaged condition and that the payment is merely a disguise for illegality? The firm makes the claim; the railroad allows it. Whose business is that? How can the fraud and lawlessness be proved? How can it be detected? Even if some clerk or other employee were to reveal the fact, the railroad and firm together,

under our present methods, could laugh him out of court. There is the record of the payment, and so long as the public does not care, that settles the issue.

Or suppose the rebate is concealed under the head of "legal expenses" or of a "terminal railroad charge." Who is to tear the cover from those prolific hot-beds of evil things?

Or, again, take the private car swindle. That was in the beginning and remains now nothing but a device to disguise rebates. The benevolent Elkins act took all these lines from the category of common carriers. Then if they are not common carriers the law has no control over them. And if a railroad, using some alluring name for a disguise, organizes a private car line and through that car line gives rebates to shippers, what are you going to do about it—under our present system? You cannot prohibit men from investing in any legitimate enterprise, and if they invest in a private car line you cannot under the Elkins act prevent them from granting rebates, and if they grant rebates inevitably you will have such a combination as the Beef Trust levying its daily tribute upon you.

Moreover, how can you prevent a thing that many thousands of reputable business men are constantly striving to obtain for themselves and about which the community has hazy or indifferent views? Laws are enforced by the pressure of public opinion behind them. There is little pressure of public opinion behind the enforcement of the law against rebates. The part of the public that suffers from the results of rebates does not know why it suffers, and the part that does know does not care, because it hopes to get rebates for itself; hopes to get them and tries in all possible ways to get them. It is a painful fact that of the men that complain most often and most loudly against these conditions few would see anything wrong in rebates if they could secure for themselves the advantages that they decry in others. I know this statement will cause a protest, but it is literally true, nevertheless. I have seen too many instances of it. The fact is that in this country we have become so used to the idea of doing business unfairly, to the idea of graft and trickery, that habitually we obscure the principle of morals involved. All we care about is the effect upon our individual businesses. Take even such a gross and high-handed swindle as the Beef Trust's control of the cattle market. I have known men that complained to high heaven against that monstrous injustice and

cited the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, and made earnest and eloquent pleas on the basis of inalienable right, and in a day they have been converted from Trust assailants to Trust defenders by the magic spell of a secret arrangement about rates or an assurance of high prices. And, what to the thoughtful mind is still more significant, no shame has attached to the bribery when it became known. The unbribed seemed to regret their own ill-fortune, but they had no condemnation for the man that had sold out. He had merely done what other men would do if they had the chance.

I am reminded here of an incident from the records that illustrates the absolute futility of trying to deal with this matter on any basis but that of principle. For many years there was bitter complaint from merchants in South Dakota of the wholesale robberies practised upon them by the railroad companies. They had good reason; I suppose few States have been more systematically "skinned." It was long the purpose of the two railroad companies that divided the loot of South Dakota to squeeze all they could out of that unlucky State, and one of the convenient ways was by a rate discrimination, the effect of which was to put the wholesale houses of South Dakota at a serious disadvantage. The matter became something of a political issue, and in 1896 the Populists carrying the State Board of Railroad Commissioners came into office pledged to secure rate reforms.

Among the complainants one of the most aggrieved was the Jobbers' Association of Sioux Falls, of which one prominent member in particular, by every means in his power, urged the Commission to take rigorous action. The Commission happened, for a wonder, to be composed of men that the railroads could not reach. It gave hearings to the merchants, found their complaints to be just, and, acting under a law passed by a Populist Legislature, ordered the railroad companies to reduce rates. The railroad companies thereupon had recourse to the handy injunction and, as usual, blocked the wheels of beneficent action. The Commission manfully fought the cause in the courts; it is one of the historic cases in the railroad war; every inch of ground was stubbornly contested. But when the case came on for trial before the United States Court the Commission suddenly found that it had no support from the Sioux Falls Jobbers' Association. The eloquent member had

given over his labors, the Sioux Falls witnesses upon whom the Commission had relied for its case had gone to Mexico, or California, or Europe, or were sick; not one appeared.

At first the reason was not apparent. Subsequently it was learned that the railroad companies had suppressed all this testimony by a master-stroke of chicanery. How? They had granted Sioux Falls jobbers a "terminal rate." This gave them an unfair advantage over the jobbers elsewhere in the State, and thereafter they had not a word of complaint to make against the railroad companies and were willing to desert the Commission although it was engaged in fighting their battles.

Not long afterwards the prominent member of the Jobbers' Association met two South Dakota friends in the streets of Chicago. And he pulled from his pocket a large roll of money. And he said that he had just been to the office of one of the railroads and collected his firm's rebates. And the bills he showed were the rebates. And he told how the money had been paid to him: how he had gone to the treasurer of the railroad and the treasurer had taken him into a dark room and had lighted the gas and shut the door. And when they were alone, the treasurer had handed him his rebates in bills.

It was an excellent citizen that told the story, one of the most respected in South Dakota. He would have been shocked if anybody had told him that his was not only an illegal and a dishonorable act, but one that imperiled the institutions of his country. But that would have been the truth.

But as Captain Nares says, the cream of this story is to come. The "terminal rate" for the sake of which Sioux Falls gave up its share of the fight, was accompanied by certain rebates. These were maintained some months. A new Railroad Commission was elected. It proceeded to drop the fight for lower rates on the ground that it had made an advantageous compromise with the railroad companies—to wit, a reduction of passenger rates from four to three cents a mile and an extensive reduction in the freight tariff. The extensive reduction in the freight tariff proved, in practise, to be no reduction at all, but merely some of that expert legerdemain by which the able corporation lawyer makes a community think it is getting one thing when it is really getting something else. On the plea of this compromise the rebates were with-

drawn from Sioux Falls, and the jobbers, therefore, were left largely in the state of one that has sold for a mess of pottage and hasn't got the pottage. For, of course, the railroad companies had no other object in view but to head off unpleasant testimony, and when that was achieved the jobbers could shift for themselves.

Is Sioux Falls different from any other community? Not in the least. The railroads can silence any complaining city by giving it a few cents of advantage over its rivals, just as the Beef Trust can silence any complaining cattleman by "taking care of" his cattle. The city would think it absurd to go on fighting after it had won the prize of an unfair and illegitimate advantage; the cattleman would think it absurd to go on complaining after the pins had been so set up that he was certain to make much money at other persons' expense.

"There must be no more rebates!" cries the excited reformer, well aware that the rebate is the root of all Trust evil. Well said, good reformer. But how will you stop rebates? One proposes to enlarge the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and one proposes to establish rate-regulating courts, and one proposes a special session of Congress, and one proposes this law or the other. Beautiful pastimes of the political mind! When we get sick and tired of rebates we can abolish them, but not so long as any considerable number of us are trying to get them for ourselves.

For the only cure that will cure, then, we come back to the basic feeling of the country. When that recognizes the trust question as paramount to all others, when it places the suppressing of the trusts above all other consideration, above personal aggrandizement and above party, and when it will not tolerate in office any man that for any reason whatever makes terms with law-breakers, the whole thing is solved. Some day, for the fear of public feeling, no politician will dare to bargain immunity for campaign subscriptions, no newspapers will dare to distort facts for the sake of trust advertising, no railroad officer will dare to grant rebates and face the community in which he lives, no prosecuting attorney will let the statutes lie inert and unenforced. Because in that day we shall see very clearly the issue we confront:

The life of the Trusts or the life of the Republic—which?

[THE END]



Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones.

THE pugnacious John J. McGraw, manager of the New York National Baseball Team, who is continually getting into trouble because of his combativeness, is not always lacking in a certain rough diplomacy. After a close game which his team lost, McGraw approached the umpire and asked:

"Mr. Umpire, what would happen to me if I should call the umpire an incompetent robber?"

"You would be fined and suspended," was the reply.

"What would happen to me if I merely thought the umpire was an incompetent robber?"

"Why, nothing could be done to you then."

"Well, let it go at that," said McGraw.

William Dean Howells was talking about memory and he expressed his wonder over that of the suave persons who receive the hats of guests at the entrances of big hotel dining-rooms and never fail to return them to the proper owners.

"I do not think such feats are an indication of intelligence," remarked his companion. "It is merely a peculiar gift. I do not think those men are very bright as a rule."

"Oh, I don't know," observed the novelist;

"I remember once asking a man who returned me my hat from among a hundred or more, how he knew the hat handed me was mine.

"I don't know, sir," he replied.

"Then why did you give it to me?" I inquired.

"Because you handed it to me, sir."

Gabriel Dante Rossetti, poet and painter, was once visited by an East Indian prince who said to him:

"I wish to give you a commission to paint a portrait of my father."

"Is your father in London?" asked Rossetti.

"No, my father is dead," replied the Oriental.

"Have you some photographs of him or any portrait?"

"We have no portraits of him of any kind."

"How can I paint a portrait of him, then?" asked the artist. "It is impossible. I could not think of attempting anything so absurd."

"Why is it absurd?" demanded the prince gravely. "You paint pictures of Mary Magdalene and Circe and John the Baptist, and yet you have never seen any of them. Why can you not paint my father?"

The prince was so insistent that Rossetti.

yielded in sheer desperation. He painted an ideal head that was certainly oriental and also regal in its bearing. The prince came to the studio in great state to view it. When the canvas was uncovered he looked at it steadily and then burst into tears.

"How father has changed!" he cried.

William George Jordan, formerly editor of *Current Literature* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, believes that the mind can be so trained as to enable it to make a retort on the spur of the moment. Mr. Jordan so thoroughly exemplifies his theory that fifteen minutes of his conversation dazzles. Some years ago he used to lecture, and a third part of the time was set apart for a "quiz," in which Mr. Jordan's audience tried to overcome him in a match of wits. Following a lecture on "Analysis," a distinguished lawyer, then President of the Board of Education, and sometimes referred to as the homeliest man in New York, arose and solemnly asked:

"Mr. Jordan, how would you analyze a kiss?"

Quick as a flash came the retort:

"Do you inquire, sir, in the light of an experience or a hope?"

When one gains a reputation as humorist, one's efforts to live up to it in private life are exhausting, but not always vain. John Kendrick Bangs was to dine with a friend at the New York Yacht Club, whose fine new house is opposite that of the Yale Club. The medalion and motto over the door of the university club caught Mr. Bangs's attention.

"That's very nice," he observed. "It gives an air and distinction to the building. *Lux et veritas*. It is fine, really. Why don't you Yacht Club chaps put a motto over your door?"

"Maybe because we don't happen to have one."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Bangs. "If the Yale Club can use *Lux et veritas*, why can't you fellows use *Ducks et demi-tasse*? It's quite as appropriate." And he smiled as one who feels that he has earned his dinner.

An eminent Vermont judge, distinguished as much for his absent-mindedness and courtly manners as for his learning, chanced

to meet on the main thoroughfare of his native town a young woman whom he had known from her childhood. The judge did not notice the somber garb that proclaimed her recent widowhood, but saluted her in his urbane, dignified way, and then, with much solicitude, asked:

"And how is Mr. L—— this morning?"

"Ah, Judge, you forget that my husband has entered upon his long sleep."

Without a moment's hesitation and with even more than his usual dignity, he observed:

"Thinking of no appropriate words of consolation at this moment, I will bid you good morning."

Nahan Franko, one of the grand-opera conductors in the Metropolitan Opera-House, and, by the way, the first man born in America to gain that distinction, has had long experience as concert-master with famous orchestras.

"It seems to me my greatest worry has been over musicians who were bent upon suicide," he said. "There was one man whom we called 'Suicide Jim.' At least once a week in the season he would come to me with tears streaming down his cheeks.

"'Franko, I am too sad,' he would say. 'I cannot stand it any longer. Here is my flute; no one can have him but you. I kill myself to-night.'

"And each time I would sympathize with him and urge him as a personal favor to put it off until after the next performance, and with the air of a man making the greatest possible sacrifice for a friend, he would consent. After it was over he would come to me weeping bitterly. 'Here is my flute,' he would say. 'Treat him kindly, for I loved him. I go to commit suicide now; I am too unhappy to live.' Then I would plead with him again; but I could not move him unless I wept with him.

"'Suicide Jim' went through his lachrymose little comedy at least once a week for ten years. He is still threatening to die.

"When I was with Theodore Thomas we had a very fine musician who was suddenly plunged into profound melancholia. Days passed into weeks without his speaking to any of us. We were all genuinely alarmed and I was sure that his terrible depression would end in an attempt to take his life. We watched him constantly and tried every means we could think of to arouse him, but without

a glimmer of success. Two months passed, and our anxiety had reached an acute stage, as he seemed to be growing worse. One evening we were drinking beer after a concert and the Melancholy One was sitting apart, as was his custom, apparently utterly oblivious to his surroundings. I was watching him with a queer fascination. I wondered what gloomy, profound thoughts were in his mind, what strange things he would say if only he would open his lips to speak. A Newfoundland dog, sable as night save for a white star on his breast, wandered into the restaurant and made his way to the Silent One, staring at him fixedly like a grim emissary of fate.

"Ach!" he said. I started from my seat. It was the first articulate sound I had heard him utter in eight weeks, and I was eager to hear the revelations of his strange mind. Deliberately he raised his beer to his lips, drank, put it down again, his eyes fixed on the staring dog before him. Slowly, steadily, he spoke: "If id vas not for dot vite spod, you would pe all over plack!"

It was at a fashionable wedding in Savannah. The bridegroom had no visible means of support save his father, who was rich; but when he reached that part of the service he repeated boldly:

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow!"

Whereupon the father said in a stage whisper that could be heard all over the church:

"Good Lord, there goes his bicycle!"

A Queensland squatter, widely known throughout Australia for his wealth, his business shrewdness, and his brutality when intoxicated, lived to an age that made him an object of veneration to the native black men. It occurred to him one day that his four motherless children, who lived in mortal terror of him, needed instruction, so he engaged a typical young English girl, of fair education and sweet manners, to act as governess. She so endeared herself to the old Scotchman that he insisted upon making her his wife. At his death, which ensued shortly after, he left her and the children all of his great fortune.

The widow started on a tour around the world to enjoy her riches. On her return to Queensland, she said:

"All during my travels I racked my brains for some fitting testimonial to show Mr. MacNabb's goodness to me. At length in Milan I ordered a monument from a sculptor widely known in the art world, but it was long before I could decide upon a fitting inscription—something concise but to the point. At last it came to me like an inspiration."

When the monument was erected over the grave, all the world could read the widow's tribute:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN MACNABB,
AGED 98.
THE GOOD DIE YOUNG.

Andrew Carnegie was illustrating the value of fame.

"There was a man sick unto death with a malady that puzzled the distinguished specialist called to attend him. One morning the great doctor appeared with eyes aglow.

"I congratulate you," he said.

"The patient looked up hopefully. 'Will I recover?' he asked.

"Oh, no, there is no hope of that, but if the autopsy proves, as I believe it will, that you are suffering from an entirely new disease, we will name the malady after you."

Robert Fitzsimmons takes his parental duties most seriously. In the heyday of his fame he used to delight in instilling in his little son worthy lessons of chivalry and consideration.

"Always remember," he would say, "that you are the son of the champion of the world. You must not let big boys bully little ones, nor be mean to girls, and you must never fight just because you can lick another boy."

The youngster took these instructions to heart. There was no prohibition against boasting that his father was the biggest man living, and the small chap derived great prestige from it. It was after his encounter with Jeffries that Fitzsimmons heard his offspring loudly proclaiming the prowess and greatness of his sire.

"My father is champion of the world," he declared to an appreciative group of small boys; "he can lick any man living."

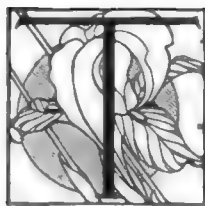
Fitzsimmons straightway took his boy into the house.

"My son," he said, "don't you think you are getting too old to brag?"



IN VAUDEVILLE

By Hartley Davis



HERE is a cheerful frivolity in vaudeville which makes it appeal to more people of widely divergent interests than does any other form of entertainment. It represents the almost universal longing

for laughter, for melody, for color, for action, for wonder-provoking things. It exacts no intellectual activity on the part of those who gather to enjoy it; in its essence it is an enemy to responsibility, to worries, to all the little ills of life. It is joyously, frankly absurd, from the broad, elemental nonsense of the funmakers to the marvelous acrobatic feats of performers who conceive immensely difficult things for the pleasure of doing them. Vaudeville brings home to us the fact that we are children of a larger growth, and this is one of the finest things about it. It supports the sour Schopenhauer theory—one of those misleading part truths—that life consists in trying to step aside to escape the immediate trouble that menaces us.

Like all forms of theatrical entertainment, it has had a bitter fight against hypocrisy, and this struggle would have been its undoing had it not possessed a vitality drawn from its relation to some of the strongest, most enduring instincts in human nature. Though it is true that "specialties," as variety features used to be called, were frequently introduced into various entertainments that had reputation, the stage performances that gave only a variety bill started on a pretty low plane, because managers sought to attract by them only those who had no respectable prejudices, to whom coarseness, evil jokes, and atrocious pantomime appealed most quickly. The variety theatres scattered through the country were dives for the most part, places frequented by men of the lowest order of intelligence. There was a stock company of a

dozen or more poor painted women who appeared in the "First Part," like that of a minstrel show, and in the concluding burlesque, but the strength of the show was in the olio, a variety performance given by traveling performers. There were "knock-about" teams, who drove home each joke by batting each other all over the stage, a form of fun that endures to this day, to the sad concern of optimistic philosophers, though the cynics have rejoiced in it. It merely exemplifies the painful fact that there is nothing which will provoke such immediate and spontaneous laughter as the physical mishap of another. And there was always a "serio-comic" singer, who usually warbled something about being "happy for to meet you" and "I'll not detain you long," with a reference to a "little shady dell." At least, it was nearly always "dell," and pretty sure to be shady. There were also musical acts and acrobatic acts—in fact, the general idea was practically the same as that which prevails to-day. But there is a vast difference in the character of the shows.

Three or four times a year a variety show would be presented in the first-class theatres by companies made up by the managers of the few really high-class variety theatres that were even then in existence, like Tony Pastor's in New York, Hyde & Behman's in Brooklyn, and the Howard Athenæum in Boston, but these did not even try to combat popular prejudice. The existence of the average variety theatre was regarded as a reproach to a community, and with justice. These theatres still survive in certain isolated places, but for the most part they have disappeared in the larger cities, where traveling burlesque companies rejoicing in such alluring titles as "The Jolly Grass Widows," "The French Folly Company," "The Night Owl Beauty Show," give performances very like those familiar in the old days, although the shows are better. These companies and houses are organized

in a very tight and tidy trust of their own, by the way, with a circuit of some fifty-six theatres. The modern vaudeville managers, grown arrogant in their new respectability, refer to them as "smoke houses."

The evolution of the "v'riety business" into vaudeville is one of the most cheering and significant demonstrations of a universal growth in intelligence and refinement. Also it is the most important development in American amusements during the past decade. It is a fine thing that the change should have come from the inside. The variety stage has worked out its own salvation without external reformatory pressure. It has become vaudeville. There is a real distinction: it is the difference between vulgarity and decency; between pandering to the depraved instincts of the few and providing clean amusement for the multitude. The variety show was an out-cast; vaudeville is an institution, respected and respectable.

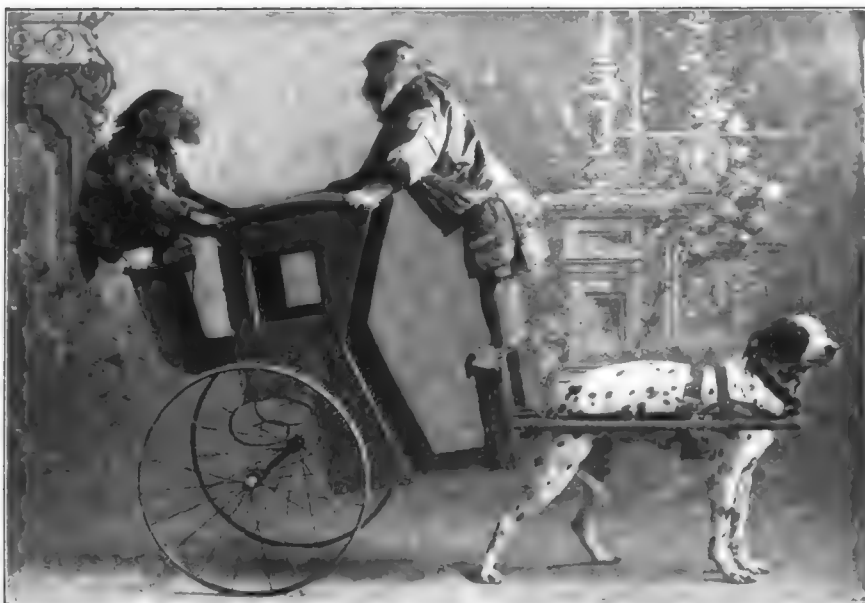
The evolution began in Boston, where an honest belief in hypocrisy makes of that vice almost a virtue. Your true Bostonian is the sincerest individual that ever strove for light against fettering environment and tradition. Managers contemplating the popularizing of the theatre in Boston realized conditions, and they evolved the idea of a museum—in the old days chiefly weird and fearsome wax figures misrepresenting historical subjects in the most atrocious manner—whose supposed educational value appeased the stern, unyielding Puritan conscience, which ever approved a struggle for intellectual advancement. For the ungodly they provided a stage show, discreetly screened off by curtains through which the elect might peer to satisfy curiosity and an earnest desire to secure at first hand facts for damnation. But they saw more to applaud than to condemn, and gradually they came to believe that a stage show was not such an evil thing after all. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a mighty weapon in the hands of the managers in those days. The dime museum, which spread over the country with amazing rapidity, also did much to regenerate the variety performances, because these amusement places attracted women and children, whom the managers could not afford to offend; while the popularity of "nigger minstrels" and the success of the high-class traveling variety shows further educated a great mass of the people. But the ordinary variety show still remained without the pale, and if respectable people

would go to see it, conventional ones would not.

The real transformation of variety into vaudeville was brought about by a Massachusetts farmer boy who joined a circus and who later opened a dime museum in Boston where a freak baby laid the foundation for his success. He united imagination with great executive ability and he was a good churchman as well. His wife is one of those devout women whose whole life is an inspiration. He knew that variety and decency are not incompatible, that women and children liked the diversified form of entertainment, and he believed that if he could conduct a variety theatre in such a manner as to overcome the prejudices of right-thinking and right-living people, he would draw great numbers who were not in the habit of going to theatres. B. F. Keith opened the original of the modern type of vaudeville house in Boston in 1882; it was the first to present the best possible bill that could be secured, with all objectionable elements eliminated and with prices ranging from fifteen to fifty cents.

The new idea prospered; not immediately, because it took time to make people understand what manner of entertainment it was. When Keith had demonstrated that he could give a clean show, he gained the support of that powerful church whose liberality toward amusements is one of the factors of its hold upon young people. From one of its orders he was able to borrow money to almost an unlimited amount, and it was this credit that enabled him to make such rapid progress as the succeeding years showed. He evolved the "continuous" idea in 1886, and in 1893, having previously entered Providence and Philadelphia, he descended upon New York, leasing the Union Square Theatre, a play-house of distinguished traditions. His new theatres in Boston and Philadelphia cost upward of a million dollars each, and among other luxuries, each has twenty dressing-rooms with private baths, an innovation of which no high-priced theatre can boast. The enormous financial returns aroused other managers and the Keith notions spread rapidly; theatres multiplied with exceeding rapidity, new buildings being erected where it was impossible to buy or lease first-class theatres.

In all of these theatres the rule is to permit nothing that, from the ethical viewpoint of the theatre, would offend a strict sense of morality. Mr. Keith paved the way for the



Photograph from Erickson Studio.

A SCENE FROM ONE OF GALETTE'S ANIMAL PANTOMIMES.

change, and his was a monumental task. A questionable joke is sure to provoke laughter on the part of persons who make much noise, and it is laughs that measure the success of a performer. He is as jealous of them as a miser is of his gold. But in spite of the temptation to latitude, every word that is spoken or sung, gestures, pantomime, costumes, everything that goes to make up an act, undergoes a censorship infinitely more rigid than is exercised in any high-priced "legitimate" theatre. I haven't said anything about the quality of the refinement one encounters in the modern vaudeville houses. The managers lay much stress upon it and they are sincere,

I am sure. But standards differ greatly, and it isn't at all certain but that the managerial criterion is the best. When one has sat through an act that calls for expletives and resignation on one's own part, it is rather disconcerting to hear one's neighbor praise it as being "real refined and genteel," especially when one is sure that the nice spectacled old lady is far less tolerant of moral shortcomings than one's self. And there is the gallery, if you don't mind, which demands things writ large and plain, and which is moved to enthusiasm by elemental matters that weary highly developed intelligences. The manager minds the gallery very much; in fact he has



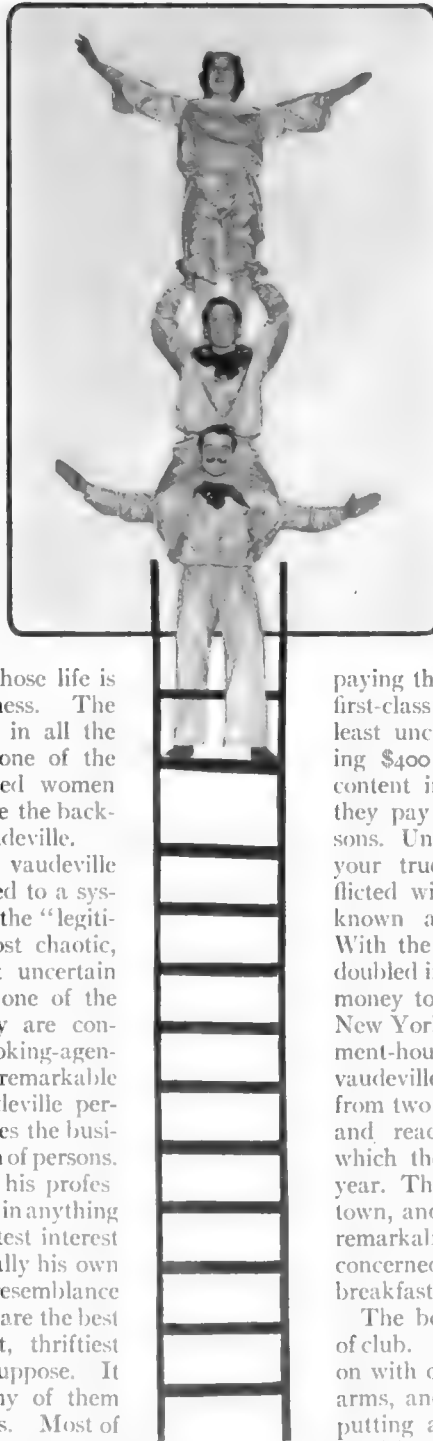
Photograph by Brian-Lutz, Berlin.

THE SISTERS RONAY, MUSICAL CLOWNS FROM PARIS.

more respect for its critical judgment than for that of the orchestra.

The new order of things was called "Polite Vaudeville," and with reason, for if that quality was not found on the stage, it surely pervaded the auditorium. William Dean Howells has said that it was a delight to go to Keith's, merely for the delight one experienced in the courtesy and attention of the employees, who seemed to find pleasure in doing everything possible for the comfort and enjoyment of the patrons. And I shouldn't ask for a better authority than Mr. Howells, whose life is all sunshine and kindness. The same conditions prevail in all the modern houses. It is one of the things that have attracted women and children, and they are the backbone of the success of vaudeville.

The conduct of the vaudeville theatres has been reduced to a system that makes that of the "legitimate" ones appear almost chaotic, and from being a most uncertain business it has become one of the most dependable. They are controlled chiefly through booking-agencies, which are most remarkable places. Your real vaudeville performer—and he dominates the business—is the most clannish of persons. He has great respect for his profession and no great concern in anything outside of it. His greatest interest is in any new act, especially his own or one that bears any resemblance to it. These performers are the best paid and the frugalest, thriftiest workers in the world, I suppose. It is the rarest thing for any of them to be in financial straits. Most of them own real estate—farms appeal to them as to the wanderers of the sea, and a very considerable



THE PERREZ TROUPE
OF FRENCH LADDER
BALANCERS.

number are comfortably rich. Formerly they used to invest in diamonds, partly because they liked the display, partly because the gems were collateral that could be turned immediately into cash. In the days when their incomes were uncertain, they had to be prepared for idle weeks. Moreover, the fact that they had to manage themselves and to pay all their own expenses, including railroad fares, made them fairly skillful in business affairs. For the most part they have rooted objections to spending money for sleeping-cars and to

paying the prices demanded by the first-class hotels. It is not in the least uncommon for a team receiving \$400 a week to be perfectly content in a boarding-house where they pay \$15 a week for two persons. Unlike the "legitimate" actor, your true vaudevillist is seldom afflicted with that dangerous disease known as "nervous prosperity." With the performer, success and a doubled income mean so much more money to be saved, not spent. In New York there are three big apartment-houses devoted exclusively to vaudeville performers, who can rent from two to six rooms, all furnished and ready for housekeeping, in which they can stay a week or a year. They move in when they reach town, and the lady who does such remarkable stunts on a trapeze unconcernedly sets about preparing breakfast before going to rehearsal.

The booking-agencies are a sort of club. One may see Adgie coming on with one of her lion-cubs in her arms, and watch another performer putting a trained dog through new tricks. There will be a group listening to a man singing over his latest song, while another

will learn all the news of friends, from an actor who has been traveling through the West. There used to be many booking-agents in New York; now the Eastern vaudeville theatres are practically supplied by three agencies. One provides attractions for the higher-priced vaudeville theatres, as well as those that adhere to the fifty-cent maximum; it also serves what is called the "Peanut circuit," consisting of half a dozen theatres in New England, so called because the proprietor is a marvelously shrewd Italian whose amusement places are famous for trying out acts. He is willing to give any act that promises well a chance to prove itself at half the salary it expects to command on the big circuits.

The enterprising Mr. Keith has united his own theatres with some eight or ten others in a very powerful combination, and some notion of the amount paid to performers can be gained when it is said that the five per cent. commission charged by this agency yields an income of about \$120,000 a year. I should say that not less than \$10,000,000 represents the salaries paid to vaudeville performers in this country every year, and that the public pays considerably more than twice that amount for its vaudeville entertainment. I am sure that this rough estimate is under, rather than over, the actual figures.

The Keith circuit works in close association with the Orpheum circuit, which practically controls the best vaudeville theatres west and south of Chicago. It is a very rich corporation, which began in San Francisco ten years ago, but which now has its headquarters in Chicago. It

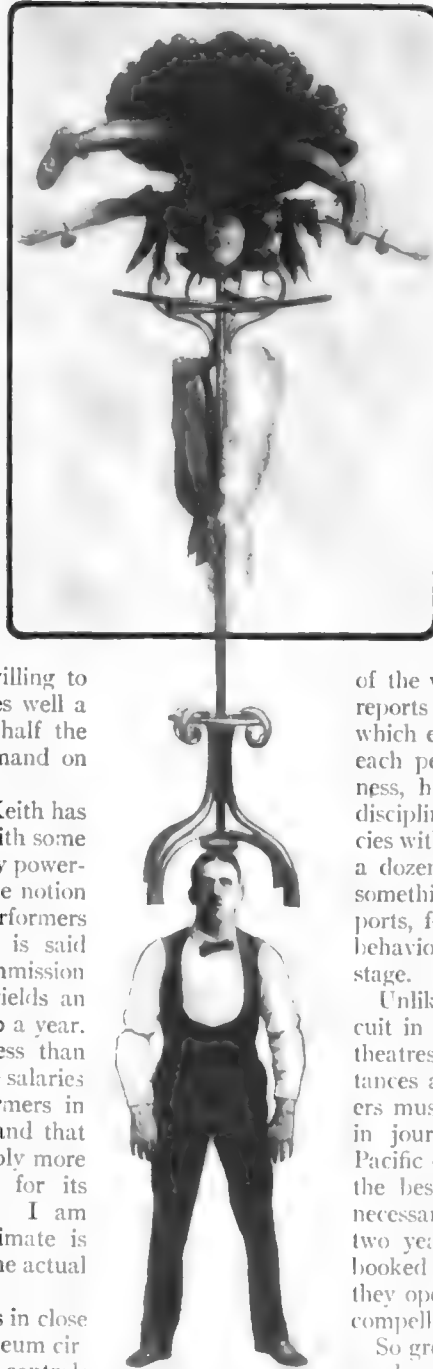


Photo by White, New York.
THE WEBBS IN A DIFFICULT BALANCING FEAT.

owns or controls some twenty widely scattered theatres, and its Chicago offices resemble those of a great New York financial institution, with the mahogany desks for the heads of departments, the richly carpeted floors, and the small army of clerks and stenographers. Here General Manager Beck, like the executives of the big Eastern vaudeville enterprises, keeps in touch with what is going on in that line of activity the world over. He receives reports from every European vaudeville theatre and music-hall, with an estimate

of the value of each act. He has reports from his own theatres which enable him to keep tab on each performer—his trustworthiness, his disposition toward the discipline of the house, his tendencies with regard to vulgarity, and a dozen other things. They are something like secret service reports, for they even consider the behavior of performers off the stage.

Unlike any other vaudeville circuit in the country, the Orpheum theatres pay railroad fares. Distances are so great that performers must lose at least two weeks in journeying to and from the Pacific coast, and in order to get the best acts, this concession is necessary. Some acts are booked two years in advance; others are booked only a few days before they open, illness or other causes compelling sudden changes.

So great is the demand for really good acts that salaries are steadily advancing. There seems to be no limit to the price managers are willing to pay. Of late years the former vaudeville performers who have gone on the "legitimate" stage as stars have frequently

returned, at least for a part of a season, and many distinguished "two-dollar stars," as vaudeville managers designate those from the "legitimate" stage, have been drawn into vaudeville. These, including the two or three people who assist them in a one-act sketch, may receive at first from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a week, be-



Photograph by Frank.

THE KAUFMAN TROUPE OF TRICK BICYCLISTS.

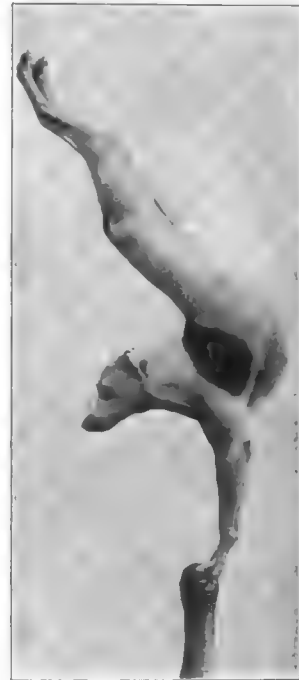
cause they will attract many who have not been in the habit of going to vaudeville theatres. Managers have learned that the established vaudeville performers almost always please more than the distinguished high-priced star, and the casual visitor who sees them usually becomes a regular patron. If the "two-dollar" star remains in vaudeville, his salary is likely to drop nearly half unless he makes an exceptional success.

The highest price for a single turn is that which will be paid next season to Vesta Tilley, the English music-hall artist, who has made frequent visits to this country, and who will receive about \$10 a minute while she is on the stage—that is, about \$2,400 a week for two daily performances of twenty minutes each. Cecilia Loftus recently played a vaudeville engagement for

\$2,000 a week. Chevalier, the English coster singer, who is, I think, the greatest character artist I ever saw, commands about \$2,000 a week.

The great demand in vaudeville is for low comedy with plenty of action. Broad sweeping effects without too much detail are wanted. The artistic "legitimate" actor wastes too much time in working up to his points, but the skilled vaudevillist strikes them with a single blow and scores. A successful vaudeville sketch concentrates in one act as many laughs and as much action as are usually distributed over a three-act comedy.

There are players who have been identified with vaudeville for years, growing gray in it, in fact, whose popularity is unbounded; such are



Photograph by H. Traut, München.

ONE OF JACOB'S TALENTED DOG ATHLETES.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry, Tom Nawn, and a score more. The loyalty of their following is not to be lightly measured. They change



Photograph by White, New York.

BAUL BARNES.



Photograph by Vaughan & Keith, San Francisco.

GEORGE W. DAY.



Photograph by Charles F. Treble, Helena, S. W.

GEORGE FULLER GOLDEN.



Photograph by White, New York.

• **JAMES J. MORTON.**

FOUR POPULAR MONOLOGISTS.

their sketches every four or five years, but the people are inclined to prefer the old ones. Mr. and Mrs. William Robyn have been playing "The Long Strike" for eight years and are still appearing in it. They spent \$1,500 in getting up a new act, only to find that the patrons of vaudeville preferred the old one, which is really not nearly so good.

The "black face" act of McIntyre and Heath comes as near to being a standard as anything in amusements can be. Some thirty years ago they began playing "The Georgia Minstrels," for about \$50 a week; they are still playing the sketch most of the time, but their salary has advanced to \$500 a week, and they can work fifty-two weeks in the year if they choose. Very earnestly they have tried to introduce new sketches, but the public de-

mands "The Georgia Minstrels." They portray the real old-time darky. There isn't an act on the vaudeville stage so familiar as that of McIntyre and Heath, and none that is in greater demand.

It is remarkable how quick patrons of vaudeville are



Photograph by Hanna, London.

SAM ELTON, THE MAN WHO
MADE THE SHAH LAUGH.



Photograph from Feistberg's Studio, New York.

BELLE GORDON, LADY BAG-PUNCHER.

to recognize an act that comes near to truth. Several years ago Eva Williams and Jack Tucker came forth with a sketch of East Side life in New York, called "Skinny's Finish." It was very crude, yet very real and very human, and the slender little woman displayed a power of real pathos as well as of humor. The pair made a great success in it. Lately Moore and Littlefield satirized the vaudeville stage in a sketch called "Change Your Act," which is howlingly funny. It would require pages of this magazine to give merely an idea of the really good acts in vaudeville. There must be between two and three hundred "headliners," as the most successful are called. The term comes from the custom of printing in larger type at the head of the advertising bills the names of certain per-

formers who are believed to attract people to the theatre. The salaries of the "headliners" range from \$300 to \$1,500 a week. In all, there must be upward of twelve hundred recognized vaudeville acts playing in the United States.

The monologists are always an important factor of a bill. Managers say "the woods are

The first and most necessary attribute of a monologist is "nerve." It takes a lot of it to face an audience with nothing but mother wit to depend upon. It isn't what he says or what he sings that makes a monologist a success, but the way in which he does it. Few of them are original, but that doesn't matter much. It usually takes from five to ten years for a monologist to build up a reputation and, once established, his place is secure. Some of them possess marvelous skill in overcoming the hostility of an audience. Thornton, for instance, is prepared for any emergency that can arise, and his mind seems to work automatically in making capital of it. It is their personality, which is their chief stock in trade, that differentiates these laugh-makers from other players—and personality is not easy to describe.

If a monologist can play various instruments, as does Charles Falk—whose humor,



Photograph by Hahn Nachf, Dresden.

FERRY CORWEY, MUSICAL CLOWN FROM PARIS.

full of them," but only about a dozen are in the first class. The greatest of them all, John W. Kelly, "the rolling-mill man," who was one of the truest and finest humorists that ever lived, passed away before vaudeville reached its present popularity. The old minstrel men, like George Wilson, of "Waltz me again" fame, Lew Sully, George Wood, and Press Eldridge hold their own with the newer comers, like George Fuller Golden, who commands the highest salary of all, and who now plays in England the greater part of the time. James Thornton, when the spirits permit, can always provoke gales of laughter with his deep sepulchral voice rolling out arrant nonsense, and people like to hear him sing his own songs, familiar the land over, although he has no voice at all. James Morton is another real comedian with an unctuous personality, who has originality as well.



Photograph from Erickson Studio.

"JIBBY," A STAR IN MONKEY PANTOMIME.

by the way, seems as spontaneous, as effervescent as it did twenty years ago—his work is far easier. There is nothing that pleases more than a musical act with plenty of low comedy in it. As a rule musical teams are made up of a really good musician, not infrequently a leader of an orchestra, in partnership with a comedian—a "musical moke" he used to be

called in the days when minstrels were so popular.

One of the most thoroughly established acts in vaudeville is that of the Russell Brothers, who have played "The Irish Servant Girls," in various settings for years, and who are irresistibly funny with their gorgeously exaggerated foolery. The most delicately refined intelligence is frequently not proof against their manner of delivery.

Those acts in which the performers neither speak nor sing are known as "dumb acts." The performers include musical clowns, who are anything but dumb, jugglers, acrobats, performing animals, and ever so many others. The greatest acrobats come from Europe,

Augusta Glose, who calls herself a "pianologist," and who is the daughter of a successful piano teacher. Hers is a dainty, humorous parlor performance, in which unusual technical skill and clever imitations are interwoven. Lillian Shaw, who appears as a Hebrew woman, Marie Norman, and two or three others, are among the few who have the courage and ability to succeed as monologists. Heloise Titcomb, an American girl, who can hardly speak English, and who out-Frenches the Parisians among whom she was reared, is among the successful ones.

The colored brother on the vaudeville-stage really deserves a chapter by himself, for his success has been extraordinary. Williams



BONNER, THE EDUCATED HORSE.

where their performances are held in higher esteem than in this country, and some of the things they do are past describing. There are families of acrobats who have been famous for generations, and most of them die comfortably rich.

The women who work in vaudeville alone are comparatively few, for the "serious-chronic," as she came to be called, has passed on. But there are novelties. There is

and Walker, best of them all, are now established stars; but Cole and Johnson, who have written more popular melodies than any other writers of words and music in this country; Johnson and Dean, who have made something of a sensation in Europe; Irving Jones, Ernest Hogan, and ever so many more, are as firmly established as any of the vaudeville performers. Managers say they never saw a really bad "coon act."

The Honeymoon Flat

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Author of "The Smoke Eaters," etc.

Illustrations by Rollin Kirby

I

THE ferry-house clock, at the foot of Christopher Street, marked fifteen minutes past five, and all the trucks of the wholesale district were hurrying in, over the paving-stones of the side streets, to the wide esplanade of asphalt that lies along this stretch of the New York water-front. They kept coming like the straggling rout of a commissariat, with noise and confusion, clattering over the uneven pavements and bumping across the car tracks. Already, hundreds of them, their empty shafts thrown up before them like stiff arms, supplicated the sunset in long rows, cart-tail to cart-tail; and down the open passageways between them, the drivers, jolting along on the fat backs of horses with dangling traces and swinging nose-bags, raced to the boarding-stables like farm-boys, free for the night.

Carney was late. He had hoped to have his team stalled by five o'clock, but his last delivery of packing-cases had not been taken off his hands until ten minutes past five. Now he came down Christopher Street like a Roman chariot racer, standing behind the high seat of his double truck, shaken to the ears with the jarring of the axles, his huge Clydesdales pounding along as if to break their hoofs. He turned in on the asphalt at full speed, and wheeled with the recklessness of a battery going into action; and before the team could catch breath, he had unhitched the tugs, freed the pole, vaulted on to "Sharkey's" back, and set off at a gallop to the stables.

He hoped to be married that night—or, rather, there was a fearfully alluring possibility that he might be—and his bride-elect would leave Sturm & Bergman's display rooms at six. She might wait for him and she might not.

It was already half-past five when he hurried into a water-front saloon to get the bundle of clothes which he had left with the barkeeper that morning; and he struggled

for what seemed hours, in the little wash-room there—fighting with starched linen and twisted suspenders—to get himself into his wedding garments. It was a hot August evening. His fingers were slippery with perspiration; his neck was swelled with blood; he strangled in his efforts to fasten his celluloid collar; and every time that he paused to take breath, a numb fear quaked in his inside at thought of the uncertainty he was facing, and he wiped his forehead limply on his shirt-sleeve and sighed hard.

He ran for a street-car with his coat over his arm, pawing at the back of his necktie in a vain attempt to catch it under his collar button. The conductor pulled him to the platform as the car started with a jerk. "Wha's the time?" he gasped. The conductor thrust him aside. "Quart' t' six." He clung to the brass hand-rail weakly. He had had no food since breakfast, except a glass of beer and some free-lunch biscuits; his legs were aching from the vibration of the truck; he swayed with the motion of the car; and every now and then—overtaken by the fear that she might have been merely giving him "a jolly"—he blinked like a man in a "drop" elevator when the cage floor leaves his feet.

Not so the lady. She was a cloak model, "36 figure," in Sturm & Bergman's; and she had been parading all day in various winter furs and jackets before the critical eyes of wholesale buyers from out of town. She had walked up and down interminably, as graceful as a drawing-room belle, but as indifferent as a dummy. One of the younger buyers, admiring the stately creature in her "princess" gown of black brilliantine that fitted her like a mold, asked her with an air of gallantry whether she did not ever tire. She lowered a supercilious stare on him, and said "Uh?" The salesman interposed hastily: "Now *here's* one of our newest designs——"

At six o'clock, she turned from the window where she had been idle, and went to the

dressing-room to put off her "harness" and clothe herself for the street. She did not hurry. The younger girls giggled and chattered around her, arraying themselves in open-work finery and picture hats. She was the last to leave. Her face had lost its work-hour heaviness and flushed with the faintest twinkle of excitement.

It returned to affected indifference when she saw Carney across the street. They met as if by accident, at the corner. "Well?" she said.

He reached his hat-brim awkwardly, his coat pinching him under the arms. "How yuh be'n?"

"Fine. How're you?"

"A' right."

And suddenly there was nothing more to say. Carney usually relapsed into this satisfied silence as soon as they met; and she, tonight, instead of making conversation for him, looked straight before her with an air of saying: "Go on, now. I've helped you all I intend to. You'll have to do this by yourself."

They walked up Broadway together, as they had done a score of times before, jostled by the crowds that poured from the stores and office buildings. Neither of them spoke. When they came to Astor Place, she turned east toward Third Avenue, as if she were going home. "Hol' on," he said. "Ain't yuh——"

She looked at him. "Ain't I what?"

He hitched up his neck in his tight collar. "Ain't yuh—goin' to have somethin' t' eat?"

She could see that this was not the question he wished to ask, but she pretended to notice nothing. "Where'll we go?"

"What's the matter with Dinkey's?"

"All right."

It was six months before that she had met Carney—one midday—as she was going out to her luncheon and he was delivering a load of goods to the freight elevator of Sturm & Bergman's. She had recognized him at once by the scar on his upper lip, and remembered the day she had given him that wound, accidentally. (She had been breaking up a box for her mother's firing, and the head had slipped off the hatchet and struck him in the mouth.) He had been little Philly Carney then, going to school; and she had been "Clare" Walsh, carrying parcels for "Madame Gilligan," of Ninth Street.

That was fifteen years ago now. They had been neighbors in Cherry Hill's "Dublin

Row" at the time. But when her widowed mother died, she revolted against the slavery of her apprenticeship to the dressmaker and went on the stage as a chorus-girl for three contemptuous years. The vanities of the theatre had sickened her sturdy independence; she had returned to the working world as a shop-girl and accepted a better position as a cloak model.

When Carney met her, she was adrift on the life of the city in a sort of unambitious isolation, working stolidly, lonely among the younger girls with whom she had no sympathy, and brusquely repelling any flippant advances from the men. She had lost track of all her girlhood acquaintances. "Dublin Row" had long since been torn down. And when she saw Carney with his truck, it was like meeting an old friend in a world of strangers.

II

"WHAT'LL yuh take?"

She looked over the greasy bill of fare, her arms on the little table. They were in a basement restaurant that offered a "regular" dinner for twenty-five cents. There were ants in the sugar-bowl and gravy stains in the saltcellars. "I could eat a horse," she said.

He turned to the unshaven waiter absent-mindedly. "Same fer me."

When he stopped laughing with her at his mistake, he was more at ease with himself and his clothes. "Well, an' that's no joke," he said, as soon as the waiter had left them to bring soup.

She patted her back hair, looking at him with that flirtatious air which is proper to a café dinner. For him, the sparkle in her face was so brilliant that he could not see any defect of beauty in her high cheek-bones and her lean mouth. She dazzled him. He weighed his fork in his big fingers. "Say," he asked huskily, "did yuh *mean* that, las' night?"

She reddened, startled. "Mean what?"

"*You* know."

She tried to laugh. "Did *you*?"

"I seen Father Dumphy this afternoon."

"*You did!*" Her lips still held the wrinkles of their smile; but her eyes, fixed on him, kept twitching in and widening out in an alternation of incredulity and hope.

"I thought you—I tol' 'm we'd be aroun' to see 'm t'-night—if yuh'd *come*."

She did not reply, and he looked up at her

timorously. Her gaze searched his face like a light that took him full in the eyes and confused him. He stammered, "I—I——"

The waiter shuffled up with their soup and

"Fish?" the waiter asked, behind her.

"Yep. Fish," she answered; and she spoke in the voice of a woman who was henceforth to do the ordering for two.



THE WAITER SHUFFLED UP WITH THEIR SOUP.

interrupted them. Carney, in his embarrassment, gulped a steaming spoonful and burned his throat. He felt her smile on him and met it with a twisted mouth. She choked hysterically.

"Did—did yuh mean it?" he insisted.

She answered, behind her handkerchief: "I guess so—if *you* did."

She heard his spoon clatter nervously in the soup-plate. When she had wiped her eyes, she saw him with another scalding mouthful at his lips, and she cried: "You'll burn yourself!"

He spilled it into the plate. He wiped the splatter from his coat-front with his table napkin and mopped his forehead. "Gee!" he said.

She leaned back in her chair and watched him amusedly.

She had to continue in charge of the dinner, because Carney was in no condition to do more than eat; and he ate as if he did not know what he was putting into his mouth. All day, there had been but one thought in his mind: did she really mean to marry him? Now, with her assurance that she meant it, this woman with the walk of a goddess had suddenly stepped into his blank future and filled it with a bewildering richness; he went about his meal in a dazed attempt to reconstruct his view of his life around that glowing vision. At one moment, he devoured his food; at the next, he sat with meat impaled on the tines of his fork, forgetting to open his mouth for it; and when she spoke to him, he listened, smiling, without any apparent comprehension.

She left him to his silence at last, and they

finished their dinner without a word. He sat over the empty dishes, until she said: "Well?"

He grinned.

"When did you say you'd be there?"

"Where?"

She straightened her hat, trying to look up at it through her eyebrows. "Father Dumphy's."

He came down to earth with a perceptible jolt; he had forgotten that part of the affair. He was like a man unexpectedly left a fortune: he was so busy planning his new life that he had forgotten to consider the legal procedure incident to the inheritance.

He had forgotten more than that, as she discovered when they came down the stone steps of the church into the night, man and wife. She was both laughing and exasperated. "You're a peach," she said. "How'd you think we could get married without a ring?" He shook his head, blissfully shamefaced. "It's bad luck," she said. "Besides, that ain't a wedding-ring at all."

He looked helplessly at his father's big seal-ring on her outstretched finger. "Well, say. Come an' get one."

"Yes! Where'll we get one at this time of night?"

"I don't know."

"No. Neither do I. Put on your hat, silly."

He put it on. They walked to the corner. He hesitated there, fumbling in his pockets.

"Well?"

"Where—where 're we goin' to go?" he faltered.

"What!"

"I—I didn't know whether yuh meant it," he pleaded. "An' I didn't make no— My place ain't fit— It took all the money I had to pay *him*. I——"

"Well, Phil Carney," she cried. "If you ain't the limit!"

He did not deny it. He looked around him at the passers-by, as if he thought they could help him.

"What 're yuh goin' to do?" she demanded.

He had money in the savings-bank, but that was out of reach till morning. He had a brother in Brooklyn, but they were not on very friendly terms. He might borrow somewhere—enough for one night in a hotel anyway—perhaps from Mrs. Kohn, from whom he rented his room, or from his friend the barkeeper with whom he had left his clothes. But those two were at opposite ends of the

town; and while he was trying to decide which he should apply to, she walked out into the road to meet an approaching street-car.

"Where yuh goin'?"

"I'm going back to my room," she said disgustedly. "*You* can go where you like."

"Well, say," he protested.

"Well, say," she mocked him. "The next time you ask a girl to get married, you'd better have some place to take her to. I can't live in the streets, can I?"

That silenced him. He stood beside the car step forlornly as she got aboard. "Good night," she said. "I'll see you to-morrow."

He remained in the middle of the street—watching the car climb the slope of the avenue—until a moving-van almost ran him down. The shouts of the driver sent him back to the sidewalk; the movement of late shoppers turned him round; he drifted away aimlessly.

About midnight, he came to the foot of Christopher Street and stood looking out at the bivouac of the army of trucks like a deserter returned to his camp. His hat was slanted dejectedly down over his eyes; the torn ends of his celluloid collar were protruding under his chin; he carried his coat over one shoulder. He stepped down heavily into the gutter and stumbled across the road.

"A' right, Jim," he answered meekly, to the challenge of the watchman. "I'm goin' to sleep in the cart."

III

LIKE the majority of New York truckmen, Carney owned his own team and wagon; but unlike the majority of them, he hired out by the day instead of by the week—for he had the finest horses on the water-front, and he wished to reserve the right to keep them in their stalls whenever the streets were too dangerously iced in winter, or too dangerously sun-beaten in summer, for them to be at work. So, when he woke next morning, he was under no necessity to ask leave of absence for the day.

Long before the other drivers had arrived at their stables, he was hitching up; and by the time the water-front had wakened to the day's work, he was driving up and down the cross streets of the East Side, reading notices of flats to let. The janitors were putting out their ash-cans. He hailed them from his high seat with "How much 're yer rooms?"

Then, with the price in his eye, he "sized up" the front of the building, shook his head, and drove on.

He wanted something new; no "second-hand" flats for him. He did not intend to pay more than fifteen dollars a month rent; and he did not wish more than four or five rooms.

It was eight o'clock before he came on the row of apartment houses that are known to the neighborhood of Second Avenue and Twelfth Street as "The Honeymoon Flats"; but it did not take him ten minutes to decide that he had found his home. The last of the buildings had just been opened for occupancy; it was in red brick striped with white-

not. He saw gasoliers as resplendent as the most gorgeous he had ever seen in a saloon; and they hung from ceilings that were bright with squirt-brush decorations of red and blue flowers and red and green fruit. The bathroom shone like a plumber's window display.

Carney nodded. "'S all right," he said. "'S all right."

He left his watch as a "deposit" and drove off to his breakfast; but he went round about, by way of Third Avenue and Canal Street, slowly, on the lookout for furniture stores. When he came to one with a gold sign, in letters a yard high—"Everything for House-keeping," he stopped short. Below it, on



AND WHEN CARNEY ENTERED THAT PARLOR, HE TOOK OFF HIS HAT.

stone facings; there was a shining brass hand-rail down the front steps; the halls were gay with crimson burlaps; and on the fifth floor there was a flat of five rooms, papered in gorgeous designs of red, green, and gold, to rent for twenty dollars a month.

The fact that the houses were called "The Honeymoon Flats" because none but inexperienced housekeepers would try to live in them was not known to Carney. They were unheated, except by gas-grates, but he was not one to think of heating arrangements in midsummer, and the grates were bronzed and glittering. There were cracks around the window frames large enough to put a finger in, had he looked for them—but he did

a net banner, he read: "Ask to see our \$129 flat, furnished complete. Ten per cent. off for cash. One dollar opens an account." He read it twice, muttering it over. Then he whipped up his horses suddenly and rattled down the street with as much noise as a tally-ho.

"Gee!" he laughed as he swung the corner. "This'll bust the bank."

On the fourth floor of Mittelbaum & Schwarz's "Furniture Emporium," the enterprising manager had screened off four compartments to represent a parlor, a bedroom, a kitchen, and a dining-room. And when Carney entered that parlor, between

pea-green portières beautiful with yellow ball-fringe, he took off his hat. Four rich red "damask" chairs and a sofa were arranged symmetrically about the walls; a square "parlor" table, as big as a chess-board, stood in the exact center of the room on the exact center of an "Oriental" rug that was made of a yard of cheap carpet with a border sewn on it; and in the exact center of the table, a very small lamp supported a very large globe-shade that was decorated like a dyed Easter egg.

A "pier mirror of French glass" distorted reflections from the wall opposite the doorway. A chromo on a bamboo easel stood before a pair of lace curtains that were hung to represent a window. Everything was brilliant with varnish, rich with scroll-saw carving, upholstered in imitation plushes and ball-fringe. Carney looked around him in awed silence; and when the salesman turned his back to lead the way into the bedroom, the big truckman furtively smoothed his hair.

That bedroom—from its "golden oak dressing-case and wash-stand" to its "elegant, brass-trimmed, steel, enameled bed"—was luxuriously complete. In the dining-room, an "oak" table was set with "decorated English" dishes, as thick as quick-

lunch china. An "elegant sewing-machine with a five-year guarantee" stood at the foot of a puffy leather couch. There were forty pieces of tinware in the kitchen, a "golden oak" refrigerator, ten yards of oilcloth—"everything to make home comfortable and a woman happy."

Carney said, with a heavy affectation of nonchalance: "I guess this'll do." He went down into his bulging trousers pocket for the roll of bills he had drawn from the bank. "I got my truck outside. I'll jus' take the stuff along with me."

There were difficulties, but he overcame them all. No carpets went with the \$129 flat; he paid extra for them and got a superb design of yellow flowers, as big as pumpkins, on a flaming scarlet ground. There was a cotton-batting "down comfortable" on the bed, but no sheets or blankets; he bought them wholesale on the lower floors. If there was anything he seemed likely to forget, the salesman tactfully reminded him. He hired Mittelbaum & Schwarz's official carpet-layer to help him move in; and having paid \$25 on account and signed an agreement to pay \$2 a week thereafter, he took his center-table in one hand and his parlor lamp in the other and led a procession of employees with chairs, tables, pillows, and tinware to his truck.



HE CLOSED THE DOOR ON HIS FIASCO.

"Shake yerselves, now, boys," he said. "I ain't got all day on this job."

They shook themselves. By midday, the parlor carpet was laid; a green matting was down in the dining-room; the ten yards of oilcloth adorned the kitchen; and Carney, standing in the disorder of the bedroom where all the furniture was piled, smiled around him on the beginnings of his happiness—and felt hungry. It reminded him that his team had not been fed.

He was alone in his own house all afternoon, putting things to rights. The front room was easily arranged, because he remembered exactly how it had been set up in the furniture store; but the bedroom gave him a bad half-hour. The side pieces of the bed did not fit the ends; the brass ball-trimmings came off in his impatient grip; the pillows would not go into their slips until he took them fairly between his knees and drew the cases on them like stockings. The pillow-shams he spread on the wash-stand and dressing-table.

By four o'clock he had the forty pieces of tinware arranged on hooks around the kitchen, and the agate-ware kettle, filled with water, set on the gas-stove. It was then he found that there was no gas in the pipes; but the janitor, frantically summoned, led him to the meter in the bathroom—a "quarter-in-the-slot" tenement-house meter—made change of a dollar for him, and showed him how to put his money in. The rest was a matter of hanging the curtains and the chromos in the front room. Carney shook his head doubtfully at one of the latter—a picture of a yellow horse dragging a sleigh-load of wood up a forest road in a snow-storm. "Darn mut," he said. "He'd ought t' ve had a team for that haul."

But the crowning audacity of his day was the purchase of a delicatessen dinner—cold chicken, sweet pickles, potato salad, Swiss cheese, bologna, rye bread, a wooden plate



SHE CLAPPED HER HAND OVER HIS MOUTH.

of butter, and four bottles of imported English ale. He spread it on the table, in the dishes of the "decorated English tea-set," drew up two chairs, and surveyed his work from the doorway with a chuckle of unconcealable delight.

IV

IF Mrs. Carney had been a bride out of a book, she would have entered that flat in the most adorable ecstasies of appreciation. But, unfortunately for Carney, her mind was not fictional, and she had been using it all day.

She had repented of leaving him, the night before, as soon as she had irrevocably paid her street-car fare; and she had hurried down to her work, that morning, expecting to find him at Sturm & Bergman's side door. When he had not appeared at luncheon hour, she had been so worried that she could not eat; and the afternoon's parade in fall costumes, with the thermometer at 86°, had worn her weak. At six o'clock she came out, desperately resolved to inquire for him at his rooms. And he was at the corner to greet her with a smile that in the circumstances was idiotic.

His explanations were irritatingly incomplete and incoherent. It exasperated her still more to find that her bad temper could not chafe a geniality in him that had no adequate cause apparent. She had to remind him again that she had no wedding-ring as yet; and he blithely put her off with a promise that they should get one in the morning. She was peevish with hunger. She wished her dinner at once. There was no sort of sense in going to look at flats before they ate.

But just this *one*, Carney pleaded. They could get their dinner right near it.

She would have left him again, but her day's experience had made her wise. She yielded at last in a sulky exhaustion, unable to argue with a man who did nothing but grin. They had to stand in the street-car.

She mounted the four flights of stairs to the flat with her jaw set on a determination to disappoint the eager assurance with which he led the way.

He unlocked the parlor door and ushered her in. She glanced around coldly. "What do you want to rent a furnished flat for?"

"I didn't," he bubbled. "I rented it empty, an' furnished it myself."

"To-day?" she cried.

"Yah," he confessed more doubtfully.

"And *that's* what you've been doing all day!"

He nodded.

"Well, Phil Carney!" she wailed. "If that ain't the meanest! Why—why—" She choked up with tears and anger. "Why that's all the *jun*!" She sat down in one of his damask chairs, fumbling for her handkerchief.

He closed the door on his fiasco. "Well, say," he began.

"Aw, shut up," she wept. "You go 'n' do everything wrong. I bet you got the dangdest lot of old junk——"

"I ain't," he defended himself. "I got the best they had."

"The best they had!" She summed up the shoddy magnificence of the parlor in a sweeping glance of disgust.

He turned his back on her to look out of the window. She whisked into the bedroom. "Ach!" he heard her cry. "Pine! . . . Cotton battin'! . . . Excelsior! It ain't even a hair mattress!" She flung into the dining-room—and stopped in the doorway.

The pitiful mute expectation of the two chairs drawn up to the delicatessen dinner confronted her with a dumb reproach. Her face changed slowly, her eyebrows still knitted in a scowl that began to twitch uncertainly, her mouth trembling in a doubtful slant.

When she came back to him in the front room, she took him by the two ears, from behind, and shook his head from side to side. "Darn you, Phil," she said, between laughing and crying, "if you ain't the darnedest big baby——"

He turned around and saw her face. "Well, say——"

That was the beginning of a change in Mrs. Carney. She had come to marriage as a strayed cat comes to a saucer of milk, with a boldness that is born of hunger, and a tense wariness that does not relax under the

first caress. To escape from her single life of self-supported loneliness, she would have married any one of whom she was not altogether afraid; and she was not afraid of Carney. She had for him a feeling that was slightly contemptuous even when it was most tender—a feeling that held him off and smiled at him with an amused tolerance, at best.

It was with this smile that she sat down to their cold dinner. But in the middle of the meal, she gathered—from something Carney said—that he did not expect her to go back to her work in Sturm & Bergman's; and she was struck dumb. (She had been prepared to work until the care of a family should keep her at home.) She listened to him with a pathetic expression of wistfulness and doubt, while he—in clumsy apology for having furnished the flat without consulting her—took out his bank-book and explained his indebtedness to the "Furniture Emporium." "The stuff ain't all paid fer," he said, "an' we *won't* never pay fer it unless they take back what yuh don't like an' give yuh somethin' else fer it."

He passed the book to her to keep, as the treasurer of the household. She turned it over in her hands as if it had been a jewel box. "You better look out," she said with a tremulous laugh. "I'll break you!"

Carney looked at her, solemnly trustful. "A' right. We go broke together now."

And suddenly she put her hands up to her face and began to sob.

She was somewhat tearful again in the morning when he left her to go to his work; and she hung out of the front window to wave him good-by as he turned the corner far below her. He was taking word to Sturm & Bergman's that their cloak model had left them; and she drew in from the window-sill, and turned to look down the little flat, with a new light in her face, all the domestic instincts stirring in her chokingly. The inherited desire to be protected, sheltered, housed in respect and love, took her in its fulfilment with a hysteric swelling of the heart; and she clasped her hands under her breast and drew in a long breath, her eyes still shining with tears, her thin lips set in that hungry pout with which a child asks for either food or kisses.

She walked slowly back to the dining-room and sat in Carney's chair, stroking the handle of his knife caressingly. And when she was

taking up the dishes to carry them out to the kitchen to be washed, she stooped over them and cuddled them and laughed.

It was some six weeks later that Mr. Philip Carney, in his shirt-sleeves, with his pipe in his mouth and his wife on his knee, sat in the breeze of the parlor window, enjoying the evening air. "Well," he said, "how d' yuh like bein' married?"

She tweaked his sunburned nose smilingly, cooing to him in that ridiculous "baby talk" which seems to be the universal language of young married couples.

He rescued his pipe. "Here," he laughed. "Don't do that. Yuh tickle the roof o' me mouth."

She pinched his lips, puckering up the cut she had given him in Dublin Row when she struck her "Philly wif 'm hatchet," as she said. There was a sort of fierce playfulness in her manner, a rough fondness that recalled her old imperious treatment of him.

"Huh!" he teased her. "That ain't the way yuh talked that night when yuh lef' me 'n Ninth Av——"

She clapped a hand over his mouth. "You promised you'd never——"

He caught away her hand. "A' right," he said. "Not another word about it. . . . But how did yuh like the furnished flat that day— Ouch!"

She was pulling his hair. "Shut up, then, will you?"

"Ow! Ye-e-es! Quit it! I'll shut up."

She settled back against his shoulder. He grunted as he got his teeth into the worn mouthpiece of his pipe again; and in the contented silence that ensued—looking out over the houses that had once been merely street-walls to them, and remembering the lives they had led on the pavements and in the stores—those two waifs of the city were vaguely conscious of the eternal miracle of domesticity and mildness that had been worked in them by The Honeymoon Flat.

On the Veranda

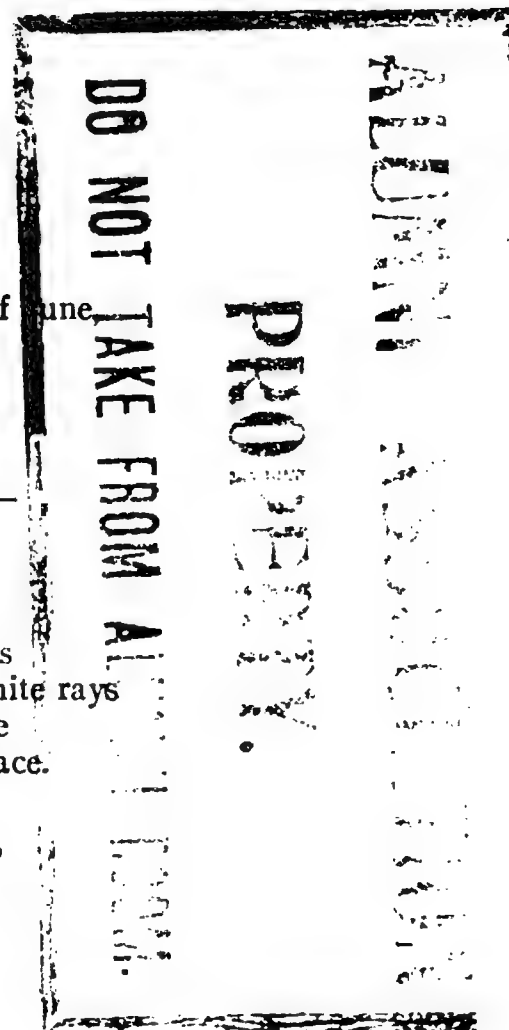
By THOMAS WALSH

ON the veranda, while the waning moon
Flooded the vineyards and the vales of June,
We gathered, softly singing in the shade
The waving branches on the trellis made.

Silent the elders listened as our song
Passed from each well-known melody along—
From old plantation tune and tramp of war
To simple glee and ballad loved of yore.

They sat apart—their thoughts upon the days
Of youthtime vanished—while the moon's white rays
Transformed the orchard to a dreamlike place
Hung round with light and shadow as with lace.

And when our youthful chorus wearied grew,
And to the house they pensively withdrew;
There in the shelter of the silvered vine
My fingers, taking courage, stole to thine.





EVEN THE ANCIENT STAGE WAS CALLED INTO REQUISITION.

Rigo's Circus

By KATHRYN JARBOE

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

STELTON had gone to the circus. Stelton was not a man, nor yet was it a boy. Stelton was a town, a logging town perched on the western flank of the coast range, and the circus had come to the city by the sea. In a night, the huge canvas mushroom had sprung up on the meadow behind the sand dunes and the beach; under it were monster elephants, pygmy ponies, wild and tame animals, gymnasts, riders, clowns, and ringmasters. In a night, the circus had appeared; but for weeks before, the spirit of the circus had spread itself out over the hills and through the forest. On every fence, even on the giant trunks of the redwoods, were flaming posters. Stelton was placarded with them from one end to the other, and Stelton had gaped its fill at "daredevil human feats" and wild jungle beasts. On the fence that stretched from Jerry Flynn's saloon to the hotel was a long series of lovely women, gauzily draped in spangles and net, riding on milk-white Arabian steeds. Some of them, half way through huge tissue rings, were kissing their fingers to—to an imaginary audience? No, to Stelton! Others smiled and waved their hands to Stelton. Holding the rings for the beautiful equestriennes were clowns who leered at Stelton, who beckoned

to Stelton. Across the street, elephants piled themselves into pyramids; lions and tigers played leap-frog with their keepers, daring Stelton to believe in such wonders, inflaming Stelton with curiosity and desire.

What wonder was it then that Stelton, all Stelton, as one man, had gone to the circus?

Before the great day had dawned the road was lined with wagons. Long wood-teams carried not only their ordinary ruddy, fragrant freight, but also women and children decked in their holiday best. Ox-teams crawled slowly along. Buggies, carts, and wagons, even the ancient stage that had been standing for years in the blacksmith's shop, were called into requisition to carry Stelton to the circus. Old Anthony Reed, who had not left his chair for sixteen years, had had that chair lifted on to an empty wood-trailer behind a heavy ox-team, and had started at two o'clock in the morning. Juan Perez had packed his ten black-eyed children and their black-eyed mother between the crevices of his logs and had started down the road at three. Jerry Flynn had closed his bar the night before and had driven off with Mrs. Flynn, behind his high-stepping black mare. Old Mrs. Widber, whose cabin was the most desolate place on the mountainside, whose life was the dreari-

est in the county, whose ordinary fare consisted of musty bacon and moldy bread, had paid for a place in the dilapidated stage and held the price of admission to the circus tight in her knotted fingers. Running along beside the wagons, hanging on behind the wagons, trudging doggedly through the dust, were droves of children. So, by the time the sun had climbed up and over the eastern ridge far enough to look down into every hiding-place and crevice of the little logging town, it saw only a deserted road, a few howling dogs tied in deserted yards, a few disconsolate chickens pecking here and there on deserted porches, a dull array of closed doors and windows. And it saw the clowns leering and beckoning to nothing but the painted animals across the street, and the lovely circus riders throwing their kisses to the empty air.

the first boy to see the circus bills, for he had been far down the road and had seen the placards pasted on the trees below Hill's Half-Way Saloon. He had crept cautiously along behind the bill-posters, drinking in with huge delight each newly revealed wonder. He had spent more time in front of the Stelton posters than any other boy in the town. Day after day he had squatted in the dust in front of the pictures, soaking his heart and brain in their glories, discovering new wonders, commenting on them to every passer-by, counting on both hands and then on one hand the days that must elapse before the great day of days.

Before that day's advent, however, something new and even more wonderful than a circus was offered to Rigo, something that outshone the marvels of the circus, something that induced him to forego the pleasures of



SHE WAS SITTING ON A LOG IN FRONT OF THE EQUESTRIENNE POSTER. RIGO WAS PRONE IN THE DUSTY ROAD.

And yet, Rigo was there. Rigo, the half-breed, the dago waif, had not gone to the circus. But then Rigo was no real part of Stelton. Although all of his short ten years had been spent there, nobody owned him, and the town disowned him. Rigo had been

the circus. That something was an offer of a sum of money, a vast sum in Rigo's eyes, a sum of money that could be earned only by the performance of a task that involved the renunciation of the circus.

Mrs. Herrera Alvarado, who lived on the



A TRAIL THAT LED TO THE SWIMMING-HOLE.

outskirts of the town, had a baby just six weeks old, a baby in no sense of the word up to the standard of most six weeks' old creatures of its kind. Even Mrs. Alvarado knew that such a baby could not be taken to a circus, especially since it would have to make the pilgrimage there and back behind a slow-moving ox team. But Mrs. Alvarado was only sixteen years old herself, and the circus called to her with myriad voices, beckoned to her with countless hands. She had spent hours, in company with Rigo, in front of the pictures, following the outlines of the lovely women with grimy fingers, tossing the animate bundle in her arms up toward the open-mouthed tigers and lions. The very day

before the circus, an idea occurred to her. She was sitting on a log in front of the equestrienne poster. Rigo was prone in the dusty road.

"Say, you Rigo," she began suddenly. "You never hadda da mon, da mon, all for yourself?" She had to poke him with her foot to call his attention from an aerial leap he was studying.

"Nop," he answered, giving her but half of his mind.

"Well, well—Rigo, I giva you da mon, if you stay an' look out for da kid—to-morrow."

Rigo glared at her. Stay at home! And look out for a kid!

"I got it!" the temptress went on. "I gotta da lotta da mon. Herrera, he gotta da pay last night."

The idea was taking more definite shape in Rigo's mind. He had never owned a cent in his life. He had been paid for his small services with food or worn-out clothes or shelter from the storms. But money! Money of his

own! Once he had taken five cents from another boy, but he had been forced to give that back immediately.

"I giva you—two bits," urged Mrs. Alvarado.

Rigo's eyes widened. He looked at the white horses, at the glittering riders, at the tawny lions, at the dun-gray elephants. Perhaps they wouldn't look so different, down there in the tent, after all. Perhaps they—Perhaps *he* couldn't get into the tent, anyway!

"I giva you one beeg two bitta piece!"

Rigo was looking from her to the clowns. Two bits was two ten-cent pieces and one five-cent piece! Two bits was five five-cent pieces!

"Have yer got five five-cen' pieces?" demanded the boy, a wavering light in his eyes, a wavering note in his voice.

"I—I getta it," assented Mrs. Alvarado eagerly.

And then the plan was agreed upon, the bargain made and sealed. Rigo would stay at home from the circus, would look out for the Alvarado kid, would give it a rag sopped in milk when it cried, would carry it about in the sunshine, would see that nobody, that no thing, harmed it.

In the morning, he stood and watched the long procession of wagons file past; but his hands were thrust deep into his blue jean pockets where he already felt the money that would soon be there. He heard the mocking jeers of the children who were going into town, but he answered them by shying rocks at them, and by warnings of horrible tortures in store for them. He saw in his mind their wrath when he should appear before them on the morrow, the proud possessor of a fortune, a palpable, audible fortune.

After the last wagon had disappeared, after the last derisive whoop had echoed back across the cañon, Rigo threw himself down in the dust at the feet of his gods and goddesses. For a while he lay there, a little faded, desolate atom of humanity, and when he rose again, there were long black streaks across his cheeks such as a spring torrent makes when it cuts its way across a hillside. For a time he consoled himself with his idea that probably *they* wouldn't be any better down there, possibly *they* wouldn't be as good as the pictures. Perhaps the horses wouldn't go so fast, perhaps they wouldn't jump so high, perhaps there wouldn't be any real circus, any realer circus than just pictures! Then he sat up suddenly. He was looking directly into the laughing eyes of a clown who was jeering at him for staying all alone, for staying away from the circus. He heard the train whistling far up the valley. He could hide on it somewhere and get down in time! How'd Mrs. Alvarado ever know? He'd have the circus and the money, too! But



"IT'S HERRERA'S BABY HE'S AFTER."

his blood, diluted by generations of dissolute mixtures, still held the red integrity of the Indian and he lay prostrate again in the dusty road. Once it did occur to him that he might carry the Alvarado kid into town. It didn't weigh much! But his dago indolence denied him this solution.

The hot sultry morning dragged slowly by. It seemed to Rigo that no morning had ever been so long. Mrs. Alvarado, impelled by gratitude for her release from maternal duties, had left on her kitchen table a pile of cakes and a can of sirup. Rigo, recalled to her cabin by the wailing infant, administered the sop of milk, devoured his lunch and, then, taking the baby with him, went back to his post in front of his painted circus. At last,

lulled by the silence and the oppressive heat, he slept, one arm encircling the small bundle of humanity, half protectingly, half caressingly, and in his dreams he still saw the wonderful dancing horses, the brilliant riders and the jungle beasts.

The afternoon shadows had already started on their journey across the dusty road when Rigo stirred. Before he was really awake he was conscious that it was dark. Was it night? Had he slept his vigil away? Slowly opening his eyes, he saw that it was not the darkness of night that had fallen. Between him and the sun, covering the blue sky with a heavy pall, was a long stretch of black smoke, and the wind, that all day long had been hot, was growing hotter and sultrier. The air, that had been stifling, was full of dry particles. Gray ghosts of leaves floated by, then sank into obliteration on the dust. Rigo sprang to his feet. He knew well enough what it all meant. The forest was on fire! But where? How near?

Straight down from the loggers' camp, just beyond the town, came the smoke, and Rigo, even from the road, could see the flames licking greedily up to the tops of the redwoods that stood to the left of the mill. The boy was frightened, even though he did not realize the danger. He knew that the watchman had left the mill, and he wondered if all the piles of lumber and the big unsawed logs, would burn. The wind grew hotter, and his eyes smarted; but he stood, fascinated, and watched the flames leap from one giant tree to another. Burning brands, swept onward by the fire's own breath, fell here and there, but they were unheeded by Rigo. He was exhilarated and excited by the fierce red glare and the outpouring funnels of smoke. He gave vent to his feelings in loud shouts.

"Golly! That was a big one!" he screamed, unmindful of the fact that his only auditors were the painted circus men and women, and the sleeping infant at his feet. "Gee! Look at that!" he cried again, as the flames, sweeping upward through a dense madroña, filled the air with a shower of burning leaves.

Suddenly a noise on the other side attracted his attention to the lower road. There the brush, ignited by the fiery brand, had caught the flames and was carrying them closer and closer to the town. At the same moment, a burning branch was flung on to the dry shingles of the hotel, and instantly the roof was in a blaze.

Then Rigo realized the peril of the town

—he knew that it was doomed, that no power could save it—but even yet he did not recognize his own danger. He ran hither and thither shouting at the flames. He untied a dozen howling dogs. He dashed into Jerry Flynn's barn and dragged out a horse that was stabled there. And it was this creature that showed the boy his own peril, for the animal darted down the road and then, seeing that its way was blocked by the encroaching flames, turned, snorting, and galloped back, only to be met by the breath of the burning forest. Rigo looked about him on every side. Half a dozen cabins were already in flames, and the two roads leading out—one up and one down the valley—had already been crossed by the fire. At his feet two of the dogs crouched and whined. The boy, looking into their upturned, frightened eyes, grew panic-stricken. To plunge into the forest on either side would be madness! To climb the hill ahead of the flames would be impossible. If he stayed where he was he would be smothered and burned to death.

Now the baby woke and began its pathetic, pitiful wail. Rigo looked instinctively at the Alvarado cabin where the milk and the rag were, but the Alvarado cabin was burning briskly, fiercely, the flames from its low roof leaning greedily toward the nearest house.

But the kid would burn! She had said that he must let nothing hurt it! This memory of the responsibility laid upon him quieted him. Was there nothing to do, nowhere to go? There was one place, though! They might be safe there if only he could reach it ahead of the fire. Picking the baby up in his arms, Rigo stood for one undecided instant. He looked up and down the road. It was the only home he had ever had, and a great sob closed his throat. He looked once more at the circus posters where the gay ladies were still smiling and kissing their hands to him. Then, whistling to the dogs and calling them by name, he ran behind Flynn's saloon, dropped lightly down an overhanging bank, and scurried through the burning bushes, his feet finding by instinct a trail that led to the swimming-hole, to the massive ledge of rock that leaned far over it.

And now Stelton was absolutely empty, absolutely deserted. The red flames from the forest were hurtling nearer and nearer. On the other side of the creek, the burning brush was creeping steadily up. The hotel was a fiery mass. The blacksmith's shop was burning. Jerry Flynn's saloon was a smoking

ruin. The grinning lions and tigers had shriveled into black and charred scraps. A breath of wind from the sea divided the veil of smoke. The western sun shone for a moment full on the smiling gauze-gowned women. Half through the tissue rings, they kissed their fingers once more, and a greedy tongue of flame lapped them from the fence, that burned up fiercely for a few moments, then fell in a smoldering ridge of ashes.

The clown had laughed his last joke; the last "daring aerial flight" had been made; the last race had been run. The audience, tired but blissful, was pouring out through the curtained doorways. The sun had set. The waves were breaking softly, caressingly on the yellow sand.

A long red line stretched across the sky from the hills to the sea horizon. From a cañon rose a long black column of smoke.

"Another forest fire!" It was carelessly said by a dweller in the town.

"Stelton! The cañon!" It was screamed by a woman, a dweller in the hills.

Instantly there was mad confusion. Most of the people there had come from the hills, lured by the spirit of the circus that had penetrated to their depths. Horses were seized by any one who could untie them, and the mad race toward the hills began. For the ox-teams and the wood-teams there was no hope. But the buggies, the wagons, the carts, even the lumbering old stage, started back, passing and repassing one and another as the strength of the horses or the craftiness of the drivers permitted.

Jerry Flynn, standing by his high-stepping black mare, caressed her shining neck and spoke to his wife, who had climbed hurriedly into the cart.

"I don't see's there's any use in our gettin' into that gang, old girl. If it's Stelton that's burnin', why, we can't stop it now. An' if it ain't Stelton, why, there ain't no use in wearin' Bess out in that kind of a race."

As he finished speaking, his eyes fell on the corner of the field where some of the heavier teams had been put, and he saw little Mrs. Alvarado clinging to her husband while their slow, big-eyed oxen looked at them complacently.

"My God! Kit! Herrera's baby's left alone in Stelton and they've only the oxen to take them back!" Jerry Flynn's voice was husky.

In half a moment Kittie Flynn was on the ground, in a whole moment Mrs. Alvarado was in the buggy with Jerry Flynn, and the big black mare was entered for the race up the hills. She seemed to fly over the ground. She passed everything on the road. She was followed by curses from men who were hurrying to save the property they had neglected. But the curses grew softer when the woman's white face was seen in the dim twilight.

"It's not his bar Jerry's tryin' to save," one screamed to another; "it's Herrera's baby he's after."

Once the buggy was flung half over the cliff when Flynn urged the mare past a slow wagon. Mrs. Alvarado gasped with terror.

"Don't be frightened, girl," he cried. "Bess'd pull us out o' hell if we'd fell in accidental. An' don't be frightened 'bout the kid," he added more softly. "We'll find it all safe, sure."

They reached the outskirts of the brush fire. They drove down the road that was a foot deep in ashes and burned cinders. They came within sight of Stelton; the town lay flat and level, a smoldering hummock here and there showing where a cabin had stood, a tall brick chimney indicating the site of the hotel. The fire had swept on across the upper cañon and had died out with the on-coming night. Overhead the moon swung drowsily in the smoke-filled air.

Flynn, with Mrs. Alvarado cowering by his side, was the first to reach the town. Past the ruins of his own place he went without stopping, past the chimney, down the whole length of the road to the little heap of ashes that had been Mrs. Alvarado's home.

And there, asleep in the moonlight, was Rigo, lying, as usual, flat on the ground. In his arms was the baby, contentedly asleep with a corner of Rigo's cotton shirt stuffed in its mouth.

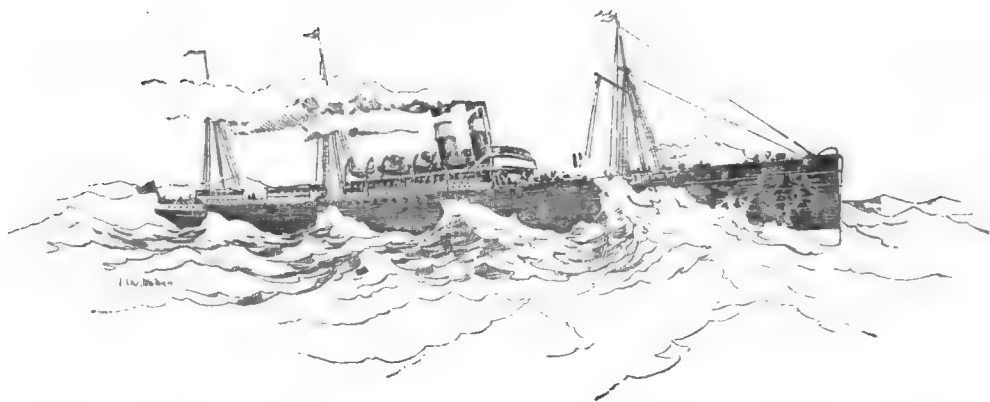
"Was—was the circus good?" The boy spoke drowsily as Mrs. Alvarado snatched her baby to her breast. "Was—was it bet-ter'n the pictures?"



The Captain

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

With drawings by Taber, Shafer, and Machefert



A LONG the east and the west bound lanes of the transatlantic trade the liner fleets drive shuttle-wise—hard-pushed between the Old World and the New. So across the Banks streams the endless procession of heavy hulls, high-pressured, rushing through fair weather and foul, and knocking down the leagues from port to port. Time counts in the traffic—there are the mails and the hurried voyager. Minutes make the records, and many a record has made a line.

There was once—in the day when the fashion still clung to single screws—a record-breaking master of the name of Macklin. He commanded the liner *Ellyria*, the biggest of the Red Stack fleet, flat-waisted like all the deep-sea fliers, but with fine lines fore and aft. She was laid down on the Clyde, built to beat a rival boat of the rival Manning Line, and was the biggest job ever tackled in the river-yards. Once afloat, she showed her worth. On the measured mile she made a little better than nineteen point five, and at the end of the summer season had walked down the knots at a gait that dropped all rivals astern. One by one she picked up and passed the boats of competing lines, her engines swinging aft true to the beat of her powerful blades, a grand ship, able and big and the best of any on the Banks.

Naturally, the Red Stack Board was pleased. At its annual meeting the increased receipts of the *Ellyria* were announced to loud applause, and a venerable member arose. "I move," said he, "that a suitable and substantial testimonial of our esteem be transmitted to Captain Macklin for producing this splendid result."

So far, so good. Macklin put part of the check into a brand-new uniform, trimmed with certain additions of gold lace, and by implication and otherwise acknowledged himself as great as any who fare between the Mersey and the Hook. In this way much glory came to the *Ellyria*, but with Macklin on the bridge to take it all, no praise or benefits by any chance got farther than outside the deck-door of the engine-hold.

Henderson, chief of the engineers, was below, truing metal in the bearings, when the news was brought aboard. He stood abaft the thrust-block, wiping his palms upon a greasy jumper, when a voice from the upper starboard grating hailed: "Mr. Henderson—hallo—I say; are you below there?"

"Aye," he answered, stepping across, "what's wanting?"

Forbes, a squat monkey of a man, always with an irresistible grin, hung over the hand-rail with a devil's look of mirth and disgust

upon his face. He was senior second, a young man for the place, and for his skill high in the chief's good graces. "I say," he cried, pinching at his jaw with a thumb and forefinger, "I say—did you hear? The Board'll be giving the captain a testimony and a present for the records he's broke." Henderson's rejoinder was a grunt. He turned again to the engines, and Forbes, discomfited, came slouching down the iron ladder. He gazed about the hold, dimly lighted like a cloister and filled with its noises of work, and bent his way to the chief. "Faith," he grumbled, "there'll be glory bawlin' like a fish-wife on the bridge, and him paradin' her to all the world—puffed out like a lord mayor with royalty on his arm. But I say, Henderson, he chokes any word of praise that we might have. What do we get, I say, or do we but pull his chestnuts from the fire?"

The chief turned with a sour, reproving look. "You're asking what's to come to us?" said he. "This—our month's wages paid regular. You're a young man, Forbes, and I'm forrard to say you'll fare better with a cautious speech in your mouth. Don't be about asking much—thirty-five year and gone in the line has taught me that—aye, you'll understand?" He bent a meaning look upon the younger man, and nodded in conviction. "Don't be set back, lad, that your glory halts above the engine-hold. She's a clean lassie, and maybe cares naught to dirt her gown with grease and soot, or play with grimy men."

Outward and home again went the *Ellyria*, regular as the tides in her trade. Dismay followed in her train, for no boat, however crowded on, could hold her. One of the *Manning* fleet—the best—broke down on the *Georges* in the struggle, and the *Ellyria*, sweeping to the westward, came abreast of the disabled steamer lying like a log upon the sea. She bore the darkly silent, solemn look of the cripple at sea, and as the *Ellyria* breasted up toward her, a train of signal flags aloft was hauled fluttering to the deck. Macklin saw it, and laughed aloud.

"They were asking for us to stand by," he explained to a passenger, "but I fancy

they made out who we are, and"—here he laughed again—"well, they know *me*!"

The passenger stared. "You mean that you would not stand by? I believe you told me there was a hard storm handy—the sky—the glass—" Macklin's look was deprecatory. "I can't do it with my passengers and mails," he explained stoutly, "and, besides, they have taken in the signal. Etiquette forbids to offer aid unless they ask it. Oh, they'll pick up some smaller boat shortly, no doubt."

The passenger asked whether the other might not be in peril, and Macklin shook his head. "Hardly," he observed. "She's a big hull, and there's nothing wrong there—at least, the pumps are not going. She has just a broken shaft, I take it—a common mishap with these fellows who let their engineers go mad at making records. I take care that my men keep within easy limits. I make the best time in the trade, but I see that it is properly done. I will say, though, that my engineers are a reasonably fine lot of chaps—good men at their trade." Then he launched his experience of wrecks and other casualties at sea—none a mishap of his own.



"THE BOARD'LL BE GIVING THE CAPTAIN A TESTIMONY."

The *Ellyria* bore on, and at the journey's end reported the other liner's mishap. It created the usual dull consternation at the agent's, and to offset the news, the *Manning* Line made a special announcement. It set forth that the two big steamers already laid down on the Clyde bank were for its service—hulls of 10,000 tons, with twin screws and all the improvements. Henderson grinned when he heard. "Twin screws, eh?" he exclaimed. "We've driven them to experiment. What's the power?" Macklin, who

had called the engineer to his cabin, held the paper in his hand and read. "What—is it right—15,000?" Henderson cried. "That's enormous!" He rolled the "r" in his astonishment, for in that day half such strength of engine was considered big. "If she proves herself, Captain, we'll never catch her—I tell you so now."

Macklin looked up with a frown. "Oh, yes, we will, Mr. Henderson—I'll see to *that*!"

"But with her fifteen thousan' again' our eight?" he protested.

The first of the two boats was launched in time for the following summer's trade. She came down from the Clyde, a long, fiddle-bowed craft, keen as a yacht, and girt and gaudy with brass and shining paint. She was a racer, pure and simple, and along the deep-sea docks the trade watched and waited with high interest for her maiden trip to the Hook. But the new liner—her name was the *City of York*—on her first voyage made no phenomenal burst of speed across the Banks. She was six and a half days—nearly seven, in fact—from the English coast to Gedney Channel; and Macklin smiled comfortably when he crossed the bar ahead. "Not sighted yet!" he exclaimed to the pilot, who came aboard at the *Lightship*. "Well, I fancy the *Ellyria* can show her a trick or so, eh? What d'you think?"

But Henderson had his doubts. "I make it," he observed to his subordinates, "that she'll be no more'n jogging across. New engines and hands that still don't know their feel. Then again's the bearings; they'll wait till her shafts work down to them before driving her full-powered."

His words were verified. On the homeward run the new liner let out a link and pushed across the Banks high-gaited, careering upon the sea at a pace that left all records behind. In one day's run she logged better than 500 knots, and as she crossed in at the English headlands, had lopped a full hour and a quarter from the *Ellyria*'s cherished time. Again, on the return trip she picked up the record to the westward, and in six round voyages she had left her rival, discomfited and beaten, a second-rate ship in the transatlantic service.

The feelings of the Red Stack Board were at short notice reflected in Macklin's choler and dismay. His prestige was in peril, and he knew it. He studied the situation gloomily, reflected upon ways and means to regain his stand, and at each turn grew more perplexed and doubtful. Then he sent for the engineer.

"What speed is ours at the best?" he asked Henderson, who understood, dimly, what was in the air. Henderson rubbed his chin, reflecting a moment before the answer.

"Nineteen point five," he answered shortly.

Macklin struck the table with an open hand. "Then," he cried, "why does she always fall short?" He bent a flashing eye upon the engineer, and cried the question again.

"One moment, sir," Henderson rejoined slowly. "You'll know that nineteen point five was on the trials—a measured mile, picked coal, and the engines swimming with grease. She went past the beginning mark with her boilers fair choked with steam—steam bottled for the spurt. Can I bottle power for all the run across God's broad reach of sea? I ask you. Can it be done? And no later nor

last week was the line down on me for the bigness of my oil bill."

Macklin's face showed no acceptance of this explanation. He stared coldly at the old engineer. "Nineteen point five," said he, even voiced, without haste or heat—"nineteen point five she has made and shall make again or better. These are the orders—d'you understand? I have them from the Board!"

Henderson nodded. He leaned a hand upon the table, and his face was pale. "I've run my engines up to seventy-eight," said he, "and beyond that she'll not be safe. Also, they have cut down the oil."

Macklin nodded in recognition. "My orders," he advised. "They said your men were wasteful, and I am bound for economy."

"Aye," observed Henderson, with a nod, "save the price of oil and pay the cost in bearings. But I tell you this"—his voice grew powerful as he spoke—"she'll run no faster than she is, Captain Macklin, and you cannot catch the *City of York*."

"My orders," Macklin answered curtly, and Henderson strode forth.

On the eastward trip the *Ellyria* shot across the Banks like a hunted thing, driving through clear weather and foul. One



THE ENGINEER NODDED AND SMILED.

night when the engines were galloping high-paced, Henderson had hardly closed his eyes, dog-tired, when Forbes aroused him sharply. "On deck," he cried, "and see for yoursel'!" He led Henderson, half-dazed, to the rail, and pointed off the port-quarter astern. A light vapor had replaced the fog, and hung glimmering upon the sea. Dimly through this haze he made out the retreating stern of the west-bound City of York. She had laid over one trip to readjust her machines, and with all in steady kilter, her big screws twirling like mills beneath her counter, was flying on her way, full-powered, at a racing gait across the placid sea. Henderson rubbed his eyes. "By rights," he observed in astonishment, "there should be no west-bound liner on this, the east-bound track. What will she be doing here, with no storm to drive her from the course?"

Forbes glanced at him with a sardonic grin. "Aye, I'm asking that. Or"—here he hesitated, and then with a quick look toward the bridge—"or what will we be doing *oursel's* on the wrongful track? It's us that is wrong. I've seen the course he's set."

Henderson whistled. "So—then we're cutting corners, eh? It's dangerous work!"

Forbes nodded and told what he had found. The Ellyria was fifty miles out of the established line of travel—going eastward, in fact, over the westward lane, just for the sake of saving a few knots in the hope of beating the rival's time. Against this, the ship and all on board were risked—a wild enterprise, yet all for naught. At Queenstown the Ellyria turned in to harbor, far behind the record, though she had, indeed, cut corners, come the short course, and been pushed by a fair, quartering breeze.

The Red Stack Line was at some trouble to deny in the newspapers the reports of the Ellyria's deviation from her course, but there was the log of the other liner to show her wandering. Macklin, in a way, had a flea in his ear when he returned from a conference with the powers that be, and when he came up the side, was more impetuously angry than it was his habit to be.

"I hold you now to this!" he cried to Henderson. "You'll push this ship, as I've told you, or you may take the results."

The engineer nodded and smiled, a caustic tribute to the master's words. "I mind what you say," he answered, "but I warn you, Captain Macklin, she's a'ready hard pushed—too hard pushed now, for a ship

that's five year out of the yard, and hardly overhauled."

"No quibbling there!" retorted Macklin; "it's your duty and your place, my man, to make this ship go her best, and——"

Henderson held up one hand, a calm smile upon his lips. "I got no praise for that, Captain Macklin, when the honors were going around. Now that it's the other way, I'm hard called upon to do better than the best—aye, that's it."

Henderson, still pale and with working lips, strode aft toward the engine-room. On the way he stopped at the rail, and glaring down at the open coal-ports and the barges lying alongside, spat contemptuously.

"Dirty Welsh coal," he muttered, "and sinful to choke the grates. First to make good steam with that, and then to drive her till she bursts. But I warned you—" here he turned and waved a hand toward the captain's quarters under the bridge—"I warned you, and let calamity be on your own head." Then he passed below.

The Ellyria came down the Mersey, touched at Queenstown, and passed out, choked with steam and her pipes roaring. Henderson had sent the word along; the liner was to be pushed to the last limit of man and steam and steel, and the order was taken with half-veiled protests and much whispering in the holds. "No back talk, there!" he cried, quick to detect their manner. But then, with a savage delight in showing them from which quarter the wind was blowing, he called out in a broader voice: "Captain's orders—we're out for a new record."

The Ellyria swept down to the Banks, her engines humming at a stride they had never swung before. The hull, under the thundering tread of the power, quivered like a living thing, and the hold filled with a thousand deafening voices. Stroke by stroke the giant limbs beat their measure, shocking on the turn, till the whole fabric, fore and aft, was touched with a vigorous palsy—a rack and a breaking strain that could not fail to have their full effect. Henderson was everywhere. He hung brooding over the mesh of flying steel, staring fascinated at the plunging reach of connecting-rod and crank—ponderous bars that whirled in their orbits, restrained, yet significant of the power of this colossus driven by the will of man. Out and in, swinging on the sides, each was moving to its predestined work, and Henderson stood charmed yet alert, his breath halting

at each suspicious sound, and ready at a moment to battle with disaster. His eyes glistened as if in fever, and his sleep was reduced to cat-naps taken when he could. Back and forth between the engine-hold and the fire-room he wandered, urging all to their work. Before long his eagerness took hold, and from the coal-passers to the tunnel-greasers every soul below flew about, striving in a bedlam of activity.

Henderson counted strokes upon the dial. The engines, under the strain, drove swifter—seventy-eight—seventy-nine—eighty.

"Eighty-three!" cried Henderson, "and going up. Pray God we hold together!"

He passed aft into the shaft-tunnel, touching every bearing on his way, a familiar habit of his. But it was his ear that caught the warning first—a new, unwonted sound. He quickened his pace, his hand sliding along the polished shaft. "What's wrong?" he demanded shrilly. A greaser, affected with a sudden concern, was bending over the last inboard bearing of the main shaft. He was palming the block about its face, and heeding, at the same time, a querulous whine of grinding metal.

"What's wrong?" cried Henderson again, his voice ringing stridently above the mumble of the shaft. One touch convinced him, and, turning, he raced back toward the engines, yelling as he ran: "Shut down—down! Shut down, I say!"

The cry was too late; he heard the shaft snap at his back. A sudden flurry seized the great machine, uncoupled from the weight of shaft and screw. It broke, as it were, from its leash, and sprang forward. The cranks, fairly flying, drove around at dizzy speed; the engine's voice, from a steady bass roaring, mounted by octaves as its pace and power grew. Henderson, screaming, hurled aside the junior second, who stood by the gear-wheel, appalled at the impending disaster. With bulging eyes fixed on the vortex of thundering metal, waiting and watching for the giant fabric to wreck itself, to crash down and drive through the bottom of the ship, Henderson worked at the stop-valve,

spinning the hand-wheel with a desperate gesture. Stricken and unnerved at the peril, the engine force stood helplessly about. White faces stared through the dim-lighted hold; and the valve shut sharply with a "chug." "Stand by!" Henderson yelled, starting the reversing-gear to a center, where he stopped it, choking the last steam in the pipes. Overhead swayed the colossus, tearing, it seemed, at its own life. Then the note of the uproar dwindled, droned away, and with a light shock of settling cranks the engines halted, clanged once, and came to a peaceful stand-still.

White and sweating, Henderson walked aft. A sharp voice was calling down from the upper gratings, but he gave no heed—a voice that demanded an instant reason for this sudden stoppage. "A close call for us all," he murmured aloud, "and pray God that we're yet left to live." He looked along the shaft, and saw the break. The great metal round was cracked clear through, and upon its polished face the fissure showed sharp and plain. "Wake the captain!" he cried, with a half jeer, "the shaft's broke, and we're like to lie here till doomsday, or drift southward—aye, to the Azores!"

It was night, yet all the ship had come to life. Aroused by the quick stillness, the sudden cessation of the engine's tremulous pulse, the passengers streamed from their rooms, or, more discreet, peered forth in the extraordinary undress of night-life on a liner. Macklin, half-clothed and still stupid from sleep, hastened below, where he stood looking at the break, and foolishly biting his nails. He stared about blankly, not knowing what to do, and at last asked how it had befallen.

"Hard pushed—too hard," answered Forbes. "We plain broke down from that. If——"

Macklin looked hotly about him. "Where's Henderson?" he demanded. "Ahr—then I have *you* to thank, Mr. Henderson. I wonder how you will stand with *this* before the company?"

Henderson thought it hardly worth while

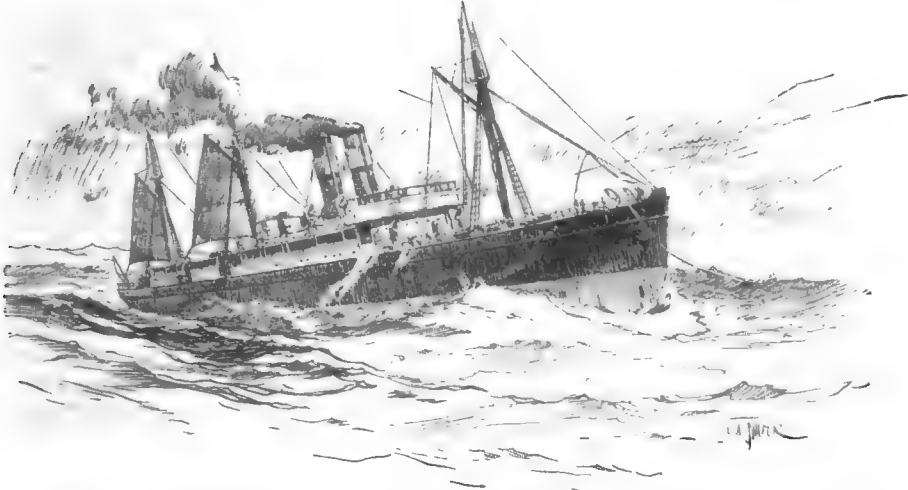


"NO BACK TALK, THERE!"

to answer, but the shrug of his shoulders was expressive. The *Ellyria*, her headway gone, had fallen broadside to the long swell, and was slowly rolling. This and the silent, crippled engines, now so much useless metal, filled him with sorrow, and he was in no

"I'll know better when I've found out," he answered blankly; and with that for an answer, Macklin went aloft. But he had hardly gone when Henderson was called to his cabin.

"Tell me," cried Macklin, "what's to be



THEY HAD THE DRAG OUTBOARD AND THE SHIP RIDING SLOWLY ON THE LONG ATLANTIC SWELL.

mood to bandy words with Macklin or any other man. So it was Forbes that spoke first.

"You'll not thank Mr. Henderson for this," said he, "but you'll thank yourself, if you please, Captain Macklin. 'Twas you that drove and you that wrecked the engines, and by right——"

"Another word," roared Macklin, his face red with rage, "and I'll clap you in irons."

Forbes laughed. "You can call it the plain truth, not mutiny, Captain Macklin, and do as you please." But before he could say more, Henderson dragged him away.

"That's sinful talk," protested the chief. "Would you ruin your chances forever on the sea?" Forbes scowled and shook his head.

"Agh-r!" he growled. "Him and his fair-weather ways! Seizing, like a thief, on every chance of praise and good to feather his own precious nest, and then trying, the thief that he is, to push an honest man between him and hell when the devil calls. Faugh!"

Henderson left him, and returned to the captain.

"What's to be done now?" Macklin demanded, and the chief shook his head.

done? Here we are with foul weather coming on—why, the glass is a sight!—and I with the lives of near two thousand souls on my conscience. Is——"

"You've felt it late," Henderson muttered, but the other hardly heard. Macklin was in a blue funk, and with scarcely pluck enough to hide it. "Perhaps—I don't know, I confess," hesitated the engineer; "but we may mend that shaft so's to crawl along to port. I don't know—I'll try."

"Do!" cried Macklin, "and you shall have full credit." He stopped there, with Henderson's eye bent sternly upon him, and then the engineer walked out.

The crew, forward, had got sail on the ship and were at work rigging a sea-anchor. Before the morning passed they had the drag outboard and the ship riding slowly on the long Atlantic swell. Below, Henderson and his men were working at plans and scheming to start once more the disabled engine. But it was a mighty task; the great shaft was in two parts, and sagged down at the ends, cracked with a jagged diagonal sweep just forward of the coupling-flange.

They had stripped the bearing, unbolting it from the plates, and Henderson was on his hands and knees for a look.

"Sure," he cried, in a muffled voice, "it can be done. We'll drive bolt-holes through the taper parts, peg it at each side, and strap the break with a chain and a turn-buckle. But it'll be a sinful job to do. Count gangs of four there now," he cried, "and fall to work."

Ten minutes after Henderson had chalked the shaft where it should be tapped, the drillers were at work, while at the forge, forward, the others were already shaping the bolts and straps that should at last mend and make the steamer anew. Four hours the men in the tunnel worked painfully, one shift following at the heels of another, and in the close, fetid air, stifling with the vapors from the bilge, drove their drills against the hard-wrought steel. Then from aloft came an officer, spick and span, with the captain's compliments, and what were they doing now?

"Well," observed Forbes, with a grin, "we're sort o' working like—drilling holes, mebbe. My compliments, and what's doing above?"

The officer grinned. "Forbes, you're a neat one," he said. "Why, the ladies and gentlemen have just given a vote of confidence in Captain Macklin and the Ellyria."

"Anything about the engineers—no? Mebbe they'll be that good, then, to send us down a cake o' scented soap to—"

"Have done with that, Mr. Forbes," growled the chief, and Forbes, with a smirk, went back to the broken shaft.

For the space of one day, a night, and another day, the engineers of the Ellyria drove bolt-holes through the steel that resisted harshly every turn of the tool. Their hands were cut, bleeding, blistered, they ached in every joint; yet, spurred on by Henderson's energy, no man cried halt. Overhead the gale was rising, a stout blow out of the north-northwest. It drove with screaming voices through the liner's cordage, whipping the spray from the lifting seas and boding evil for the night. Macklin, on the bridge, had not slept since the break. His big-chested manner and habit of strutting among his passengers were gone, and now he avoided them, unwilling to be so freely reminded of a responsibility he could not push aside.



SHE WAS DANCING OVER THE RUNNING SEA.

Midnight came, the storm broke, and the black sea rose troubled under the confusion of the elements. Hanging like a horse at a head-stall, the Ellyria drifted southward at her drag. Rain and cloud fell darkly upon the waters; they were fast leaving the ocean track, and after that might see nothing all the way to the Azores. So Macklin kept his glass searching through the gloom, and there, about dawn, appeared the Dutch oil-tank Van der Dam, rolling westward with empty tanks, and bobbing like a cork upon the sea.

A rocket sent up from the bridge was answered with another from the tank.

They saw her wear around toward them, showing to her bilges with every roll, and half in the air forward when she pitched. Macklin's flags went up; he asked for aid—to be taken in tow; and at that moment, Henderson, below, was driving the first bolt through the drill-holes in the shaft.

"We've got a tow—a tow!" an exultant voice roared from the upper grating, and the word passed along through the tunnel.

"What's that?" cried Henderson, stiffly rising. The news was repeated; he threw his sledge clattering before him, and ran at full speed forward, springing up the ladders two steps at a time. Then, greasy and with hair flying in the breeze, he presented himself to Captain Macklin on the bridge.

The boat was out, a line from the Ellyria trailing astern. She was dancing over the running sea, a pigmy of a craft, tossed from crest to crest, yet manfully nearing the oil-tank lying down to leeward.

"Call it back!" cried Henderson wildly. "The shaft's all but mended, and there'll be thousands of pounds to pay if she as much as gets a line aboard."

Macklin looked him over coolly. "And who are you, Mr. Henderson," he asked, "to be teaching me my trade? Get below, if you please, and leave me to run my ship."

Henderson stammered a new explanation, waving his hands in excitement. The shaft was almost as good as new. A few hours more and he could turn steam into the engines. Then they would be away again to the Hook, and money in the company's pocket. Macklin sneered.

"I'll take no risks here aboard," he snapped, "with any tinsmith's job of tinkering. Why, the shaft's broke clear across. D'you think I'll risk it driving holes in the ship? Go below, sir."

Stupefied, Henderson crawled down from the bridge. He rubbed his brow, dismayed, till a streak of grease and grit cut deeply into the skin. He crawled back into the tunnel and, oblivious of the men's eager and inquiring glances, once more ordered them to their work. "Was I born to-night or yestreen," he muttered, "that I cannot understand?" He felt the *Ellyria* gather slowly, heading on her course, and word came down that she had started westward again under tow of the tank.

He looked up, and Macklin was sauntering down the dimly lighted shaft-space, his front and confidence somewhat restored.

"Ah! still working, eh?" cried the captain, casting a casual glance upon the bolts and straps and tackle that it had taken so many bitter hours to construct. "A rather fancy job, by the looks of it. But, you know,

that perhaps he had been hasty in snatching up this tow. His visit to the hold was to discourage further work, so that when he made the nearest port there should be no evidence for the agent's eye that the captain had cost his company some unnecessary thousands of pounds.

"I mark what it is," cried Henderson, when Macklin had returned aloft; "he'll want no work of ours to be staring him in the face when the salvage bills come in. That's it. Get to work again."

One by one the bolts were driven home, the bands swaged about the fracture, and the chains tautened into place about the barrel of the shaft. All excitement, Henderson passed the word to knock away the overhead rig that held the shaft-ends to a level plane. Inch by inch the blocks were eased. The steel rod held true, and the gangs brightened with delight, while Henderson stood by for one last look at his handiwork.

"Turn her over once," he ordered. "Easy now with the machine."



SHE HAD STARTED WESTWARD AGAIN UNDER TOW OF THE TANK.

I can take no chance. It looks to me that if you tried to start this thing, we'd have a hole knocked through the double bottom, and all of us going to kingdom-come short of hand. Now that we're under tow we'll have no need of that. Eh, what's that? Stop work on it? Yes, unless it will amuse you to keep on."

There was little foolishness, however, in the motive that had brought Macklin below. A short time for reflection had told him

The word passed forward; steam was sent to the auxiliary, geared to turn over the main engine, and the shaft slipped slowly about. Its movement was easy and true. "Again!" cried Henderson, and once more the shaft, bound with the splints of steel, rolled gently in its circle. "There, men, we'll have done our work at any rate," Henderson called gaily. "We'll show that to the agents; and now for a bit of sleep."

Still westward went the *Ellyria*, plunging

at her hawser. The oil-tank, struggling with the dead weight of the liner sagging astern, had flooded her tanks, and now drove onward, a squat, ill-formed brute, yet an angel in distress to the Ellyria's anxious passengers. Convinced of Macklin's genius, a committee had drafted new resolutions of esteem and confidence, and was passing the paper about for signatures. Macklin, with his shoulders back, stepped down into the saloon and was received with a cheer. He was still accepting congratulations, in fact, when the first officer sent down with his compliments to ask the master to the bridge.

"What's wrong?" demanded Macklin, nervously squinting toward the oil-tank, half hidden in the spume of flying vapor. They were below the Banks, but a heavy fog was rolling up, and the night bid fair to be thick. "What's wrong?" he asked again, and sharply.

The first officer put down his glass. He was a tall, thin man, with a painful habit of brusqueness that had stood in his way to advancement. "I've been below," said he, "and looked it over. The shaft's as good as new for full eight knots an hour. This"—with a wide sweep toward the towing steamer—"will be costing us a hundred pounds an hour."

Macklin walked out to the wing of the bridge and back again. "And was it for this, Mr. Menzies," he asked slowly, "that you had the authority to send for me? I'll thank you to attend to your own affairs. Good-night!" And with that Macklin walked below.

The first officer made no response. He raised his binoculars and, with a light smile on his lips, fell to studying the distant tank. When his watch ended, he passed below, and at the deck-door to the engine-room ran up against Forbes.

"No use," said he; "I told him, but we'll stick to the tow."

Forbes looked blank a moment, and then ran a hand through his hair. "Now," said he, "I wonder whether I'd be black-listed the sea if I was to save the Red Stack Line the matter of £10,000 or more?"

Menzies shook his head and smiled. "Dunno," he murmured, and walked on.

The night brought with it a damp, yellow-tinged fog that touched one with its wetness like a finger of death. It fell upon the liner, blotting from her view the hard-driven Van der Dam, still surging at the hawser. Both boats had their whistles going, hooting

through the fog, call to call, more, it seemed, for company than from fear of meeting another ship in that solitude of vapor. So on through the gloom they went, and at the change of watch Forbes again came out on deck. He walked forward, climbing around the winches in the gloom, and called to the two lookouts on watch beside the hawser bight.

"Oy, there!" he cried, "what's that I hear abeam? I sure make it's a steamer. Aye, there it is again!" Forbes was certain the two did not see who he was, and as they ran to the weather-rail, he jumped forward to the bight. "Here goes for Henderson!" he muttered, and with a heavy stroke of an ax sliced the hawser where it lay strained against the metal chocks.

WHING! The steel wires parted with a crack, and the cable, crying like a thing of life, flew outward, and fell with a souse in the sea. Then Forbes fled as if for his life, while the hull of the Ellyria, slowly paying off, once more drove away, drifting broadside to the trundling waves.

On board the Van der Dam, lost somewhere in the fog, there was a sudden turmoil of excitement. Her prize was gone, and she spared no steam for her pipe to make the fact well known. Once the Ellyria's whistle gave a half-drowned, choking blat that ended in a wheeze of vapor, and after that was silent.

"We're gone adrift!" a gleeful voice sang up from below, and Menzies, understanding, whistled.

"You devil!" he cried, and got a taunting gibe for an answer.

Below in the hold there was wild activity. The junior second and senior third stood by ready to help at the starting-gear; Henderson had it all in touch. His eyes burned brightly, and one hand, upreached, clutched the wheel of the stop-valve as if he would grind the metal in his fingers. Then the bridge-telegraph sounded, the pointer flew about upon the dial, and, flickering, halted on the "Ahead!"

"Stand by!" roared Henderson. He eased the stop-valve, the hand-wheel spinning like a teetotum under his impulsive touch. Intuitively he felt the steam go wheening through the pipes, and with another hand put down the reversing-gear. Its auxiliary shivered an instant, the link and rods drove over, and a tremor shook the plates beneath his feet. Slowly the piston-rods slipped upward, hung on the turn, and,

with all their power coming, swung backward on the beat. Over whirled the cranks, booming as they flew about; the hot steam roared as Henderson cleared the water from the drains; then, giving her free head, he stood by, one hand still on the stop, and his eye bright as it followed the stroke of the colossus striving at its work.

On deck, uproar reigned. Macklin was the first to hear and to heed. He clambered to the bridge, and cried out sharply to Menzies, who stood beside the quartermaster at the steering-gear.

"What's all this?" he roared, and Menzies, without apology or fear, seized him roughly by the arm.

"Listen!" he commanded, and Macklin, perforce, bent an ear. He heard, or rather felt, the ship's fiber quivering with reawakened life, marked all the wonted signs of the liner full-powered at her work, and then, recollecting himself, burst out suddenly in his rage.

"I hold you for this," the master cried; "you were in charge. By what right do you permit them to start the engines when I expressly ordered otherwise? They shall stop—stop at once!"

His hand reached out for the telegraph, and was already on the lever when Menzies pushed it aside.

"One moment," he cautioned quietly; "we have gone adrift of the tow, and it will do no good to loll about the seas. I tell you, too, that it will be hard to explain to the Board do we go towing into port with a set of engines in full working order below. D'you understand?"

Macklin stepped back, and peered into the gloom ahead. "Where is the Van der Dam?" he asked. "We must blow again for her."

"Yes, and have her calling to put a line aboard again. I'm now steering due north to shake her from our trail. Shall I change the course?"

Macklin looked at his subordinate, sha-

king with ill-suppressed rage. "D— it," he cried, "you're an officious, mutinous lot!"

And Menzies merely bowed, a thin, hard smile upon his lips. "Go below, Captain Macklin," he advised, a shade of sarcasm in his tone; "the passengers will be asking after you!"

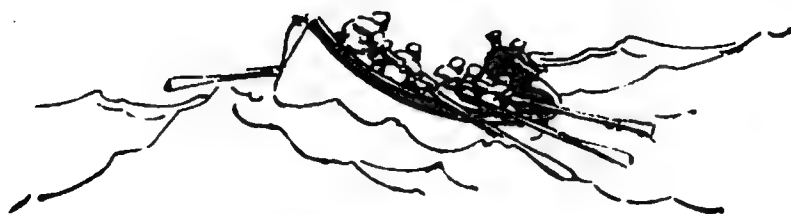
One of the inevitable committees was in waiting. "Yes," said Macklin suavely, once more with his wits about him, "I have the engines going again, and we're now making to port at a good eight knots an hour. It has been a difficult task, but I have succeeded, and I trust now that all your anxieties are at rest." He bowed, and some one started a cheer. The echoes rang dimly along the deck and through the open engine-hold door; but the men below heard naught; they had no time for frivolity, for each one hung spellbound over the engine, whose voice was strong with reawakened life.

Mile by mile the Ellyria drove down toward the coast, turned Montauk, and bore away for the Hook. At the channel-mouth a fleet of tugs was waiting to help her up to the city, but she swept by, Henderson tuning up the engines till she fairly walked along. Then at the pier, when she had docked, he climbed laboriously to the deck, and looked down at the crowd, jammed on the bulkheads and the wharf, staring at Macklin, who displayed himself at the rail.

"Aye, cheer him," muttered the engineer with a slow smile. "The ship's safe in port, the passengers ashore, and they raise their voices for him—aye, in praise, Lord God! And is that all that the man who does the work shall find for praise ashore and up and down the seas?"

"Mr. Henderson," said Macklin, "the agent is greatly pleased that I have brought the ship so fitly into port. I took advantage to speak well of you to him, and he promises to notify the Board. You should be proud to have his attention."

"No," answered Henderson, "I can take no time for pride."





Little Stories of Real Life

Love's Young Dream

By Dorothy Canfield

MARIA GRAY was very much surprised, somewhat perplexed, and pleased more than she would admit by the warmth of the welcome she received in her brother's house. Her sister-in-law's hearty kisses, the exuberant greeting of the children, the insistent demand of all that she put no limit to her visit, bewildered her a little, but warmed her heart. As she took down her hair the first evening of her stay, in the bedroom they had so demonstratively denoted as "Aunt Maria's forever and ever!" she philosophized in her shrewd way about her own feelings.

"I declare! There is something in all that foolish talk about New England repression. I didn't suppose other folks let go so much more than we! How Sallie has changed Pete. You'd never think to see him go on that he was brought up the same way I was. Sallie's a real Southerner and no mistake."

At this point her sister-in-law appeared with a serious look on her face and began speaking in the significant tone of one who has something important to say: "Maria, I came in to tell you about Helen." Mrs. Gray sat down on the edge of the bed as if to tell a long story. "Poor child! She is going through a dreadful experience!" She spoke with such tragic intensity that Maria started and looked at her in apprehension. "She's engaged to the son of a neighbor—has been for two or three months—and he's an electrical engineer and has been sent 'way down to Panama to install some machinery there, and he leaves in a week now. He'll be gone a year." She paused and Maria waited shrinkingly for the rest.

As her sister-in-law said no more, she prompted her with a "Well—?"

Sallie sighed deeply: "Isn't that simply *dreadful*? Poor Helen is heart-broken!"

Maria's relief was so sudden that she spoke impulsively. "Good gracious! Is that all?"

Sallie stopped her search for her handkerchief to look her astonishment. "Why, what do you mean? Isn't it enough to be separated from your lover for a whole year!"

Maria looked bewildered. "Why, she'll hear from him, won't she? And it's only a year."

"Maria Gray, what a cold-blooded thing to say! Of course she'll *hear* from him, but what of it? She's *engaged* to him! She's in *love* with him! For goodness' sake, think of the time when you were in love!"

The other started a little. "I never was in love!"

Sallie's eyes widened incredulously: "Never in love?"

"Why, no!" said Maria. She did not add "Of course not!" but her tone did.

Sallie was silent, and then, whether she was quite incredulous or felt the subject beyond her, she fell to talking again of Helen. "We're doing all we *can* to help her to be brave, but it's a hard trial!" At this point a tall girl came drooping in through the door. "You poor child!" exclaimed her mother, "has he gone home?"

"Yes, mamma."

"I've been telling your Aunt Maria about you and Harry—" began Sallie.

To Maria's astonishment the girl turned toward her impulsively and without making the slightest effort to repress the tears that sprang to her brown eyes, threw herself on her aunt's broad bosom as if sure of sympathy. "Oh, Aunt Maria! Isn't it *dreadful*? I can't have him go away from me."

She sobbed and talked without reserve, as she clung to Maria, who was so surprised at the flood of confidences ("and me as good as a stranger to her!" she thought) that she could find no word to say but "There! there!"

After the mother led the weeping girl from the room, Maria sat down with the heaviness of fifty-five. "Well!" she said to herself, "well!"

She said this many times in the next few days as the little romance unfolded itself. The attitude of the younger children surprised her as much as anything. They looked at Helen with respectfully sympathetic eyes, walked on tiptoe as they passed her door, and spoke in low voices when she was in the room. Helen herself accepted it all as a matter of course, and her aunt reproached herself with cynicism as the idea occurred to her that there were moments when the stricken girl enjoyed her grief—or, if not exactly that, enjoyed being the center of interest. "How can I think such a heartless thing?" she asked herself, in sudden doubt of her old standards. "It must be because I never thought about such affairs."

She had been more shaken than she had thought by her sister-in-law's amazement that she had never been in love. A week before she would have laughed at the doubts which now assailed her on that subject. The astonishing openness to emotion in her brother's family, the rain of kisses with which they greeted each other on all occasions, the frank talk about feelings which had never occupied Maria's inmost thoughts, had quite carried her away from her usual, humorous, middle-aged moorings. Their eager and outspoken interest in love-affairs startled and amazed her.

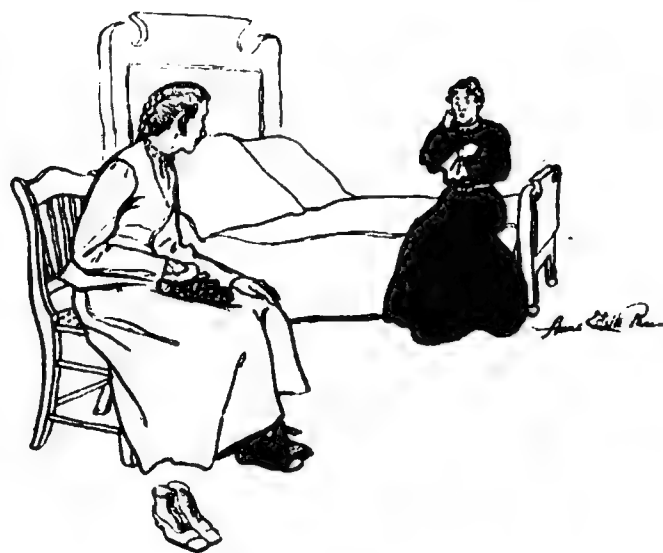
In all her unromantic, peaceful, and monotonous life, she never before had thought of being in love as anything that might be personal. She was an intelligent person in her way, and she knew that people do fall in love, just as they do climb over glaciers and build railroads; but there were no glaciers near her Vermont home and the railroads had all been made long before, when she was a little girl. So had the love, apparently, for love-making had been quite as remote to her as any other foreign custom. Her brother's marriage to the pretty, effusive Southern girl had taken place far from Vermont and, since he had gone to live in Columbus, she had not been

able to visit him on account of a succession of sick and elderly relatives, whom, after the fashion of New England spinsters, she had nursed devotedly, either back to health or into their graves, according to their ages. She never had had time to think about herself at all, and the inquiries into the nature of things, which she was now directing, were very disturbing.

As she stood up-stairs, the night her niece's *fancé* went away, and heard the girl's hysterical and uncontrollable sobs, and saw her brother—brought up in Hillton as well as she—wiping his eyes and blowing his nose, she was amazed at the varying emotions which moved her, and, above all, at a wholly unexpected feeling of vicarious grief at the departure of the young man.

"I declare," she said to herself impatiently, "I should think I was in love with him myself!"

As the days passed by after the last letters were received from the young man (he was to go by water and no news could be had for some weeks), Maria noticed, with a certain humorous keenness, that the family were suffering from a reaction. They discovered that there were other things to talk of than Harry's prospects and how his hair curled, and fell



"I NEVER WAS IN LOVE."

to slipping away to their usual occupations, leaving Helen without an audience for her woe. In this state of affairs Maria found that her own interest was livelier than before; and, little by little, she became the recognized recipient of all Helen's changes of feeling.

"Sometimes, do you know, auntie, I can feel his hand on my hair—no, not imagination—I can really *feel* it, and the same little shiver

goes all through me. *You* know the feeling!"

Maria's silences were not noticed in the eager flood of confidences in which Helen poured out her emotion. In this case the older woman was trying to imagine the feeling which Helen spoke of so confidently as within every one's experience; but she had thought of her hair for too many years merely as something to comb, and she gave up the effort, to hear the girl saying:



"I COULD SCREAM OUT!"

"Oh, auntie, isn't it the worst when you first wake up in the morning and just for a moment forget and then remember! When it all comes over me with a rush that I *can't* see him—I can't, no matter what happens—that I can't hear his voice, his dear, uneven voice—that there are just hundreds and hundreds of miles of cruel, empty land between us, I could scream out! Remember when you were a girl and pity me!"

At such times Maria did remember when she was a girl, and felt oddly ashamed of the succession of tranquil, happy days which had made up her girlhood.

After Harry's letters began to arrive, Maria had a new sensation. Helen insisted on reading them out loud, and Maria's eyes widened at these, "her first love-letters," as she called them. She had at first a return to her old half-humorous feeling that such openness of expression in emotion was indelicate, but the youthful fire, and the novelty (to her) of the well-worn phrases, the vibrating voice in which they were read, and the girl's occasional lapses into silence as she came across a word too dear to be said aloud, quite fired Maria's tardy imagination. She smiled shamefacedly at herself in the mirror as she noticed the start she gave at the postman's whistle, but thought, almost defiantly:

"Well, this is the nearest I'll ever come to a love-affair of my own, and I might as well let myself go this once." So Helen found an eager welcome when she came in, blushing, with the thick letter.

All this wild flight away from her usual life and ways of thought was suddenly ended for Maria by a telegram calling her back to her post as nurse to an aged uncle in Hillton. Her departure was marked by the usual demonstrative show of affection with which the family signaled any event. She had learned how to gage it a little more accurately than at first, and knew that, though Sallie cried when she said good-by, she would be planning the carpet for the alcove on her way out of the station. Still, it was a fitting end to her visit and she carried with her Helen's promise to write.

In Hillton she found the old life waiting for her with such an effect of never having been interrupted, that in a few days the visit at her brother's seemed like a dream. Helen's letters scarcely pierced through her anxiety and preoccupation with the sick man. She answered them at longer and longer intervals, as the battle with disease grew more absorbing, and after several months she noticed without great emotion that they had stopped. As her uncle grew feebler, the instinct of the born nurse rose in her and she threw herself with desperate ingenuity into the hopeless struggle against old age and infirmity. The doctor warned her against a breakdown, but she did not realize her condition till, a few days after the funeral, she felt her strong body relax in a strange weakness which she was powerless to control.

For months she lay in a listless, half-dead condition, from which only a strong, healthy, returning desire for life rescued her. One day, into the blank that had surrounded her for so long, came the recollection, apparently the clearer for having been so long in abeyance, of the quiver in Helen's voice as she said: "Harry, dear!" and like a flash the whole story came back to her.

That night the doctor said she had turned the safe corner. It seemed like a love-affair of her own youth and she was filled with a warmth of tender sorrow and peaceful resignation that filled the long hours with a pleasant glow. It almost came as a shock to her, as she was taking one of her first walks about the house, to read in the gossip letter of a cousin:

"The preparations for Helen Gray's wed-

ding are something absurd! It's three weeks from to-day, but they've got every tiny detail all arranged." Maria sat down quickly. A moment later she smiled at herself with her old humorous appreciation of her fantastic notion that it was in any way her love-affair.

"Well," she said sturdily to her own smile, "seeing as it's the nearest I'll ever get to one, I'm going to finish it up."

When the doctor next called, she told him she wished to go out West to surprise her brother's family with a visit. It was agreed that she was to start the day before the wedding. The possibility of delay on the journey had not occurred to either of them and as Maria sat in a train, hours late, the morning of the wedding, she was filled with the liveliest resentment against the lack of forethought which had kept her lingering so long in Hill-ton. However, when the belated train finally drew into the station, and she discovered that she would still have time to reach the church, all emotion vanished but her agitation over the ending of her vicarious romance.

As she made a somewhat trembling way up the aisle, she was suddenly clutched by the arm and pulled into a pew by her astonished sister-in-law, who stood resplendent in pearly gray in a place of honor. She insisted that Maria should take off her wraps and sit down, although all the rest were standing up as the wedding march sounded and the ushers came up the aisle, unhappy and self-conscious, balancing uneasily in an attempt to attain the slow gait then fashionable. Maria gave one look at Helen's face and gasped. The girl was pale in all her cloud of white, but her face shone like a star. Her eyes were cast down, but her steadfast look of joy almost dazzled the old maid in the pew.

During the ceremony, Sallie wept in her comfortable way and Maria's eyes filled with tears as she heard the solemn vows; but she brushed them back to look again at Helen's face as she came down the aisle on the arm of her husband. As her eyes wandered for an instant from the girl's glowing cheeks to the face of the man beside her, the Vermonter gave a violent start and turned on her sister-in-law with the aspect of one who had seen an incredible thing.

"Sallie Gray," she exclaimed in a loud whisper, "who is that man with Helen? I never saw him before in my life!"

Sallie's round eyes opened their widest. "Who is he?" she repeated blankly, "why, he's Helen's *fiancé*—her husband, I mean."

Maria steadied herself by the door of the pew and rose to her feet. "What has become of Harry Bainbridge?" she asked, like an accusing judge.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sallie easily; "you're thinking of him. Why, that was all over long ago. It was only a boy-and-girl affair anyhow. Helen never *really* cared for him! Every girl has to have such experiences! I can just tell you it was a *very* different matter when she met *Paul* here!"

As she rattled lightly through this explanation, she was putting on her own wraps, and she now stood holding out Maria's jacket to her. Maria waved it aside.

"If that was just a fancy" (as she spoke she thought of Helen's pale face and quivering voice), "how do you know this isn't?"

Sallie's rosy face turned white with indignation.

"Why, Maria Gray! What a cruel—what a *vulgar* thing to say! How could you?" She impulsively voiced the instinctive scorn of the married for the unmarried woman: "It takes an old maid to think of such a perfectly *horrid* idea."

Maria's world was flying into fragments about her, but she clung doggedly to her point. "Well, how *do* you know?" she insisted.

Sallie's mouth opened to speak angrily, but then her expression changed suddenly to one of infinite pity. Even at the time, Maria



"SALLIE GRAY, WHO IS THAT MAN?"

smiled with a grim humor at the reply which her sister-in-law offered as complete explanation, and afterward the thought of it never failed to lighten with a sense of amusement the grotesqueness of the whole experience.

"My dear Maria," Sallie said pityingly, "such a question just shows that it's really true, what you told me once. It's very plain that you never were in love."

The Vindication of Mr. Bilks

By Hugh Pendexter

THE heavy, dark brow of Mr. William Bilks, alias "Slinkey Bill," burglar, was wrinkled in pleasing meditation of the past. For six months he had been living quietly and happily on the proceeds of his last victim, a general store up-State, where the private safe of an egotistical proprietor had opened and disgorged its wealth in the most amiable manner imaginable. Mr. Bilks had just been reflecting how all safes always had had a fascination for him, and how even as a child he had felt a gentle curiosity to pry open the doors and rummage through the contents. Then, besides, safes were his friends and gladly surrendered all at his skilful touch and probing. He told himself he could actually feel the force of their invitation, be it never so mutely given.

But this reverie was interrupted in the most unwholesome manner by the entrance of Mr. Snyme, a more humble member of Mr. Bilks's profession. He viewed Mr. Bilks with an ill-favored grin for a few seconds, paying no heed to the gruff invitation to take a chair. His waggish spirit seemed to find something unusually facetious in Mr. Bilks's hoarse voice and heavy face, and he chuckled in a whimsical manner until the owner of the small room promised on his honor to toss him into the area-way, six stories below.

"Wot d'ye mean by comin' inter a guy's room an' givin' him de ha-ha like dis?" snarled Mr. Bilks, toying thoughtfully with a small crowbar and placing his short-stemmed clay where it would not get broken.

"'Scuse me, Bill, but I'se just t'inkin' wot a mistake de fly cops is makin', dat's all," apologized Mr. Snyme.

"Oh! is dat all dat's troublin' youse? Why, of course dey makes mistakes. Only, I'd take it kindly in youse, Snyme, if youse would always explain de joke 'fore youse let yer face slip like dat ag'in. Wot's de gag?" and Mr. Bilks lit his pipe and tangled his rough features into what was intended for a smile of welcome.

"Not much of nut'in', old pal," and Mr. Snyme edged carelessly toward the door; "but dey do say youse cracked de general store in Churchville two nights ago."

"Fer de love of— Say dat ag'in, Beau! Dey t'ink I did dat job? Me? Slinkey Bill, wot's ben mentioned by de best papers in

connection wid some of de slickest jobs in de State!" And Mr. Bilks in horror and disgust laid down his pipe and reached over one thick palm to grasp the other's arm. "Take it back, Beau, an' say youse was only foolin'," he begged. "Let it go as a joke an' I'll fer-give youse. Ho! ho!" and Mr. Bilks croaked dismally. "If dat ain't youse—out an' out! Never a time but wot youse got a joke ter spring."

"But I mean it, Bill," repeated Mr. Snyme, smothering a grin. "It's gospel. De Inspector has men lookin' fer youse all over, an' not more'n a hour ago dey raided de old crib. Dat's why I'm here, ter give youse de tip. Better pack up an' make a git-away."

"Wot?" roared Mr. Bilks, dashing his beloved pipe to the floor in his rage, and causing his visitor to back toward the door. "Me git out! Go an leave de boys ter t'ink I did dat yeggman's job! Fer de love of— Why, say, Beau, dey didn't even do no drillin'! T'ink of dat! Why, when I heard how dey butchered dat safe I could ha' set down an' cried wid grief. It was nut'in' but a old-fashion box, plated wid tin an' painted black," reminded Mr. Bilks pathetically, now changing to a retrospective mood, as he dropped his stubbly chin in his hands. "Dat's all it was. Why, I've had my eye on it fer years, an' say, pal, it was dat easy I couldn't bear ter do it. It was like hurtin' a kid."

"Well, dey say youse did it all right, all right, an' de Inspector takes his oat' he'll git youse 'fore night," comforted Mr. Snyme, emboldened now to tip his chair against the wall.

Mr. Bilks for some minutes gazed moodily at the floor. Then he observed to himself, more than to his visitor, whose satisfaction was ill concealed:

"An' dey say I did it! Knobs banged off wid a spike-maul! Five slugs of glycerin used! Safe all blown ter pieces! Winders an' furniture wrecked an' money burned an' sp'iled! An' dey say I did it, eh? Well, well, wot's de use fer a guy like me ter try an' build up a name! Here I'se worked like a dog fer years, leavin' de drink alone, an' always tryin' ter improve my mind. An' jest as I gits where I can spend a peaceful old age wid knowin' dat I'se a honor ter de profession, up comes dis amachoor job an' it's saddled on ter me! Well, Beau, one t'ing is sure—de boys won't believe it."

Mr. Snyme removed his hand from his

mouth long enough to cheer the disconsolate Mr. Bilks by saying: "It's a pipe dey'll all believe it was youse, Slinkey. I tell 'em it ain't, but love ye, dey jest points ter de papers where it says youse was de professor, all right, all right."

Mr. Bilks jumped to his feet, his short black poll bristling in a fierce rage as he growled:

"In de papers? As bad as dat? Fer de love of— Why, a year ago dey couldn't praise me enuff fer de Bridgehall job. I'll brace dat Inspector an' remind him who I is an' git him ter correct it." And Mr. Bilks began putting on his coat.

Mr. Snyme nervously jumped to his feet and expostulated: "No! no! Slinkey. Don't do dat! Youse will git pinched, sure. Jest keep low an' de time will come when youse can wipe out de insult."

"I know, Snyme," choked Mr. Bilks, resuming his seat and shaking his head ruefully, "an' t'ank Heaven I ain't got no wife nor childer ter share de disgrace! But ter t'ink of Slinkey Bill, known from Portland, Maine, ter 'Frisco, bein' doped out fer doin' a yegg job! No drillin', mind ye, jest cold-blooded blacksmith work. An' here's me dat always considers de head guy's feelin's, an' if I has ter open a box in his office I don't leave no winder-glass broken. I never blew a safe-door t'rough a partition. I never mussed up de furniture an' sp'iled de carpets. No, sir. Slinkey Bill has always tried ter do a disagreeable job wid as little trouble ter de head gent as possible."

"Dat's so, Slinkey," agreed Mr. Snyme politely.

"Yes, sir, dat is so. Many de office-floor I've swept an' many de hard licks I've put in a-tidyin' up a joint after I'd made a clutter in coixin' open de bin. Many de lame back I've got from goin' out of my way ter be 'commodatin'. An' wot has all dis care an' trouble done fer me? Nut'in'. Wot's my reputation ter-day? Nut'in'. I've never believed in hurtin' a man's feelin's more'n I had ter. I never cracked a box an' scattered de goods all over de village so's dat de owner would know he'd ben touched by jest openin' his front door an' stubbin' his toe ag'in de hinges of his safe. I never stove in de side of a shack jest ter git at a vault. No, sir! I never even left a winder open so's it could rain in an' injure de rugs."

"Dat's right, old pal," nodded Mr. Snyme uneasily.

"Right? Fer de love of— Say, wot's our biz comin' ter? I'll tell youse, it's gittin' so's a man won't have any heart ter run a store or a saloon an' keep de wheels of industry busy, or nut'in'. Dat's wot it's comin' ter. Why, dem yeggs wot cracked dat Churchville safe sp'iled t'ree hun'ed dollers' worth of furniture fer every hun'ed dey got in cash. T'ink of it! It all comes of lettin' some fresh guy, wot ain't no consideration fer a gent's feelin's, an' who ought ter be workin' in a foundry, do business in our line."

Mr. Snyme shaded his eyes with his slouch hat and incidentally concealed a wave of red that swept over his hollow cheeks as Mr. Bilks so unmercifully arraigned the new man's work on the Churchville store.

"Dat don't help youse nut'in', Slink. De cops are trailin' youse all right, all right. I jest wanted ter do youse a good turn. So long," and Mr. Snyme, his virtuous errand done, threw his hat on his head, thrust his hands into his capacious pockets and departed.

Long after the door had slammed, Mr. Bilks sat with puckered brows, staring intently at his broken pipe. It wasn't the danger of being arrested that disturbed him. It was his loss of caste. At last with a sigh he slouched down-stairs and procured an evening paper. Once back in his room his stubby forefinger wandered slowly about for nearly an hour before pausing on a short item to the effect that the police were on the trail of "Slinkey Bill," now known to have committed the crime.

"Well, a man can only do his best ter save his good name," he mused as he tossed something of steel into a well-worn hand-bag. "I owe it ter my friends ter wipe dis out."

The Inspector stood in the office of the Churchville National Bank and gazed admiringly about him.

"Just notice, boys," he begged of his subordinates, "how even the blanket he used in muffling the explosion is folded neatly on top of the safe. Just see where he has even swept up all odds and ends and carefully dumped them in the waste-paper basket. Not a thing disturbed that could be helped. Nothing injured unnecessarily. And the cashier found all the windows and doors securely locked this morning. Hang that Snyme for ever tipping Slinkey off as the man doing the job across the street. No, no, that wasn't

Mr. Bilks's style. But this is. Why, he even scraped his rubbers on the mat and spread out newspapers so as not to soil the floor."

Several months later, Mr. Bilks, affectionately linked to the arm of a deputy sheriff, went up to Sing Sing for robbing the Churchville bank. But his face glowed with pride as the deputy assured him over and over that every one was giving him his just credit and realized that the general-store job was not his work.

"An' who did do dat low-down bit?" inquired Mr. Bilks scornfully.

"Snyne," replied the deputy. "He's ahead in the smoker. He's starting in on a three-year dip."

"Fer de love of— Say, Beau, he's ter git out ahead of me, but jest wait till we meet, dat's all. Why, wot youse told me almost takes all de pleasure out of de trip."

Man Proposes

By Will E. Ingersoll

THROUGH the cottage-door, leaning on two knobby cherry-wood sticks, hobbled old Thomas Carr. He paused on the door-stone for a moment, threw his head back until his face and beard formed a roof-like angle with his body, narrowed an eye until it became the nave of a wheel of diverging wrinkles, and scrutinized the sky intently. Then, lowering his head, he edged, with short, rheumatic liftings and settings-down of his slippered feet, toward the low bench that stood near the rain-barrel, and stiffly lowered himself to a place where the bench had been worn by many previous repositings till the knots stood out like warts. Planting his sticks between his legs, he covered the upper ends with a knotty and seamed right hand, placed his

left hand over the right, drew his feet in till his knees were acute angles, stuck out his chin so far that the coarse, gray beard brushed the backs of his hands, and, knitting his hairy ridge of brow, gazed with strong concentration at the Widow Boyd, sitting in the open doorway of a small frame house across the road.

Mrs. Boyd raised something which bore the appearance of a half-knit stocking and waved it sociably at Thomas.

After loudly clearing his throat, Thomas raised one hand to about the level of his head and answered with an animated vibratory motion; at the same time a low rumbling in his interior rolled itself forth from his lips in a loud and toothless:

"Goo' da-ay, Mess' B'yd!"

A resolve in Thomas's brain now began to send little fidget-producing messages to

his decrepit limbs. He gripped his sticks, shuffled his feet, opened and shut his lips several times, grunted, blew his nose and, at last, bracing himself with a stick on either side, shakily lifted himself to his feet, and moved slowly across the chip-pile, shaping his course toward the widow's.

A tousled gray head, with an eagle nose bracketed between two deep wrinkles running down to the corners of the tight-drawn mouth, poked itself through the window behind the bench which Thomas had just left. The lips separated themselves with a jerk:

"Tom!"

Old Thomas, tremulously oblivious, toiled stiffly on.

"To-o-om!"

Thomas swallowed twice, with the intensity of his nervous tension—but falteringly held on his way. The head disappeared. The window closed with a bang. Thomas stopped, wiped the perspiration from a clammy forehead with his coat-sleeve, cast a furtive glance over his shoulder, breathed deeply, and moved forward again.

The Widow Boyd, from the broad-armed



GAZED AT THE WIDOW BOYD.

rocker in the doorway, pensively watched the halting approach of her old caller. Her little old face, with its gray, soft eyes, and its upper lip lapped over the lower with a baby habit that had clung to her through the years, was hidden away back in the pink cavern of a huge sunbonnet; and the sunlight, sifting through the fabric, lent a delicate color to her cheeks and chin.

Over the bonneted head and the gently swaying chair-back, one caught a glimpse of a tidy little room, with freshly scrubbed floor gleaming white under neatly laid squares of rag carpet, a flourishing geranium in a tomato-can on the window-sill, and a little round alarm-clock ticking sturdily away beside a work-basket on an oilcloth-covered, pine table.

Thomas drew near, pausing now and then to rest on his sticks. The little widow watched him for a moment more, knitting away briskly as a faint warm feeling came into her cheeks. Then she got up, placed her knitting on the chair, and, going inside, gathered up the kindling under the shining, small cook-stove, made the fire, and put on the granite tea-kettle; coming back softly to smile welcome over the back of the big rocker as Thomas, lifting his dull brown eyes to hers in a dog-like, appealing way, stopped between the two round flower-beds in front of the door.

He opened and shut his lips smackingly twice—this was Thomas's usual preface to an opening of conversation—and finally said:

"She hollered at me whin I was half-ways over, Mess' B'yd, an' I niver let on I haired her."

The widow, at this reference to Thomas's autocratic sister, glanced across in the direction of the Carr cottage; then her soft eyes came back to Thomas's face.

"Wis she cross at you, Mester Carr?" she said, her lids coming down shyly, so that they half hid the gray eyes. It was always "Mester Carr" and "Mess' B'yd" between the two shy old people at the outset of their conversation; but they dropped to "Tommy" and "Mary" after they had been together a little time.

"She's foriver bossin' me round," the old man said, in answer to the widow's question.

"Aw, the impidence iv her," said the widow, with feeling, her gentle eyes moving tenderly over the old stained straw hat, the stooping shoulders, the knees sagging forward weakly in their casing of blue denim. "But, there, Mester Carr, I hear the kittle. Come ye in, an' we'll have a cup o' tea together."

"I will that, Mess' B'yd." Thomas braced himself afresh on his sticks preparatory to climbing the step. The widow pulled the rocker in alongside the table; and the old man, following her toilingly, entered, and moved over to an old armchair covered with cretonne that stood near the window at the west end of the little room. He sat stiffly down, stood his sticks against the window-sill, and with his hands spread out on his knees, leaned forward and followed the little form with his wonted expression of doglike worship.

Thirty-three years the little, child-faced widow had been followed by that look, had known the existence of the dumb adoration in the old heart. It had not always been quite dumb. Once—and, strangely enough, through all the time, not only of her maidenhood and widowhood, but of her married life, it had been one of her sweetest memories—once, before young Alick Boyd, the confident, free from all trammels of bashfulness, had

hurried her away, by sheer force of will, to the "pr'acher"—once, in an old, old autumn-time, a tall, awkward man, with big, credulous brown eyes and a slow, mouthing way of speaking, had asked her, haltingly, if she "tho't he'd make a half-dacint husbant, like, for—"

"Who?" she had whispered rosily.

"Any one, like, ye know," he had finished, in a timorous voice; glancing down

at her hesitatingly, and nervously shifting his big body from one foot to the other.

"Why—yes," she had faltered, comprehending, the color rushing thrillingly to the round cheeks as they and the little dimpled point of chin hid themselves under a quickly lowered hat-brim.



"WE'LL SET HERE TOGETHER."

Oh! the picture she had made, standing there under the poplars; the low sun shining redly on the little fingers hanging interlocked against her blue milking-apron! Oh, the giddy dance of Thomas's faculties, as he had taken a half-step forward! Oh, the rudeness of the sharp voice, calling, on a sudden, from beyond the grove!

Then had come a three months' separation; she having been called away the next day to keep house for a brother whose wife had been taken ill and had gone to the city hospital to be nursed. On her brother's farm, little Mary had captured the fancy of young Alick Boyd, who had come to work on the place during harvest-time. Master Alick was not a wooer of the silently adoring type. Healthy, merry, sociable, with a shade less sensitiveness than a bull—his vigorous style of wooing took the quiet little Mary by storm. Half-protests, timid refusals, faltering attempts at explanation, were swept away like straws in the torrent of Alick's vigorous will. Even after the wedding, striving to collect her thoughts, she could not remember ever having given a positive consent. Alick had been a good husband, however. In the same manner as he had compelled her to marry him, he had compelled her to enjoy life with him.

Poor Thomas, understanding none of these things and bearing in his heart the worship that lay there ever like a dull, undying pain, trod his hollow round of life with the shrewish sister; remembering, with a kind of dull, hurt wonderment, what even his slow faculties had grasped as an admission of returned love on that sunny harvest evening under the glowing poplar-leaves.

And now he, in his second childhood, and the little widow who had never been anything else but a child; he with his big, loose frame shrunken and bent, and the little old woman with baby-face faded and withered, met and babbled away their sunset-hours of life—two infant spirits meeting and greeting through the aged physical shells. Others had seen the pink die from her cheeks, the skin fade and pucker like frost-touched leaves. Others had seen his shoulders droop, his joints stiffen, his brown beard grow gray. But for him, for her, there was no touch of change!

"Mess' B'yd"—his eyes wandered toward a tumble-down log shanty on the hill—"they's a felly comin' nixt week to live in Burton's house yonder."

The widow was pouring out the tea. She turned, leaning her fingers on the table-edge.

"Aw, Tommy"—the old man's face was turned away, and he could not, therefore, see the color of hers as she called him by his Christian name—"who?"

"Hees name's Wynne," said Thomas thoughtfully; "I niver seen him myself, but they say he's comin'."

"Well"—the widow's back was toward Thomas as his eyes turned to her from the window—"sure, we'll have another neighbor whin he comes, then—won't we, Tommy?" She put a spoonful of sugar into each cup of tea.

"It's not me that's wantin' any more neighbors, Mary," said the old man fondly, "whoile you live here, Mary."

"Nor me, neither," said the widow, with quaint apology, "but he'll be neighbor to us, Tommy, if he lives in thon house—whether or no. Will you be helpin' me to dhrink this tea now, Tommy, if I give ye a cup?" She lifted one from the table and turned to him softly. "It's sugared and all, just the way you like it."

"Ay," said Thomas, reaching out a hand, "bring it, Mary, an' dhraw thon chair closer. We'll set here together, an' look through the windy at things, an' talk."

"So we will, Tommy," and, the old man having turned his chair aside and laid his sticks beneath it, to make room for the rocker, the widow, pulling off her pink bonnet and laying it on the table, drew up her chair. Sitting down, she placed her cup on the window-sill, looked into Thomas's gratified eyes with a shy smile, and laid her little, wrapped arm on his shoulder!

The sun was bright and warm one morning a few days after, as old Thomas, his sister having gone into the village, a quarter of a mile away, to make some purchases, hurried over to the widow's.

As he drew near the cottage, he heard a stranger's voice, high and cracked, making answer to some remark of the widow's; and, entering the doorway, saw a tall old man sitting in the cretonne-covered arm-chair.

"Tommy, this is Mester Wynne," said the widow, turning about as Thomas entered, and breathing into a lamp-chimney that she held, preparatory to cleaning the black from the inside of it with a piece of newspaper, "our new neighbor, ye know, Tommy."

"Day, sur-r-r," said the old man shortly, with a brief glance into Wynne's face.

After this observation, Thomas seated him-

self in the rocker, laying down his sticks slowly, and looking hard at Wynne out of the corner of his eye. For years—in fact, ever since Alick's death—he had been used to come over and find the little widow alone and waiting for him with a smile of welcome.

Now, after the lapse of a week, to find this new, unwelcome neighbor—this neighbor, the news of whose coming had wakened a vague fear in his mind—sitting with Mary and chatting away with an ease and volubility to which poor, shy Thomas, in all his years of intimacy, had never been able to attain! Thomas, remembering through the mists that were clouding his worn-out brain, his great loss of thirty years before, felt ill at ease.

"An' so," the stranger was saying, in his high-pitched voice—concluding something that he had commenced to say before Thomas appeared, "an' so she wint wan way an' I wint th' other; an' from that da-ay to this, Missis B'yd—from that day to this—I've niver set eyes on her."

"Well, well, Mr. Wynne," said the widow sympathetically, fitting the chimney on the lamp. A sudden access of shyness, under the fixed and jealous scrutiny of old Thomas, caused her lower lip to slip quaintly under the upper as she set the lamp on the shelf alongside the little round clock.

"An' so," Wynne continued, a discursive finger in the air, "an' so, Missis B'yd, I've been all my lone these twinty-foive years. I'm a bachelor to this day, bedad, Missis B'yd. See? Eh?"

"Well, well," said the widow again, absently, "well, we-ell, Mr. Wynne."

"But I'm goin' to change me shtate wan iv these da-ays," Wynne pursued, smacking his hand on his knee and winking carelessly at Thomas, who returned the familiarity with a glassy stare. "I'm goin' to change it, Missis B'yd—purvidin' I can foind somebody else that wants to change hers, too."

"Wud ye, thin?" said the widow innocently, raising her little chin, with just the faintest glance toward Thomas; "so wud I, if I was you, Mr. Wynne."

Wynne leaned forward in great excitement, the narrow, bright eyes glinting. "Ye'd do it, ye said, Missis B'yd, if ye was me," he croaked ecstatically. "Well, now, what wud ye do if ye was jist yerself, as ye are—niver moind lookin' at th' old felly in the rockin'-chair—what wud ye do then, Missis B'yd?"

No one had ever before seen such a red as flamed up into the cheeks of the little Widow Boyd, as old Thomas, who had been listening to the foregoing with his hands on his knees and his chin thrown out eagerly, raised his dull, doglike eyes to her face and said—hoarsely, appealingly, the concentrated love of years in his tone:

"Aye, Mary—my Mary—my own, my darlin'. What wud ye do?"

The Widow Boyd hid her face in her hands. Old Carr felt for his sticks and drew himself to his feet. With eyes that never moved from the lowered head and the little, withered, shielding hands, he moved decrepitly over to where the widow stood. Reaching her, he braced himself with one hand on the table-



ONE OF HER SWEETEST MEMORIES.

edge, dropped both his sticks, and laid his other hand on the trembling old shoulder. The widow, raising to him eyes so radiantly open that the wrinkles in the corners had faded away, sank her gray head, with a little, cuddling murmur, against his rough wool coat.

Then Thomas Carr, drawing his back into momentary erectness, turned to Wynne, his arm drawing the widow closer.

"Git home with ye—an' stay there," he said curtly. "This is my lass." Wynne obeyed without a word.



With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

RAILROAD PROGRESS

THE Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central lines celebrated the opening of summer by cutting the time between Chicago and New York for their fastest trains from twenty hours to eighteen. The Central's route is a little longer than the Pennsylvania's, but its grades are not so heavy. The trains had no difficulty in making their time. The first east-bound flyer on the Central had to be held up half a dozen times, for periods varying from ten to twenty minutes, to keep it from beating the time-card. The time spent in motion was actually fifteen hours and five minutes. Mile after mile was reeled off in thirty-eight seconds, forty seconds, forty-five seconds. The train ran regularly at the speed of a racing motor-car. But the Central's east-bound Twentieth Century Limited ran into an open switch on June 22d, and crashed into a freight house at Mentor, Ohio. Nineteen passengers and members of the crew were killed, and a number of the passengers were injured. The next day the Central officials gave up the eighteen-hour schedule, putting the train back on a twenty-hour time-card. As soon, however, as they had ascertained to their own satisfaction that the accident was caused by malicious tampering with a switch, and that if a slow train had run into the open switch the accident would have been as bad, the fast schedule was restored. However, almost all railway men oppose such fast trains, which are destructive to the road-bed and rolling-stock.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, whose eighteen-hour train has run uninterruptedly from the start, is tempted to cut its time to seventeen hours. It could be done easily, at least in summer. These trains consist of engine and tender, weighing 324,000 pounds, and four cars, weighing 240,000 pounds. Engines are changed six times on the trip. It

costs seventy-five cents a mile to run the train, or \$678.75 a trip—an expense of \$495,000 a year. Each train saves two hours a day, a total of 1,460 hours a year, or two months. Here time is money, for each hour saved costs a pretty penny.

The Chicago and Alton has turned its attention in another direction and is experimenting with wireless telegraph installation on some of its passenger trains. So successful have the trials been that it is now proposed to equip all the important through trains with telegraph instruments, send and receive messages as the trains roll along, and keep the passengers in touch with their businesses as they travel about the country.



THE GUNMAKER OF ESSEN

THE gunmaker of Essen is a woman, a young woman, and the richest woman in Europe. She is Miss Krupp, daughter of the famous Herr Krupp, whose death occurred some years ago. Essen exists because of the Krupp gun works, and practically all its 100,000 inhabitants are dependent on Miss Krupp for their work, directly or indirectly. She is more powerful in Essen than many a German princeling in his four-by-nine kingdom. Pretty she is said to be—she is the richest girl in Europe—clever, it is declared—still the richest girl in Europe—wise beyond her years—again, the richest girl in Europe—simple and unostentatious in her demeanor—remember, the richest girl in Europe—and she is to be introduced to society under the direct patronage of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin. There will be heart-burnings and jealousies, up-tilted German aristocratic noses, sneers and disparaging comment—but she is the richest girl in Europe, and in these days, when a people tumbles royalty about as King Oscar was tumbled in Norway, the greatest heiress in the land cannot be overlooked even

by the court itself. The descriptions of Miss Krupp read much as descriptions of rather plain but very rich American girls do. Perhaps more interesting than her wealth is the fact that by refusing to sell arms to several nations Miss Krupp could insure their good behavior for a while. They would not know where to go for guns were she to cut off their credit.

WHEAT

THE May crop reports show a prospect of 670,000,000 bushels of wheat for 1905 in the United States. It will be the greatest wheat crop since 1901. The farmers may look forward with confidence to the winter. Their pockets will be well lined.

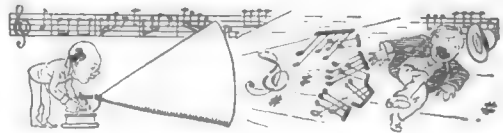
GOING TO THE SHOW

PORTLAND, Oregon, is having an exposition in honor of those hardy explorers of our northwest territory, Lewis and Clark. It is a world's fair, a big one, and, unlike most world's fairs, it was finished and ready for business June 1st, the day it opened. From all parts of the world there are exhibitions, and the amusement features are grouped in The Trail, so named as the Chicago Midway and the St. Louis Pike were named. President Roosevelt delayed his afternoon drive to set the wheels a-going by pressing a gold button in the White House. Vice-President Fairbanks was on the ground and made a speech. Uncle Joe Cannon got in a huff and threatened not to make a speech. If a good beginning makes a good ending, the fair is a success. If it shows signs of sagging, there are lots of men and women on the Pacific slope who are able to save it from becoming a failure.

SAVE THE APPENDIX

How many vermiform appendices are there in the world to-day? A few savage and semi-civilized nations retain them, but the supply in lands where the surgeons flourish must be small, for Slasher has been at work all over. Like a sportsman who cries "Save the buffalo!" Mr. Joseph Kidd, M.D., of England, rises and cries "Preserve the appendix!" and tells how it may be done. Chills following overheating, and imperfect

mastication make trouble for the appendix. The grape-seed of horrid memory deserves not half the odium it has received—and too much aperient water and salts are bad for this mysterious organ, just as they are for all the rest of man's internal economy. Don't let the chill get you, chew the food thoroughly—Gladstone masticated every mouthful forty or four hundred times—and make nature do the work below the diaphragm without chemicals and drugs except when a doctor says they are necessary. We are the great drug-swallowing nation. We flood our insides with nostrums, fill the intestines with mercury, and bolus ourselves not merely when it is unnecessary, but when it is positively harmful. Doctor Legs and Doctor Arms properly employed will cure most of our minor ills. Their fees are nominal, and they pay big dividends. Ten years ago a war of extermination was waged against the human appendix. To-day it is regarded less as a foe to be destroyed, but many surgeons delight to cut. Many charges brought against the appendix were quite unfounded. Let those who may, preserve theirs; and let all remember that surgeons do not work for nothing.



MAN'S INHUMANITY

THE horrid squawking, the shrill discords, the soul-harrowing inharmonies that assail your unwilling ear as you seek nature's secrets near nature's heart are not of nature's making. A cruel and hateful genius, C. A. Parsons, to whom we owe the steam-turbine, has added to the woes of life by inventing a "reenforcer," by which the sounds of the ordinary gramophone are made audible two miles away. "Blue Bell" will pursue the seeker after quiet to the depths of the forest. A political harangue will assail the hearing as one hurries from the town. Alleged comic "artists" bawling tuneless, meaningless "comic songs" cannot be dodged. What shall the punishment of Parsons be? He might be tied to a mossy tree trunk near a purling brook and then compelled to hear one of his own sound devils howling incongruous "melodies." Alas that a good man should do so ill!

THE AUTO SPEEDER'S PARADISE

IN France automobile building has reached its highest development, though our manufacturers are fast closing the gap that separates them from their Gallic competitors. Not only is the machine made in France, but roads for it to do its best on are provided. Biarritz is constructing a ninety-mile boulevard on the coast at Arcachon for the exclusive use of fast motor-cars. On it there will be no speed restrictions, and every man and woman ambitious to break a record or a neck will have free license to do so. Lumbering trucks, family parties drawn by old Dobbin, nurse-maids with perambulators will not attempt to cross the bows of seventy-mile-an-hour devil wagons. Solid walls will line each side of a seventy-foot-wide cement boulevard, and any accidents that may enliven a day's sport will be confined among the speeders themselves. Like the course at Ormond, Florida, this French race-track will be on the beach, where interlopers will have small excuse to go. The construction of the course will cost \$1,600,000, a comparatively small amount when the magnitude of the automobile business is considered.



WHO WANTS THE NOMINATION?

THERE is a whole hive of Presidential bees buzzing in the bonnets of eminent Republicans. The towering Fairbanks, now, by grace of Iowa State University, an LL.D., is the "conservative" (Hanna-machine-corporation) candidate. Taft is Roosevelt's heir. La Follette, the anti-railroad man, is "agin the corporations" without reserve. Joe Cannon, bathing his heated brow in the drinking-water pitcher, proclaims his oneness with that "common people" that politicians habitually insult by catering to it as if it were vulgar and half-witted. Foraker manages to exist, despite the Ohio machine, and nourishes ambition. Beveridge campaigns by elimination, showing plainly that he alone can win. There are many other early birds, but the nomination is not an early worm. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt may be forced to accept again. Surely he will if the country is involved in war in 1908.

Among the Democrats, Bryan is constantly adding to his prestige. The "sane and safe" element sings very low. Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, and Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, join Bryan in demanding a government ownership plank. But is the Democratic party more radical in performance than the Republican? It is in its utterances, but in deeds—see the Wilson Tariff Act.



THE TELEPHOTOGRAPH

"How well you're looking this morning!" says the facetious man in telephonic greeting to his friend a hundred miles away. Mr. J. B. Fowler of Portland, Oregon, has taken the nub out of this joke by inventing an apparatus by which images displayed before a lens at one end of a telephone wire are projected upon a screen at the other end. Mr. Fowler invites his visitors to talk with his daughter. They place the telephone transmitter to the ear, apply the eye to an aperture in the telephone box, and see the young woman in miniature speaking 5,000 feet away. Mr. Fowler is preparing now to show a train in motion in his invention. He has no doubt of its commercial practicability, and declares that within a few years it will be in operation throughout the country. For some it may be a boon. For others it will be a curse. Who has not telephoned when he wanted to avoid a face-to-face interview? What will frisky husbands "detained at the office" say to a machine that shows to suspicious wives the chips that pass in the night? Mr. Fowler may not be a public benefactor after all.



ROYALTIES

ALFONSO, King of Spain, has paid a visit to France and England. In Paris an anarchist threw a bomb at the King and President Loubet. A little girl's eyes were blown out by it, a great triumph for anarchy. The King did not hunt cover, as the Czar Nicholas once did in similar circumstances, but went through the ordeal with marked coolness and self-possession. So did President Loubet. The incident endeared the King to Paris and, it is not too much to say, raised him in the estimation of the whole world. At least he has proper royal courage. From Paris he went to London, the guest of King Edward. The English received him with more

than perfunctory courtesy, and an English princess is spoken of as his probable queen. Remember the Armada and you will realize that times change.

Frederick William, Crown Prince of Germany, married Cecilia, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, June 6. A week was given to the celebration of the wedding in Berlin, where all nations were represented. The cities of Germany unite in presenting a silver service to the Crown Prince and his bride. It will take two years to complete it. Much ill will was caused by the young woman's having her bridal dress made in Paris. Those familiar with the products of the German dressmaking art will not be astonished at her act.

Prince Gustavus Adolphus, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, has married Princess Margaret, of Connaught, and this royal couple is likely to be as happy as some less exalted pairs.

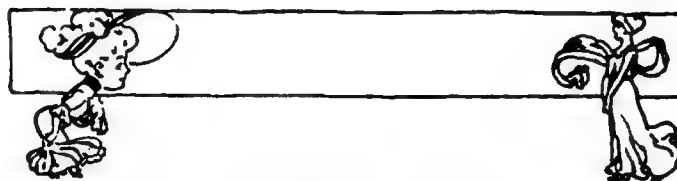
POWER FROM FARM REFUSE

A FRENCH experimenter has successfully utilized dead leaves, old straw, hay, and farm refuse for the production of gas, by which he produces power to run motors. With leaves, it costs four-fifths of a cent to develop one-horse-power, and with hay a cent and a half. The material to be used is compressed into bales and then burned. Many European cities and a few American communities are producing light and power from street and household waste. On American farms, where so much of the labor is done by machinery, great saving could be effected by using refuse as fuel, and our plutocratic agriculturists may become more plutocratic still. But the fall bonfire will have to go. If leaves and grass are good for fuel, the chief autumnal delight of the small boy must be suppressed.

TIP FOR RAILROAD HATERS

How much does the United States Government pay the railroads for transporting the mails? How does the rate per ton per mile compare with the rate twenty-five years ago? How much do the express companies pay for corresponding services? How does the rate paid by them correspond with the rate paid in 1880? Here is an opportunity for rate regulation in which no one can question the right of the Government to act. Why

not reduce the postal deficit caused by the extension of rural free delivery, by cutting off some of the swollen profits of the railways on postal contracts?



WOMEN'S HEADS

THE Greeks believed that the length of a woman's head should be one-eighth her total height. American women's heads average longer in proportion. Some foolish student of Greek art announced that this bigness is all wrong; and that the American women are of bad proportions. The answer is, of course, that the American women have bigger brains than the Greek women had, and need more room for them; and anyway, if you take the American woman for the standard, the Greek statues will be found to be all out of proportion. Discretion and experience impel us to decide in favor of the American women.

MR. BONAPARTE'S APPOINTMENT

PAUL MORTON, late of the Santa Fé Railroad, as an officer of which he made illegal contracts for freight rebates, and confessed that he knew he was violating the law, quit President Roosevelt's Cabinet July 1, to become autocrat of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the controlling interest in which was purchased by Thomas F. Ryan, head of the Tobacco Trust, head of the New York street surface railway companies, and financier extraordinary. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, succeeded Mr. Morton in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Bonaparte—he is of the Napoleonic line—is eagerly disowned by the Republican machine of Maryland. The statesmen composing that organization do not recognize him. They do not indorse him. They want the world to know that he is not one of them, and they do not want the appointment "charged" against them. Mr. Bonaparte is an educated, cultured, scholarly man; a lawyer of great ability; a citizen of patriotic impulse, willing and ready to work effectively for the nation's welfare; a man who has already, by valuable public service,

earned the regard of all Americans. His offense against the machine is that he will not vote for a thief or a scoundrel merely because he wears the Republican uniform. In the circumstances the rest of us may absolve the Maryland politicians from responsibility for Mr. Bonaparte. His appointment will be credited to President Roosevelt and charged against good citizenship everywhere.



WAISTCOAT POCKET WAR MAPS

GERMANY, whence come far and away the best maps printed, has led the way again for military cartographers by producing war charts so small that a man may carry them in the palm of his hand. They are photographic reductions of ordnance maps, and a complete set will be issued to each officer, with a powerful microscope by the aid of which they can be read with ease. Much of the success of the Japanese land operations in the war against Russia is attributed to the wonderfully complete preparations made by their Intelligence Department, which for years spent its energies in plotting and platting Korea and Manchuria. From the Germans the Japanese adopted their military system. No army in the world has as good or as many maps as the Kaiser's, and the handy war map of the world may win many a victory for the War Lord in days to come.



THE GRAD

THIS is the season of the college-graduate joke. It is one of the miseries that right living will not avert, a punishment that innocence seems to invite. The joke-smiths annually turn out for inspection the same old line of goods marked humor, and expect us to laugh. We are told in rhyme and in prose, in dialogue and in monologue, that all the graduates of all the universities and schools are idiots and fools, raised to the *n*th power. Of the thirty-seven, if it is thirty-seven, original "jokes," this is the most pointless, witless, and futile. For years it has been worked to death. It is offensive to manners and morals. It has earned a rest.

LUXURIOUS SLEEPERS

ON American railways the interiors of stations are sometimes finished in white marble and parlor cars are done in mahogany. Take a trip into Mexico, and on the Mexican Gulf Railway you will find mahogany sleepers under the metals, and whole bridges built of beautiful white marble. Mahogany and marble are so abundant along the line of the road that it is cheaper to use them for construction than to import from far-away forests and quarries less expensive material. In West Mexico another railway ballasts its line with silver ore, drawn from mines alongside the right of way. Such luxury is of no use; the rock-ballasted line of the Pennsylvania is smoother and more comfortable than this ore-built road-bed. The iron bridges of our roads are stronger, firmer, more easily repaired. Many a Cuban land-owner wishes soft pine would replace the sometimes valuable, but to him worse than useless, hard wood that covers his estate.



REVOLUTION BY RESOLUTION

AFTER ninety years of union, Norway has broken from Sweden, and notified King Oscar—"the wisest monarch in Europe"—that he is no longer its ruler. Sweden is for protection, Norway for free trade; Swedish consuls and diplomatists represented the dual empire throughout the world. Therefore, Norway demanded a separate consular and diplomatic service. Norway's Storting passed a resolution providing for this service. King Oscar had been taking a vacation, his son reigning as regent in his absence. He reascended the throne to veto the Storting's resolution. The Norwegian Ministers resigned, and the Storting adopted a resolution withdrawing from the pact with Sweden. It was respectful to the venerable and well-loved sovereign, and asked him to nominate a prince of his own house for King of the Norwegian Empire. "We love you, but nevertheless be King of ours." Perhaps the breach will be healed; perhaps Russia or Germany will eventually acquire Norway; but whatever happens, the first "revolution by resolution" is an accomplished fact.



POLITICS AND PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

JAMES DALRYMPLE, Superintendent of the Street Railways of Glasgow, Scotland, who

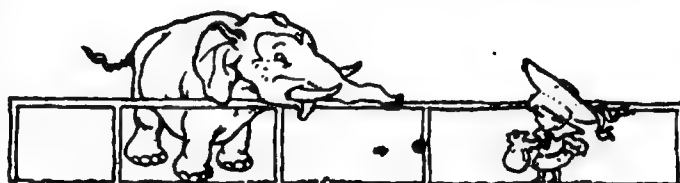
came to this country to advise Mayor Dunne of Chicago on the details of municipal ownership and operation of transportation lines, is on his way home, pretty thoroughly disgusted, and convinced that public ownership is inadvisable here, for a time at least. The burden of Mr. Dalrymple's advice and counsel was "keep politics out!" and he thinks that it is advice impossible for us to follow. He was in Chicago while the teamsters' union was in possession of those prime public utilities, the highways, refusing to allow them to be used for carting. He saw how every relation of life in the great lake city—and in other American cities—was tinctured and colored by politics, and he said bluntly, after the Scotch manner, that private management, on short term franchises, was much better for us, in his opinion, than public operation.

While Chicago was entertaining Mr. Dalrymple, New York was having a double experience in public operation of public utilities. The new subway was flooded by a bursting water-main. For five hours a forty-inch pipe threw a flood into the tiled tube, and no one could be found in the municipal water department to turn the stream off. Finally this was done by an outsider, who had no legal right to touch a water-gate. The inefficiency of the city authorities was made doubly apparent by the fact that the company operating the subway had its men on hand to care for its property promptly. America has some way to go before it is ready for full governmental control of all public utilities.

AMENDING NATURE

CALIFORNIA continues to amend and improve Mother Nature's handiwork. Mr. Luther Burbank, usually called "the Wizard," announces the "yellow calla-lily." Is a yellow lily really needed? A. G. Stiles, of Los Angeles, after six years of effort, has given to the world a green carnation, which hitherto existed only in the shape of a rather unpleasant book. He guards the secret of its culture, divulging only the fact that it is produced by manipulation and treatment of the soil. Mr. Stiles says he never will tell the commercial gardener of the country how to grow this flower. For his sturdy refusal to do this, Earth owes him a big debt of gratitude. Meantime Mr. Loeb, who is endeavoring to produce animal life by artificial means, says that he has succeeded in fertilizing sea-

urchins' eggs with a compound of brine, vinegar, and a few other things. A few thousands of years ago Messrs. Burbank, Stiles, and Loeb would have been famous medicine-men, or, perhaps, gods, worshiped by all their neighbors and fellow citizens. Even to-day they excite something more than wonder in the lay mind.

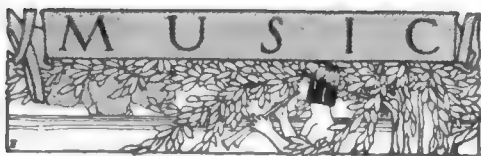


NO PEANUTS FOR THE ANIMALS

DIRECTOR SMITH, of the menagerie in Central Park, New York, is going to stop children's feeding peanuts, sweets, etc., to the animals. His reason is that the birth record among the monkeys, elephants, and deer shows a marked preponderance of males over females, and he believes that too much carboniferous food has disturbed the balance. All students of breeding lay stress on the importance of diet as affecting sex determination. Perhaps Mr. Smith will find himself in the books before many years. But can he stop the small boy's feeding the elephants?

UNCLE SAM'S BIG DRY DOCK

UNCLE SAM has launched, near Baltimore, the largest floating dry dock in the world. It is to be towed to Olangapo, Subig Bay, in the Philippine Islands, to be a part of the great naval base the nation is establishing there. The dock looks like a steel box with the sides and top removed, and while it was building, passengers on Chesapeake Bay frequently mistook it for a huge warehouse. It is 500 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 42 feet deep in the clear. It will receive and sustain the largest battleship afloat. To reach its destination it must be towed 10,500 miles, if the Suez route is chosen, or 13,000 miles, if it goes by way of the Cape of Good Hope. When it is installed at Olangapo the ships at the Asiatic station will have no need to come to this country to be taken out of the water. In time the Subig Bay base will be as complete in its equipment as any navy yard in the Orient. Whatever the future has in store for the Philippines, at least the United States will always have there a modern and extensive station for the convenience of its ships.



MIDSUMMER MUSIC

Experiments in summer-concert giving are proverbially disastrous in New York, so far as their possibilities of commercial profit are concerned. From the immemorial days of the Theodore Thomas concerts in Central Park, through the brilliant and popular régime of the Seidl festivals at Brighton Beach—the most delectable memory of all—to the comparatively recent days of Kaltenborn and the prodigious Duss, many have succumbed to the lure of a possible success based upon a series of summer-night orchestral concerts, providing a tactful admixture of esthetic edification and physical well-being. Why none of these amiable and excellent enterprises has prospered it would not be easy to say—probably because the class of music-lovers who might be counted upon to support such a scheme are out of town during the summer. The citizens who remain in town, and who may be assumed to crave musical diversion during the evening, infinitely prefer the “coon songs” and frothy rhythms of the roof-garden vaudeville to an *al fresco* Wagner and Tschaikowsky.

MR. DAMROSCH AND MR. WARREN

Undeterred by the warnings of the past, however, two musicians of reputation—Mr. Walter Damrosch and Mr. Richard Henry Warren—have attempted to bait the fickle summer public of the metropolis, Mr. Damrosch on the roof of the New York Theatre, Mr. Warren at the St. Nicholas Garden of hallowed memory. Mr. Damrosch's aspirations were the more ambitious. In a classic atmosphere of potted palms and under the romantic skies of Long Acre Square, the conductor and his New York Symphony Orchestra dispensed Wagner, Saint-Saëns, Grieg, and other music of like irreproachability to apparently grateful audiences. Whether he made his series pay or not, it is impossible for the present chronicler to say; but as far as one was able to judge, he supplied a considerable public want, for the

concerts were, on the whole, well patronized.

Mr. Warren makes a less serious appeal for popular favor. He announces that it is his intention to inveigle the midsummer auditor to the St. Nicholas Garden, not by a rich and substantial musical fare, but by lyrical cakes and ale. Thus his programs lean more to Johann Strauss, Suppe, Offenbach, and Victor Herbert than to Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, and Brahms. Doubtless his policy is a right one; there are few souls that hunger for the Fifth Symphony when the thermometer is mounting into the hundreds, and Wagner seems decidedly better suited to Carnegie Hall than to the St. Nicholas Garden.

INTERESTING MUSIC FROM RUSSIA

After France, no nation is so interesting in its finer musical possibilities as Russia. If she can lay claim to no such fascinating personalities as France's magnetic tone-poet, Debussy, and her master symphonist, Vincent D'Indy, she has Rimsky-Korsakoff, one of the most vivid and imaginative of orchestral colorists; Glazounoff, a writer of dramatic intensity and trenchant force; and Rachmaninoff, the most temperamental and individual of the younger Russian school, and one of the most vigorous personalities in modern music. In making known to concert-goers some of the most significant and characteristic of the works of these composers, the Russian Symphony Society is doing a creditable and interesting work—a work which is courageously undertaken in the face of the prevailing hostility toward everything emanating from the domain of the Czar. In making the American public acquainted with such works as Rachmaninoff's superb fantasy, “The Cliff,” Rimsky-Korsakoff's “Mlada,” and Glazounoff's “Stenka Razin,” the Society has earned the gratitude of all sincere and unprejudiced music-lovers.

A NEGLECTED GENIUS

The approaching departure from America, for an indefinite period, of our foremost living composer, Edward MacDowell, suggests some curious reflections. Probably no one to-day would dispute the preeminence of Mr. MacDowell's place in American music. Admittedly he is a master tone-poet, with a com-

mand over the well-springs of beauty and romance unsurpassed, not only among American composers, but among the contemporary musicians of Europe; for one need have little hesitation in averring that no composer now living is producing music so rich and vital in inspiration, so nobly emotional, as his. Anton Seidl declared him to be a greater composer than Brahms, and Franz Liszt was not slow to honor and encourage him, even a score of years ago. Yet it is a singular and inexplicable fact that our native orchestras rarely perform his suites or symphonic poems, and what pianists play his superbly imaginative sonatas? Our conductors make haste to produce the works of such second-rate foreigners as Mahler and D'Albert, Suk and Dukas, while such admirable music as MacDowell's "Lancelot and Elaine" and "Indian Suite" are heard not more than half a dozen times in a decade. Can any one imagine England neglecting Edward Elgar, or France neglecting Debussy or D'Indy, as America neglects the only composer she has who is in their class? It is to be hoped that MacDowell's definite absence, for a time, from our musical life will bring about a realization of the large place which his genius should hold in it—as the recognition of Mr. Henry James abroad has emphasized his importance to Americans with a force that might not have been possible had he remained at home.



FROM BLACK AND WHITE TO PAINT

Some ten years ago the big dailies of Philadelphia enjoyed the services of a brilliant and versatile set of men, among whom were Glackens, Shinn, Sloan, and Luks. Shinn and Glackens are already well known to the art world. Sloan is rapidly coming to the fore, and Luks, in certain respects the most original and independent of the quartet, is making swift strides toward serious recognition. The genial and expansive Luks is a Pennsylvania Dutchman by birth. He studied a while at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, but, like his colleagues, drifted almost immediately into newspaper work. On coming to New

York he joined the staff of one of the metropolitan dailies, only to leave, shortly, for Paris, where he began painting without further preliminary study. A free, sweeping technique and a strong sense of character are the chief qualities of Luks's work. His "Parisian Cocher," "Boy with a Shovel," "Little Spielers," and "Old Beggar Woman" are familiar to the New York public. Luks believes in simplification, and all his canvases convey a frank unity of impression. He is, of course, immature yet, but it is an immaturity which is delightful in its courage and assurance. Pennsylvanians are a vigorous race, and Luks is typical.

PARRISH AND DREAM DAYS

Few of the younger artists have achieved vogue more rapidly than Maxfield Parrish, and few have secured a more persuasive hold upon the imagination of an always increasing public. Those who have watched Mr. Parrish's work for the past decade have seen it acquire a deeper charm, a richer color, and a more alluring beauty of line with each effort. Whatever he may subsequently do, Mr. Parrish will, however, always be known as the illustrator of "Dream Days," for there lingers about all he does the youthful enchantment of—dream days. This poet in tone, for such he is, was born in the benign atmosphere of Philadelphia, and, like David Bispham and many men of distinction, was educated at Haverford College, the stronghold of cricket and Quakerism. Mr. Parrish is practically self-taught so far as artistic training goes, having spent but a few months at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and never having studied abroad. For the past few years he has been a member of the delectable colony at Windsor, Vermont, where he has built himself a captivating house on a wooded knoll overlooking his neighbors. It is from Windsor that he sends his marvelous drawings, always magical in color, always reflecting the blue sky and green hills about him, and, above all, the far-off grace and fancy of dream days.

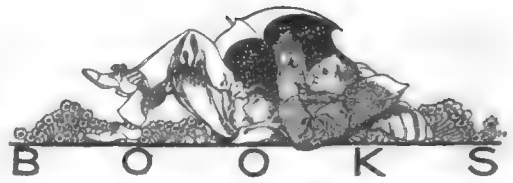
MOWBRAY AND THE RENAISSANCE

The praise which has been accorded Mr. Henry Siddons Mowbray's mural decorations for the University Club, New York, while charming, is amateurish. It is a worthy thing

to have patiently adapted Pinturicchio's Borgia Apartment frescos to the conditions of a local building, but it is hardly more than merely worthy. Mr. Mowbray is floating placidly about in the backwaters of the Renaissance. In Rome, where Mr. Mowbray resided for a number of years, it is well enough to do as the Romans do—or did—but America demands something different. There is no vital reason why Mr. Mowbray should have neglected the really splendid opportunity at hand, why he should not have attacked his space from a wholesome, modern point of view instead of echoing the dull splendor of Pinturicchio. Besnard in France, Steinhausen and Stueck in Germany, and Simmons, Dodge, Reid, Metcalf, Blashfield, and a number of our own men look at mural decoration in a vigorous, contemporary fashion. Mr. Mowbray, however, who was born in Alexandria, Egypt, of English parents, and who has lived much abroad, seems hardly to have caught the American feeling in such matters. A club should look like a club, not like the Vatican.

MUCHA IN AMERICA

It is a pleasure to learn that Alfons Mucha, the distinguished decorative artist, expects to return to this country in the early autumn and pass the winter here. Monsieur Mucha's success in America, though less sensational than that achieved in Paris, has nevertheless been flattering. He has recently completed a striking portrait of Archbishop Farley, a Madonna for the Sacred Heart Chapel on Madison Avenue, New York, and has begun work on his great mural panels for the Bohemian Church of St. Jan Nepomuk in East Seventy-second Street in the same city. Few painters have had careers more picturesque than that of Alfons Mucha. Born in an obscure town in Moravia, he seemed destined from the first to become an artist, though, indeed, he began life as a choir boy in the Cathedral of Brunn. Penniless, he found by the merest chance his fairy prince in Count Khuen, a wealthy nobleman, who sent him to Munich and to Paris to pursue his studies. Bitter years followed the withdrawal of the Count's patronage, but suddenly, as if by magic, Mucha's posters captured not only Paris but all Europe and America as well. Since then his vogue has been continuous and his art has shown increasing depth and sincerity.



His publishers say of William Dean Howells's latest book that it is a delicate satire on certain modern ways of doing and thinking. The ways are principally the ways of women: Mrs. Crombie, the apotheosis of amiable feminine inconsistency, garrulity, and inability to keep a secret—rather a type than a character; Mrs. Mevison, an incarnation of jealous love, love in "the hating and hurting form," Mr. Crombie called it; and Miss Bellard, Mrs. Crombie's niece, who allows her knowledge of the Mevisons' unhappiness, through what she chooses to believe is their excess of love, to interfere with her own engagement to a rather exaggeratedly exemplary young Englishman. Presumably Mr. Howells thinks of Miss Bellard as one of a class of oversubtle women who spin out of nothing webs for the entrapping of their own feet. The solution which gives the book its title, "Miss Bellard's Inspiration," is, consistently enough, a quibble, a verbal cloaking for the surrender of the notion that produced the situation. It is obviously a slight situation, lightly treated, with occasionally a suspicion of skimpiness suggesting that this is, as it were, the work of Mr. Howells's "left hand." The satire, too, far from harsh though it is, so far predominates as to render the sentiment cold. One has not here Mr. Howells at his biggest or best, but accepting the book as a novelette of manners, one may be more than content with finding on every page evidences of the insight and keenness that place him high among the analysts of human moods and motives.

That joyous Mark Tapley of literature, F. Hopkinson Smith, has published a bubbling book containing nine sketches and stories, called collectively "At Close Range," in which humor and sentimentality amble along in cheerful content, while clever character drawing gives them vitality. The author's experience in a Michigan snow-storm, a story of his beloved Venice, a Dickensian tale of a sophisticated drummer who gave his blanket to sad soubrettes who had come to the

rescue of a consumptive comedian, and, of course, painter tales, are bound together most harmoniously.

It will have popularity, this little book, because most of us prefer to be kind and considerate, noble and generous, by proxy; and Mr. Smith has poured so much of the milk of human kindness into his sketches that it is likely to drown everything else. There are times when it bids fair to curdle, but the humor keeps it sweet and wholesome, even if it does cloy a little upon certain palates.



Once upon a time the young knight Rainouart, fresh from France, met in the Eleusinian wood the dryad Argathona, and they loved each other.—Which is the theme, preposterous enough in outline, of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's "The Dryad," a story to which the adjectives worn thin in the service of less deserving literature may for once cheerfully and conscientiously be applied. The book is a graceful and charming fantasy, which is far from meaning that it is sentimental or inane. Of course much of the medieval pageantry is borrowed, for it is too late in the day to invent it; but the efforts of the delightful Argathona to win back her lover from the Duchess of Thebes, who has bewitched him, are divertingly original. Argathona's participation in the tournament at Athens, disguised as the Prince of Eleusis, in order that she may outwit her mortal rival Esclaramonde, is one of a series of pretty episodes that glow with the pale fire of far-distant romance. Quite appropriately, Mr. McCarthy has employed for his entire narrative an ardently lyric strain. "Come to the sweet clean greenwood, my lover," urges the immortal Argathona, "for there we shall dwell together, free from ache and care, skilled in the secrets of the seasons . . . and the sun shall be our comfort by day, and the stars shall be our torches by night." . . . "Now while she spoke it seemed to the charmed senses of Rainouart that . . . he had passed forever from the mystic rose garden holding the noble rose to his heart. And the rose of the world was a maiden, and her face was the face of Argathona." Not a significant story; but a graceful fairy tale for grown-up readers.



"'You ask me what is Art. I will tell you; it is *this*!' And the poet, inverting his

thumb, pressed it into the air. Then, carefully inspecting the dent he had made in the atmosphere, he erased it with a gesture . . . 'That is a very precious thought . . . thank you for understanding.'" It is in the figure of Guilford that Robert W. Chambers concentrates, in "Iole," his contempt for all that in his opinion is affectation in art. Guilford is not only a poet and the thruster of artistic thumbs into air, but also the maker of Art Nouveau slab furniture and dinky books, and the father of eight beautiful daughters whom he has reared in the "back-to-nature" simplicity of pink pajamas and herbs, but whom he covertly seeks to dispose of to the richest of "turtle-fed" husbands. Mr. Chambers's satire is of no uncertain sound, and the preface, unintelligible at first, is at last superfluous except as it expresses the author's conviction that "Art talked to death shall rise again." The book is perhaps too much a travesty, too sweeping in the scope of its ridicule, for real effectiveness, but it is very clever, very readable, and a fresh proof of Mr. Chambers's amazing versatility.



Few recent novels have so unusual a plot as "The Storm of London." The fundamental idea, to be sure, is not original: like Carlyle, Mr. F. Dickberry "undertakes to expound the moral, political, and religious influences of clothes." But the working out of the conception is as unique as it is daring: London, after a terrible storm, realizes with horror that it is utterly without clothes or any shred of material that can be converted into clothes. Here is a situation that startles by its obvious dangers; and it is no inconsiderable part of a creditable achievement that Mr. Dickberry has, with an admirable combination of boldness and reserve, made the story inoffensive. Very interesting and very suggestive is the account of the breaking down of a social system that had been artificially "founded on cloth," and the erection of a new order in which equality, honesty, and simplicity prevail. One does not understand Mr. Dickberry as advocating turning the world into a second Eden, in spite of a vague suggestion in the ending, which is, by the way, from every point of view unsatisfactory. The book is confessedly a "social rhapsody"; and whatever value it may have, aside from the fictional, lies in its power to stimulate the reader to distinguish realities from artificialities.

Careful parents will not be favorably impressed with "Stingaree" as reading-matter for their small sons. It is equally certain that the boys themselves, if normal, would like nothing better than these thrilling tales of a heroic and, one might almost say, a noble villain. Stingaree is an Australian outlaw—why, is not made clear—who wears a monocle and immaculate clothes, shaves daily in the wilderness, and forces an audience, at the point of his pistols, to hear a girl sing a song that makes her fortune. He never kills, and steals honestly, so to speak, with all possible regard for fair play. So admirable a villain is he, indeed, that one cannot quite forgive Mr. E. W. Hornung, since he did not mean either to punish or reform him, for permitting him to leave the scene so ingloriously as he does in the last story. Centering about a most unconvincing figure, the stories are nevertheless convincingly told, and full of dash and vigor.

The reader of "The Plum Tree" has a conviction of its truth that is the highest possible tribute to David Graham Phillips's skill as a teller of tales. He compels sympathy with the man who began life with the purest ethical principles and who, trained in the school of life as it is, throws aside his early ideals and becomes the most powerful of political bosses, reaching even the height where he makes and unmakes a President. His private life is too good to be true, but in his public activities he practises the most cold-blooded chicanery, the most outrageous corruption; in fact, he is guilty of every political crime on the calendar except failure, and by reason of escaping that, through ability that is akin to genius, he is truly great! So admirably is he set forth in autobiographical form that he makes one rejoice in his triumphs.

The characters in "The Plum Tree" will be easily recognized by those having only a casual knowledge of men in national politics, despite the clever juggling to conceal their identity, or rather to protect the author from criticism; but he were a bold man to print his key to them. The most popular of idols are among those assailed. For men it is an interesting tale; it shows how the wheels go round in high politics and high finance, but there is nothing in it that exemplifies the triumph of virtue, possibly because the characters seem to be almost wholly lacking in that quality.

The study of a priest is one that many novelists have found alluring; but the impression in reading "The Apple of Eden" is insistent that if Mr. E. Temple Thurston had previously written a long essay on the subject of the celibacy of the priesthood, he would thus have relieved his surcharged mind and acquired an attitude more favorable to novel writing. That is to say, there are strong indications that Mr. Thurston could write a novel, as well as depressing evidence that he hasn't. It is pleasant to read of the childhood of Father Michael Everett, in rural Ireland; one feels that one has come upon a book of refreshing quality. And we like Father Connelly, that thoroughly cheerful and lovable type of the priesthood. But with the sprinkling of red-haired women along the path of the simple priest, Father Michael, the reader will have little patience. If Mr. Thurston had forborne to tamper with him, we are sure that Father Michael would have had no such adventures. And it is quite easy to forgive the good man's slight lapse from priestly decorum when we recall that it is the wires of Mr. Thurston's obtrusive and unpleasant theories that are impelling him. Mr. Thurston either is the intellectual cousin of George Moore, or he has too assiduously followed that curious writer's excursions into similar fields. His book also now and then suggests "The Damnation of Theron Ware," although it by no means justifies itself, or stands as capably on its own feet, as does Mr. Frederic's masterpiece.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne." (William J. Locke.) Significant for the study that it presents of the adjustment of a harem-trained girl to London life; the "Morals" come in too late and too casually to give the book a wholesome tone.

"The Tyranny of the Dark." (Hamlin Garland.) The story of a medium, in which a scientific lover dispels the spirits. The phenomena described, if, as the author claims, they are authentic, would be of more value in a psychological treatise.

"The Heart of Hope." (Norval Richardson.) In spite of crudities and inadequate development, an absorbing story of the siege of Vicksburg, with a love-plot woven into it.

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THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY.

Notwithstanding this promise of ours, which we took occasion to repeat at every possible opportunity, when, last December, we advanced the price on the news-stands to fifteen cents, we did not advance the subscription price, which on the face of it seemed to prove not only that we had disregarded all of our promises to the trade, but that we were even scheming to deprive them of the fruits of the splendid sales that, relying upon our assurances, they had built up on EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

We were not surprised when we received a few letters like the following. Notice the date of this letter:

DECEMBER, 17, 1904.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY,
Union Square, New York.

Gentlemen: We are one of the thousands of "dear news-dealers" who are to-day in receipt of a postal card announcing the increase in the retail price of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. We see no notice of any increase in the price of a yearly subscription.

Now, gentlemen, the attitude of one little news-dealer toward your publication does not cut any figure either way. If we didn't sell one of your magazines we might still pay the rent and you certainly would receive only a temporary halt on your triumphant march to the "million mark." But while you are marching to the million don't try to make the news-dealer think you didn't forget him when you grew up. Your postal card is the best evidence one could want of your mental aberration—unfortunately not temporary.

Now let us figure just how much you look after the "dear news-dealer." The subscription rate (wholesale) is eighty cents per year, or six and one-half cents a copy, and you pay the postage. At seven and a half cents to the dealer you get about six and a half from the American News Company, and they pay the freight. When the heavy sales necessitated an increase in price, why not raise the subscription rate as well as the single-copy rate? Until you have done

that, don't talk to the "dear news-dealer" about looking out for his interests.

You have not looked after his interests any further than it suited your ends. (*The Ladies' Home Journal, Saturday Evening Post, Curtis Publishing Company*, don't either, only they don't make any bones about it. The news-dealer gets the worst end of it from them and they don't try to conceal the fact.) You have not supplied the news-stand demands any month since June—a pardonable shortcoming in the light of your unprecedented increase in sales; no magazine could, under conditions that prevailed. While you are protesting that you are looking after the interests of the "dear news-dealer," he can't get enough copies to supply the demand.

When you make the price of a yearly subscription \$1.50, come around and tell the "dear news-dealer" how much you love him. And not until then.

Respectfully, _____

OUR REPLY

JANUARY 3, 1905.

Dear Sir: We thank you for your frank letter, which would be entirely justified if the results are to be anything like what you indicate. If we were the kind of men you intimate, you would be reading broadsides in the papers just now calling attention to the fact that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is \$1.80 a year on the news stands, while it can be had for \$1 a year direct from the publishers; but you do not see any such broadsides. You are keen enough to know that such a campaign would bring us in easily half a million subscriptions, but not only do you not see any broadsides, but you do not see any mention of the subscription price anywhere. We doubt very much if your customers can tell you to-day just what the subscription price is. The fact of the matter is that you have hollered before you are hurt. If you had given us credit for a little every-day honesty you would not have written that letter. If any of your customers want to subscribe, they will subscribe through you, so that you will make as much as you did before the price advanced, besides making the extra on the fifteen-cent basis. We cannot turn the machinery of the subscription department upside down in a month. Meantime, we have protected you, and your letter is the thanks we get.

Cordially yours,

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY.

The confidence of the news-dealers was put to a very severe test when we increased the price of the magazine on the news-stands and did not increase it on yearly subscriptions. We take it as a compliment that so few news-dealers lost faith in us. Most of them realized that we had not made the move for the purpose of increasing our subscription list, because if we had we should have advertised the fact extensively and drummed in hundreds of thousands of subscriptions to the great loss of the news-dealer. We left the price at one

dollar a year partially because we were not sure that the price was to remain at fifteen cents on the news-stands, and it would be difficult to shift a subscription price back and forth—the machinery of the department being very elaborate. But the compelling reason for leaving the subscription price at one dollar was the fact that we were under contract with all the large subscription agencies to supply the magazine at one dollar a year and allow them a regular commission of twenty per cent. with an additional ten per cent. in case they succeeded in doubling the previous year's business.

May we digress at this point long enough to say that while making these terms with the subscription agencies we allowed the news-dealer twenty per cent. on all subscriptions and an additional ten per cent. when he had sent us twenty subscriptions. So that again we demonstrated our friendship for the news-dealer.

Now to resume. Let us consider what would have happened if we had increased the subscription price to \$1.50 a year when we raised the price to fifteen cents on the news-stands. You will remember, the increase was made last December in the height of the subscription campaign. If we had made such an announcement, immediately all the subscription agents in the country would have circularized their lists, drummed up their regular customers, and, worst of all for the news-dealer, they would have sent a horde of special canvassers into every town in the United States, taking away from the dealer the business he had already built up.

For the few dealers who were suspicious of our motives we make this explanation. We are grateful to the thousands of dealers all over the country who believed in us, who had faith that we would keep faith with them. This experience ought to prove to them as nothing else could that we mean exactly what we say when we go on record as looking after the interests of the news-dealers in preference to all other methods of circulation building.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE TO BE ADVANCED

WHILE we prefer a news-stand circulation, we realize that there are large numbers of people in the country districts who are not able to get to town regularly; who cannot

secure their magazines at the news-stands and must, therefore, get them by subscription. Naturally, we wish them to subscribe for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Then there is another class of magazine readers who take up the matter seriously once a year and decide what magazines they will subscribe for and send their subscriptions along in a lump sum, saving considerable trouble thereby, but at the same time getting out of touch with anything that might happen in the magazine world—and things are always happening in the magazine world—during the next year. Of course, however, we use our best endeavors to get on their lists. But our attitude toward them is not quite so cordial as it is toward our regular news-stand patrons and the subscribers for whom it would be inconvenient to secure the magazine except by subscription.

We have reached the place now where we must decide what to do about the subscription price for another year. Considering the friendly feeling we have for the news-dealers, no one will expect us to continue the price at fifteen cents on the news-stands without increasing the price on yearly subscriptions. There is nothing for us to do but to increase the price to \$1.50 per year. This increase will go into effect September 1st. Orders for new subscriptions and renewals for one year from the time of expiration mailed to us before September 1st will be honored. If you are inclined to take exception to our giving so short a notice of the increase in price, please do us the justice to remember that when you pay a dollar a year for a magazine like EVERYBODY'S you are not paying anything like what it is worth, which is proved by the fact that half a million people buy it every month on the news-stands and pay fifteen cents for it.

FRENZIED FINANCE IN BOOK FORM

WE are pleased to announce that about September 1st we shall publish Mr. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance: The Crime of Amalgamated," in book form. Mr. Lawson's idea, shared by ourselves, is that the book should be offered to the public at a very moderate price. Accordingly it will be published at \$1.50 per copy. There will be a more expensive edition for those who desire it. Advance orders, with price enclosed, will be entered, acknowledged, and filled in the order of receipt.

Frenzied Finance

Continued from page 207

Company, who was a common friend of Rogers and myself, came to me and said:

"Lawson, you have been pounding our stock now for a long time and must have sold a lot of it short. What's the use? You can't get it down. If I show you it's absolutely impossible, I'll be doing you a good turn; won't I?"

This opening was rather curious, but it is always well to parley with the enemy, either in stocks or war, and I took him up quickly:

"Certainly you will," I replied.

"Good," he said. "I'll undertake to show you positively that you cannot beat our stock down, and when I've proved it to you, I'll ask you to let up on the market end of your fight. We are all anxious to get peace in that quarter, anyway."

I said nothing, but showed the interest I felt. It's a bad practise in stocks to talk to the other fellow when it's to his advantage to get a peep into your hand.

"Well," he said with a great air of authority, "all the stock you have been selling to put the market down has been purchased by the Company, and the directors have authorized Whitney to take any more you offer."

This was news to me. I had not sold the stock short, for I knew too much of their situation to imagine I could depress it so seriously as to make the attempt worth while. They were loaded up with their own securities and had borrowed immense sums on them in the banks and trust companies. If the stock fell, they would have to put up more collateral, and I knew it would be cheaper for them to buy all I cared to give them than to submit to a further decline in the price of their shares. It is a knowledge and a comprehension of such situations that make for success in stock-market manipulation, and I had thoroughly studied out the position of my antagonists and was sure I knew exactly where they "were at." I thought quickly. My informant was evidently absolutely sincere, and as he had never told me anything but the truth, I knew his statement must be taken at its face value. I reasoned: They cannot suspect I am

selling stock for Rogers, one of their own number, and as they know I've been selling, they've made up their minds that I'm going short for sure. I chuckled at their error, and by way of leading them deeper into the mire, I replied:

"It's interesting to know that, but though it may seem folly to you, I have made up my mind to sell a certain amount anyway. If your people are determined to buy what I shall sell, just say to them that if they will make me a good round bid for what I now will offer, I'll quit selling when they take it."

In the operations I was conducting, my chief aim was to embarrass the New England Gas & Coke Company as much as possible and beat them out in their effort to float their stock on the public. Any strategy that helped out this situation was good, and I rather flattered myself that my reply left them farther than ever off the track. I said to myself, "They'll calculate that by buying a bunch of short stock from me, they'll have me in a box, whereas I'm not short a share. Also, they will conclude I'm reckless and probably they'll be led to some radical move, thinking they have me on the hip." All my calculations were based on my presumption of their ignorance of the source of the stock I was selling. That they knew more about it than I did, never crossed my mind. As soon as my visitor left me to see how much his people would take care of, I determined to help Rogers get some more of their capital and thus further deepen their trouble. I jumped for the wire and was soon in consultation with the master of "Standard Oil." The new developments were quickly laid before him and I went on:

"Here's your chance, Mr. Rogers, if you want to unload. Just tell me how much you have left, and I'll offer it to them, and in their present mood I think they'll snap it up."

"Thirty-two hundred shares," he answered, "and I leave the price to you."

In stock deals harvest time is to-day; to-morrow's planting and plowing are the next man's opportunity. I determined to take

good advantage of the situation, and when a few minutes later I was called by my man from the Company's office, I was ready for him. His query was:

"Whitney wants to know how much will clean you up?"

It was rather a curious expression, but I passed it over.

"I'll sell 3,200 shares more if he'll give me two dollars over the present market," I said. "I know that after I have sold out, your people will jump the stock up, and two dollars a share over present price is certainly fair."

It took him only a moment to accept and request me to have my brokers, Brown, Riley & Co., clinch the trade with the brokers of the Company, F. S. Mead & Co., at the Stock Exchange, which I did. I delivered the certificates next day, and sent Brown, Riley & Co.'s check to Mr. Rogers.

At the time I remember reviewing the series of transactions and noting that with the final parcel of 3,200 shares just disposed of, I had sold for Mr. Rogers just an even million dollars' worth of the stock, calculating it at par, and I congratulated myself I had done very well for my principal. This ended the episode.

Next day, Whitney and his associates began a desperate attempt to rally their stocks and bonds, but their efforts were useless. They did advance a few dollars, but it was purely an appearance of gain and profited them nothing. Though I had ceased in the stock market, I redoubled my pounding in the press and before the Massachusetts Legislature, and under my blows the shares declined until New England Gas & Coke stock sold at the price of infected rags and the bonds for little more. Finally the day came, as I had predicted, when the rotten swindle went into the hands of a receiver. There was a sensation, for a condition of corporate depravity was exposed that astonished even the most hardened practitioners of Frenzied Finance. Not only were there liabilities of \$17,500,000 bonds and \$17,500,000 stock, but millions and millions more in the form of debts representing money the Company had borrowed from the banks and trust companies in New York, New England, and Pennsylvania, controlled by or in the power of the "System," debts contracted in the short period this Magdalen of finance had practised her wiles. It was a vile mess, legally, financially, socially, morally. Draw the veil and pass to the next, you say? I

should like to, but disgrace does not always mean death, and there is still another chapter growing out of this putrid institution that must be dealt with in its turn before I can call my job done. However, that is another story.

My readers have now had laid before them the exterior details of a plain situation. I had sold for H. H. Rogers a million par value of the stock of the New England Gas & Coke Company; had disposed of it through my own brokers, and had duly sent on checks for the total amount of the transaction to H. H. Rogers. From him I had received the certificates representing the stock thus sold, at the end of each transaction. No one knew that it was his stock except myself and my brokers. It might have been any one's—save that the checks in payment were all sent to the master of "Standard Oil."

In the course of this narrative I have expatiated at intervals on the morality of Frenzied Finance, and have tried to explain the intellectual perversion by which private gentlemen become rogues in commerce. Temptations befall the best of us and, at intervals, all of us stumble. But there are certain things no man, be he financier or thief, can afford to do. No man must gain life or safety by the sacrifice of his friend; no man shall sell his friend's honor and reputation and have him, innocent, blackened before the world. The thing I am about to lay before my readers may seem and sound incredible—not because you have not heard extraordinary things, but because optimistically you dislike to believe even the most corrupt of frenzied financiers could be so unconscionable a blackguard and blackleg. Just as the idea of Judas is repugnant to you, so is the thought that your neighbor or fellow clubman or business friend, who seems white, and toes all the conventionalities of decency and, apparently, has the same code as yourself, is an embezzler, a cheat, and a wife-beater. You hate to think so fair an appearance can hide so black a heart.

I had just finished a particularly vicious flaying of Whitney and his crowd before the Massachusetts Legislature and had finally forced a public investigation of my charges. This was conducted in so drastic a fashion that the bottom facts were forced out. Such a state of criminality and corruption had been laid bare that the perpetrators were actually in bad odor among their intimate friends and associates. And in Boston, com-

placent to the errors of her first families and ever ready to forgive the sins of millionaires, this represents an extraordinary height of condemnation. One morning soon afterward, at the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, where I was exhibiting some of my stock, I was driving from the show ring after having sent my horse to victory over, among others, William L. Elkins, Jr., of Philadelphia, vice-president and director of the New England Gas & Coke Company. As we dismounted in the hitching room he said:

"Tom, I congratulate you on having the best horse in America; I only wish I could congratulate the horse on his owner."

This was the first word he had spoken to me for a long time. We were well acquainted and had been friends before the Boston fight began; in fact, had done Europe together in 1894. "Billy" Elkins was not only a good fellow, but one of those brave hotheads who say what they think as soon as they think it, or before—one of those fearless men who will out with their spleen regardless of consequences.

I was surprised at his words; more so at the snappy tone in which they were spoken. We were both warmed up after a hard drive and a hot contest—in that condition where heart dominates head.

"What do you mean by that, Billy?" I answered.

"I mean," he said, "I once thought you as good as your horse."

"Well, what changed you?"

"Changed me?" And he squared round on me. "By —, a man is bad enough who holds up others for money, but one who gets his price and then goes right back to his dirty work is outside the line of white men." From the tone of his first remark I had an idea that for some reason or other he was looking for trouble, but the force and acid of his reply dumfounded me for a second.

"Do you mean to say I ever held any one up, much less that I did not keep an agreement?" I answered, in a tone which could easily be hitched double with his without throwing out the gait.

"Yes, I do," hotly came back. Our friends instantly closed in around us, for it was evident that something was going to happen.

"Billy," said I, "I know you understand yourself and that you have pluck and can properly weigh what I am going to say. You're a liar!"

He gasped. "Do you dare to deny that we paid you a million dollars of our stock for letting up on your legislative attacks?"

"I mean the man who says I was paid a million for letting up on my attacks on your company, or paid a dollar at any time, by any one, for letting up on any attack I ever began on any one, is a liar, and a — liar," I hurled at him.

He had clenched his fist ready to sail in. Now he looked right into my eyes for the fraction of a second. Something he caught there made him hesitate. He saw I was sternly sincere and righteously indignant. He did not strike, though we were within inches of each other, and nothing would have kept "Billy" Elkins from striking any man who called him a liar to his face but his sense of justice.

He continued to look. I waited for him to speak or act.

Finally, in a tone of shocked surprise, he said:

"Tom, will you put that down on paper?"

"Watch me," I answered. We all stepped into the restaurant. I wrote on a sheet of paper and handed it to him, "The man who says I ever took a dollar or anything of value from any one, directly or indirectly, as the price of letting up on any fight I was ever engaged in is a — liar," and signed it.

He seemed dazed.

"Good heavens," said he. "I, with Robert C. Pruyn and Henry M. Whitney, were a committee of three appointed by our company to pay over to you \$1,000,000 of our stock in consideration of your abandoning your fight before the Legislature, and I would have made oath we delivered the stock to you and turned in your receipt to the company."

"Do you mean to say you ever gave me the stock?" I asked.

"A moment ago I should have said we did, sure," he replied, "but it comes back to me now that we made Whitney a sub-committee of one and he reported he had paid it to you. Tom, I am beginning to see where I have been wronging you terribly, but I did not intend to. Let us drop it right here for a day or two, and I will go to work on it. If it is as I now suspect, I'll not rest until I run it down."

In a few days he said he had the story, and we both slipped down to New Haven, and after a dinner at the New Haven House, sat down to unravel the transaction. It took us well into the morning. Then it was plain—

plain how Rogers and Whitney had done to me the foulest wrong it is possible for men to do a fellow man.

In the course of this story of mine I have so often reiterated that I have always played the stock game fair that you may have thought my repetition egotistic. There is nothing I feel more deeply, more strongly about. Nothing is dearer to me, not life itself, than my reputation for fighting square. From the beginning of my business career I have been in the midst of dollar battles, and I had fully established it on Wall Street and on State, that my fights were always according to the rules and that I had never struck a foul blow.

This is what was spread out before us, as plain as the Ten Commandments that, printed in big, black type, used to hang in a scroll in Sunday-school.

When I told Rogers on the eve of the legislative explosion that I would let up for the sake of the innocent people who must suffer if I persisted in my exposure, he and Whitney called together the directors of the New England Gas & Coke Company and told them I had agreed to quit for a million of the stock. Several of them were indignant, and proposed exposing me at any cost, but they were finally wheedled into voting the stock, and it was given to a committee composed of Whitney, Pruyn, and Elkins. Then Whitney showed this committee that it would never do to give me the stock in person, but that it must be passed through the hands of one of Rogers's dummies to me. The others asked Whitney to attend to this, and he delivered the stock to Rogers. Whether Whitney ever got a part of the proceeds or not, I have as yet been unable to find out. The middleman who was reported to the board of directors as representing me, and who receipted for the stock and in whose name the transaction stands to this day on the books of the gas company, was one of Rogers's confidential men, Hugh J. Grant, ex-mayor of New York City, a man whom I had never met and have never met yet.

The initial phase of the transaction was bad enough, but the manner in which they arranged to besmirch me showed such calculated treachery that, as I realized its malignant depravity, I was almost overcome with hate and rage. It seems that Rogers and Whitney, having accomplished the first act of their vile plot, were in fear lest the honest directors of the company should find out that

I had never received the stock. They cast about for some way of involving me, and Rogers hit upon the scheme of having me sell the shares, so, day by day, there might appear tangible evidence that I had actually been paid my blood-money. Finally Whitney was able to lay my offer of 3,200 shares, the balance of Mr. Rogers's parcel, before the board, explaining that when they purchased them my attacks would cease—that settled for them my dishonesty. It established a clear line of adverse proof so that any one could track the dirty trail from the day I had accepted the blackmail until I had bagged the last dollar of the proceeds.

The ways of all men are strange, stranger the ways of men obsessed by the greed for dollars. But ever at work is the law of compensation, and sooner or later it tips back the beam. Some little minor thing turns the scale. Than this there was never a more perfectly prepared plot or a more perfectly prepared alibi for the villains concerned. The directors knew that Grant got the million. Rogers controlled Grant and Whitney, and when Whitney and Rogers said Grant paid it to Lawson, and Lawson was on record as having sold it, how could Lawson ever prove the contrary? Nor was this all—other things happened. Brown, Riley & Co.'s office burned, and books and records of all the sales were destroyed. It was a strange coincidence; no one took heed of it, for there had been no question raised which would call for the records. Indeed, the fact was hardly known at all until there came a trial in Boston in connection with a stock transaction, in which it was made public in the testimony that Brown, Riley & Co.'s books had been destroyed in a fire. I can imagine Rogers's sigh of relief at the news. It was another instance of what Rogers has many times explained to me is the luck of "Standard Oil." I can well suppose that a thousand times this sort of thing has happened at just the right moment to preserve "Standard Oil" from its deserts.

Since then there have been other trials, one in New York and still another in Massachusetts, and Rogers, the doughty, has gone on the witness stand and sworn that he had never heard of this million dollars of stock nor of Hugh J. Grant in connection with any such transaction. Aye—sworn it—many times. Perfect the net, you say. From such evidence, what escape?

There is a providence, we are told, in the

fall of a sparrow. While the evidence on the face of it made a full round showing of perfection, a canker was at work beneath the surface. There came the great trial of the Bay State Gas Company in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and Henry H. Rogers, a leading witness, swore solemnly that he had never heard of the transaction I have outlined here. The official records of the New England Gas & Coke Company, which had in the meantime fallen into the hands of the receiver, were brought into court in connection with another phase of the subject, when, accidentally, counsel for the Bay State put his finger on the item, "Hugh J. Grant, \$1,000,000, stock." Again Mr. Rogers was questioned, but he persisted in declaring he had never heard of such a transaction. After the master of "Standard Oil" had left the stand, I was called, and maneuvered my testimony so I was allowed to tell the things I have just written here, and I would have my readers bear in mind this was before I had even begun my story of "Frenzied Finance." Then it was plain that some one had committed the vile crime of perjury—some one—Henry H. Rogers or myself.

To go further into the transaction in this case was not possible, for it had no bearing on the matter in dispute. After the trial I sent word to Mr. Rogers, "Make no mistake, there will be another trial, where you will again be compelled to testify about that million dollars, at which time you must stick to your first story, because you are on record under oath; therefore, if Brown, Riley & Co.'s records, covering the sale of every share of stock and your receipts for the money, even the checks with which you were paid and which are indorsed by you, should be in existence, your race, in spite of your cunning, will have been run. Whether the records are

in existence or not is no part of this communication to you, but I enclose a memorandum containing a complete record of each sale, dates, amounts, and numbers of each check you have received. Compare them with your own records, for I know you have records, and you will know long before the world does who committed perjury."

Mr. Rogers still wonders at the miracle of my having these figures, and I still await the trial. And the little bird which the country mother tells her children will always bring her true tales of their doings whispers to its mate that once upon a time there was a man who did a good turn for a humble junk-dealer; that the humble junk-dealer, looking over one of his purchases from a burned building, found account books and papers, in which the name of his benefactor frequently appeared. Perhaps these slightly scorched records might be of value to his benefactor. It was a cow's tail trying to brush off a tiny fly that precipitated the burning of Chicago. If the twitter of birds is to be credited, perhaps it will be an humble junk-dealer who will be the instrument that will light the train leading to the heretofore impregnable "Standard Oil" magazine.

Many a time since, looking back at the affair, my blood has been chilled by the thought, "Suppose I had died in the midst of this scandal—died not only innocent of wrongdoing but ignorant of the accusation against me—what a blackguard and cur I must forever have remained in the eyes of those who knew about it. My own family could not have denied, in the face of 'Standard Oil's' proof, that their father was a blackmailer." I have escaped that dishonor, thank God.

Is it surprising as I write "Frenzied Finance," that at times my ink turns to poison and my pen-point to a tiger's tooth?

(Mr. Lawson's story of "Frenzied Finance" will be continued in the September number.)

Mr. Lawson was compelled to devote so much time during the month of June and in the first days of July preparing for his speaking tour in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Minnesota, which will have been concluded before this issue is in our readers' hands, that he had to omit "Lawson and His Critics." In September, however, he will answer several correspondents and also propound his intentions in the insurance muddle.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

MR. LAWSON'S BOOK.—The first volume of "Frenzied Finance" will be published September 1st. It will contain his epoch-making story up to and including "The Crime of Amalgamated." See announcement on page 288.

Mr. Lawson's work is not yet done. The story will run regularly in the magazine during the coming year.

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